THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible] POST

Volume 199, Number 34

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Beginning

NEIGHBORS—By Clarence Budington Kelland

Fast Appearing
on the Desks of Those Who Set the Pace

This No-Dip Pen

—it holds its own ink and the point stays moist ever ready to write

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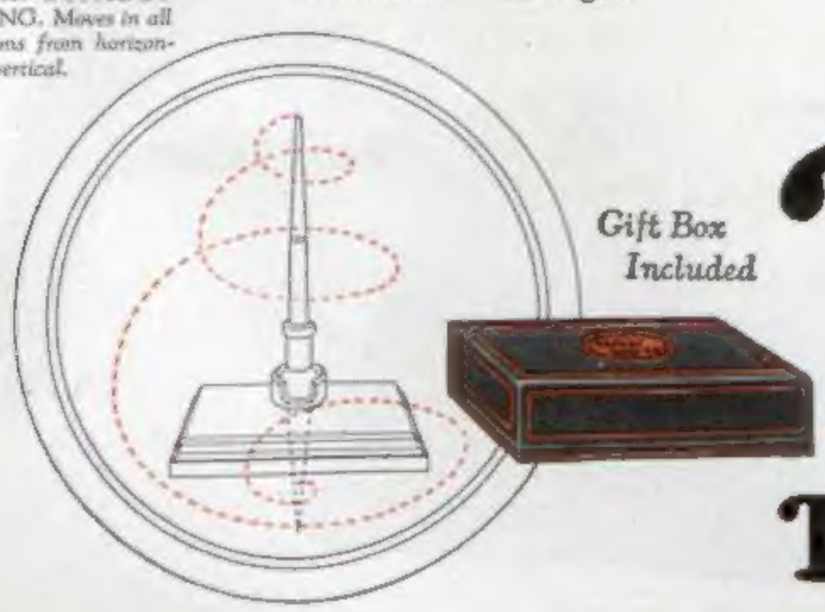

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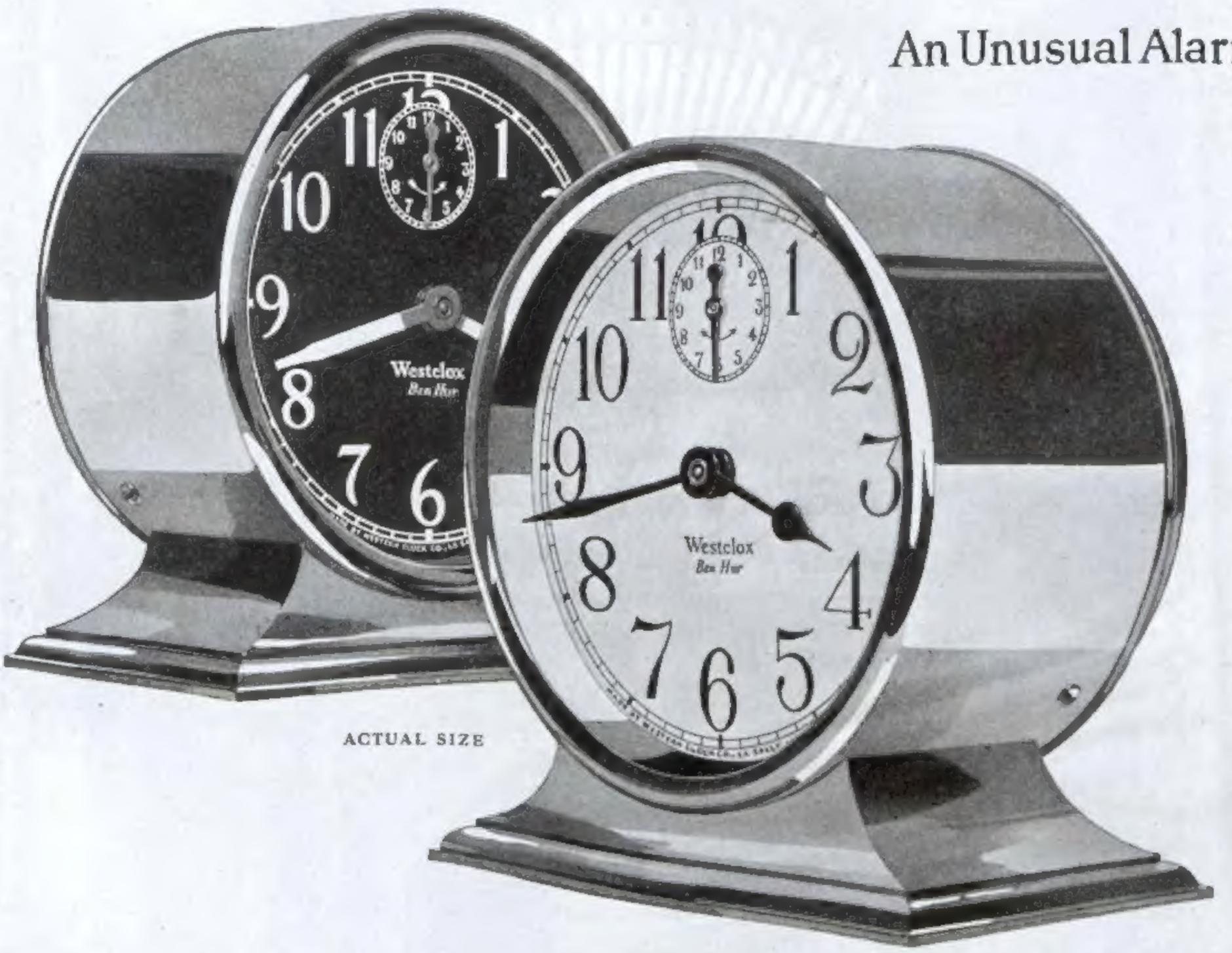

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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NEIGHBORS

By Clarence Budington Kelland

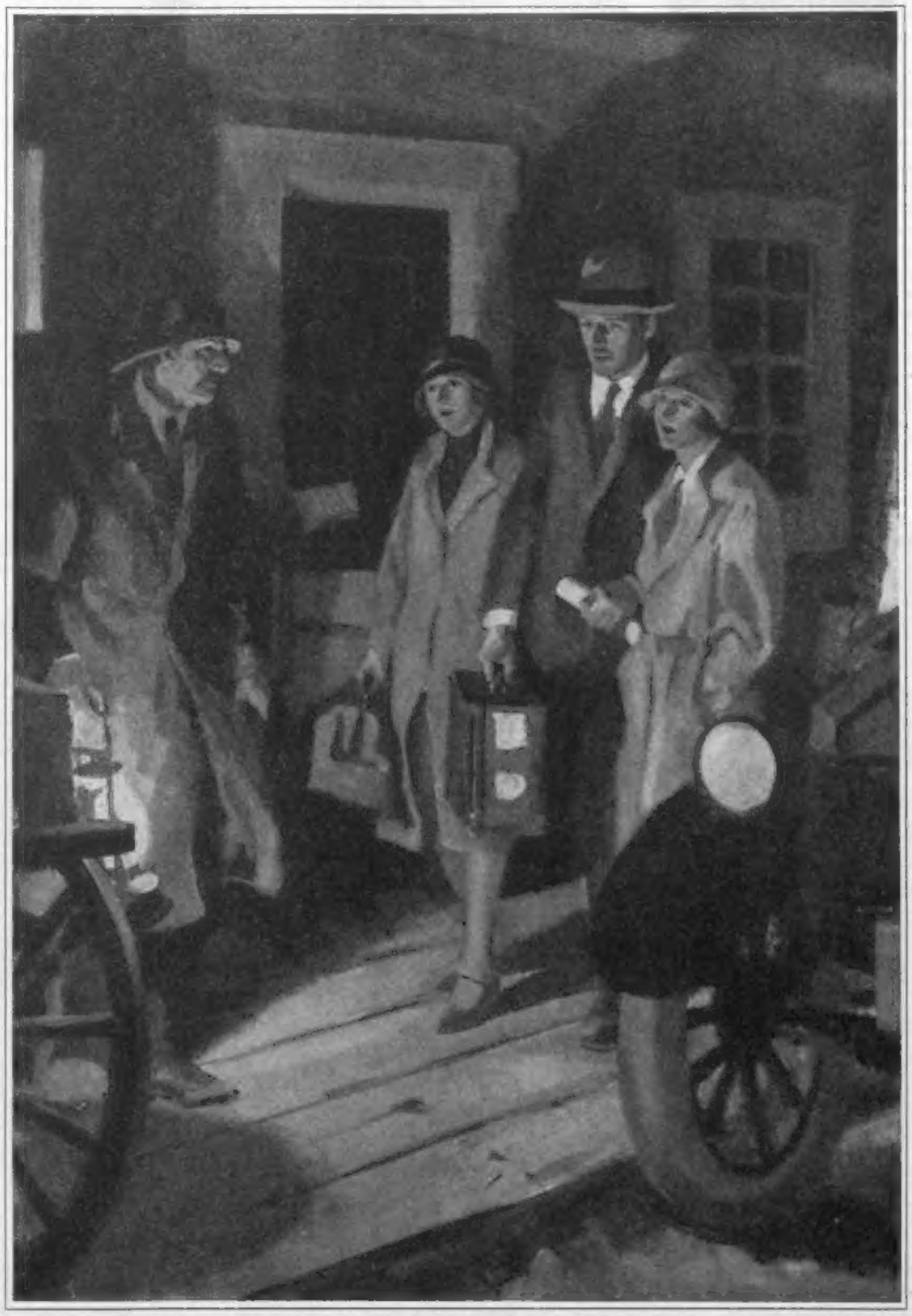
ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

ASPHALT pavement was the natural heath of the Cross family. Each member of it had been born upon the island of Manhattan, and none of the three ever had climbed a flight of stairs to the bedroom. Each had been born in an apartment, raised in an apartment and—if they ever gave a thought to the matter—proposed to die in an apartment. Their rise in the world could be traced by the improvement in the quality and size of the apartments they occupied, and their ideal home was an apartment on the Drive overlooking the river. Their ambition was to own such a home—to buy a section of one of those coöperative tenant-owned buildings which should have a marble lobby and a uniformed attendant to open car doors.

Warren Cross, at the age of thirty-two years, held a position which gave promise of better things with the Consolidated Lumber Corporation. He was by way of being efficient at producing efficiency and he rather delighted in encountering chaos that he might reduce it to order. Reducing the overhead was a passion with him.

He was of that slender, trim, meticulously dressed habit which one has come to associate with bank clerks or with the more successful employes of brokerage houses. His manner was attractive and his manners pleasing without being obtrusive.

Of evenings he seemed to churn with nervous energy, so that when they were not entertaining friends at bridge, or being entertained, he must go out to the movies or to a theater. He loved also to discover new places to dine—little intimate table-d'hôte places where the food was good and the prices reasonable. The papers and an occasional magazine supplied his reading, and his æsthetic side was more than satisfied by the few symphony concerts and recitals in Carnegie or Æolian Hall to which his wife conducted him.



"Kind of Wet, Hain't It? Got Any Baggage Checks? Git in and I'll be With You in a Minute"

His wife, Janet, was five years younger than he, slender and, though not beautiful, the possessor of what Warren called class. She was a wholesome young woman who regretted that their income had not been large enough to have children, and she was very fond of her husband, though sometimes inclined to be brisk in her manner toward him. This, however, was probably her way of showing proprietorship. She was intelligent, understood politics, knew rather more than most people about music, and sang very well with what voice she had. It was not a large voice or a very fine voice, but she was credited with more than she possessed, because her intelligence and appreciation made the most of it.

She was of an economical turn, and though her husband was uniformly delighted with her appearance, he marveled privately at the reasonable cost of her clothing. She was a shopper—a keen shopper—who knew where to go and how to get the best for the least. In common with her husband she appreciated humor and possessed a sunny wit and a flair for the turning of phrases, which added materially to her social value.

The third and by no means least important member of the family was Warren's sister, Sarah, who had lived with them since the death of her mother some four years before. Sarah was very dark, with beautiful black hair, which she wore short about her admirably shaped head. Hers was one of those pert faces which flashed expressions with bewildering rapidity, and if her mouth was a trifle large, it was no defect, for her teeth were exquisite—almost as exquisite as her legs, which her dresses, always abreast of the mode, made no pretense of concealing. She was a vivid person at whom both men and women turned to look, and she had not the remotest idea what the world was all about—except that it was a splendid, hurrying, scurrying place in which to disport oneself.

Sarah danced. She counted as lost that evening when some young man did not take her to a dancing place. One could hardly say she had a character, for nothing had ever happened to form it. What she would do in any emergency, how she would develop, it was impossible to say. She could be tempestuous, and she could be very patient and self-sacrificing, but one never knew when. But one thing she knew—and her brother was confident of it as well—she was efficiently able to take care of herself among the younger generation with whom she spent her evenings. She was twenty, and had been too busy to fall in love even very slightly.

Once a week Warren and Janet and Sarah—generally with some young gentleman of her circle—dined out and danced late at a cabaret. They were satisfied with the life, if only they could have a bit more of it. They liked what they did, but looked forward to doing it a little better; no alteration of any kind was ever so much as considered—only

an improvement in quality as their income should increase. It was their world; in fact, they believed it was the world; they were unconscious of any other except by vague hearsay which did not arouse their interest. Not only could they not imagine themselves leading another sort of life but they could not imagine anybody else doing so. They were urban to the innermost fibers of their beings; they were more than urban—they were New Yorkers.

May was dwindling away and the day was Saturday. Warren Cross, wearing a light spring overcoat, walked more slowly than was his custom as he made his progress toward the Subway. His face was unusually grave; had been perturbed since he left the private office of Mr. Dinsmore twenty minutes before. Mr. Dinsmore had summoned him at eleven, and the interview had consumed an hour and a half. . . . Now Warren paused at the corner of Broadway; paused and stared up and down the street almost with the air of a countryman who was seeing it for the first time. He felt a sudden interest in Broadway, a sudden appreciation of it. He was not conscious that he ever had been aware of Broadway before; he had taken it for granted; it was a part of his environment, something to be accepted casually, without thought. The ear may be an important part of one's anatomy, but one is wholly unconscious of its presence until it chooses to ache.

Instead of descending to the Subway, Warren walked northward. It was an impulse; he would walk the four blocks to the next station. But when the next station was reached he still did not descend; he did not wish to abandon that spectacle or cease to hear that clamor. So he continued to walk, block after block—and that though he knew each moment would make later and later his arrival at home. Perhaps that had something to do with it—a reluctance to get home. He found himself in the theater crowd above Fortieth Street and suddenly was aware of the desirability of being there at that time. Times Square! Streets packed with crawling motor cars! Girls with metropolitan faces, colored stockings! Men blocking the walks by exhibiting mechanical toys! Traffic policemen! Dapper men with walking sticks, and queer-looking old men trying to appear young! Fat women in limousines! Traffic officers blowing whistles! A vortex, a swirl, a composite sound of which the accustomed ear was unconscious until it concentrated upon listening! New York! This was the heart of New York, the heart of that great entity of whose composition he was one of the atoms!

He continued to walk onward to Columbus Circle and then out Central Park West. At his right, the park, with its trees and rocks and playgrounds, its bridle paths, its young women in riding breeches accompanied by riding masters. Apartment houses reared above him. New edifices arising. Laborers upon the new Subway warning pedestrians of an imminent blast. Women with stereotyped faces leading little dogs. Uniformed doormen. . . . Still New York—still New York in character, and unmistakable!

At Eighty-fifth Street he turned to the left and presently entered one of the more modest apartment houses—a walk-up. He was an hour late; but even now he did not hurry, was strangely reluctant to mount those flights of stairs to his home. And now his face wore again that expression of uneasiness, of perplexity, of perturbation, which it had worn as he came from his office.

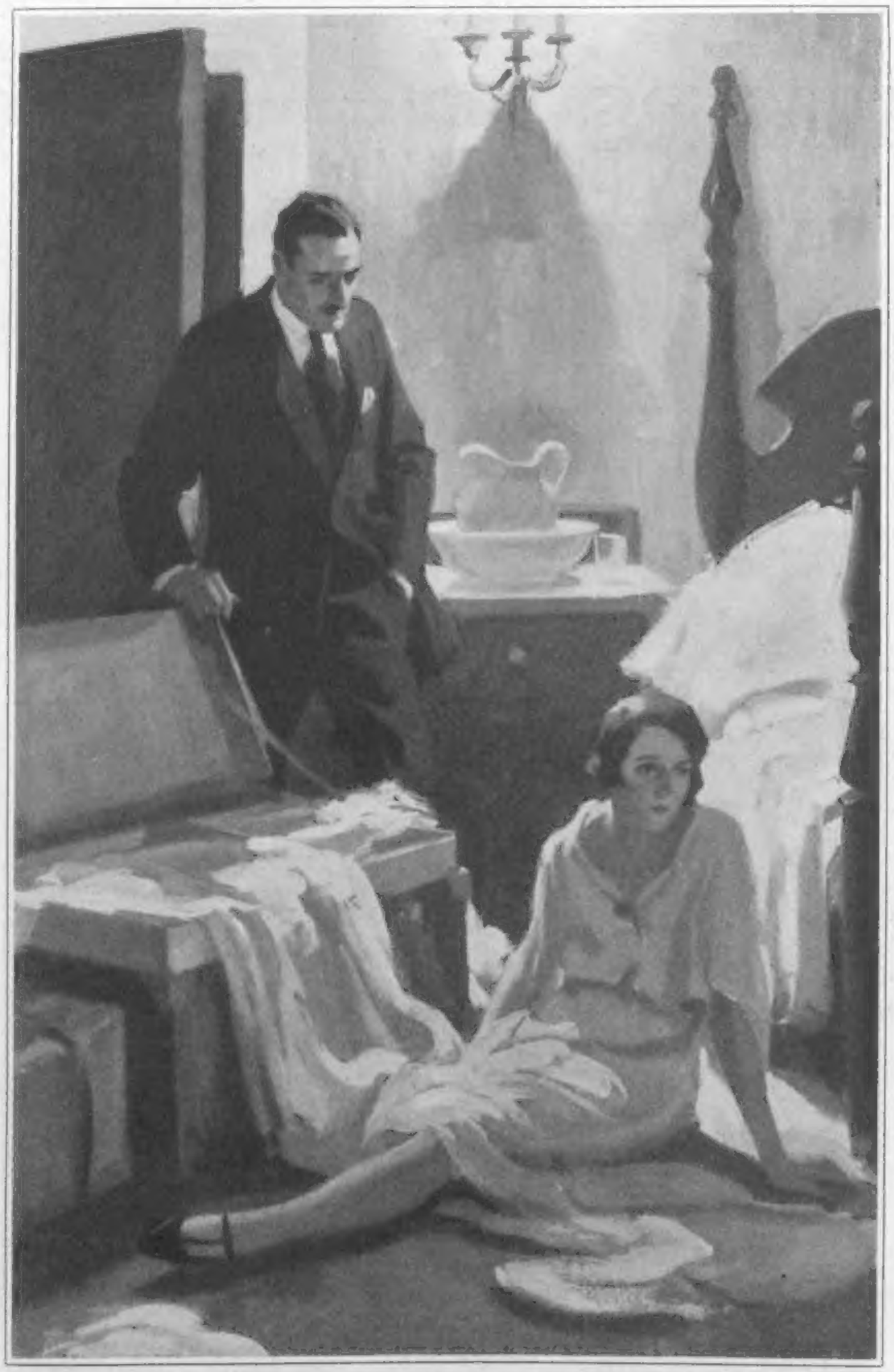
He opened the door with his latchkey and closed it after him softly, almost as if he did not wish to be heard entering. But he was heard, for Janet called a trifle sharply, "Is that you, Ren?"

"Yes," he said.

She came into the hall to kiss him. "Well," she said, "you're an hour late! Subway break down?"

"I walked up," he said.

"Walked up! The idea—and me waiting luncheon."



"Oh, Ren," She Said, "It's So Darn Still! If Only a Taxi Horn Would Squawk or an Elevated Train Go By! It's—it's Worse Than I Thought"

"I forgot luncheon," he said.

That was so unlike him—to forget luncheon or to forget anything else—that Janet felt a little twinge of alarm. "You're not sick?" she asked.

"No. I just walked up. I wanted to think."

"Something," said Janet, "has happened."

By this time they were in the living room, and Warren dropped into a chair. He dreaded telling his wife; was suddenly conscious there was a great deal about her that he did not know; that he knew but one phase of her and had seen her in but one environment. He temporized.

"I'm raised a hundred a month," he said.

"A hundred a month!" Her active mind commenced at once to play with this addition to their resources. "That's nothing to be glum about."

"And a house. I understand it's practically new."

Janet's brows puckered. "A house!"

"Yes, and the use of a car."

She got up and came to stand by the arm of his chair. "Would you mind starting at the beginning?" she asked. "What house and what car—and what's the idea?"

"Mr. Dinsmore called me in this morning. He told me what I knew already—that the Barchester mill isn't getting the results it should. He said I seemed to be able to straighten out muddles. And then he said they wanted me to go up there and take hold, and that they'd give me a hundred more a month, and this house to live in and the company car."

"You mean—you don't mean we'd have to go and live in that place?"

"Barchester? Yes, we'd have to live there."

"And leave New York?" Warren said nothing. "I won't do it! I won't! I won't be dragged off to live in some hole. . . . You don't have to go, do you?"

"I don't have to. I've until Monday to make up my mind."

"Well, you don't need until Monday," Janet said with decision. "You tell them they can just keep their old hundred-dollar raise, and we'll stay right where we are."

"I was afraid you'd feel that way," Warren said, "but let's think it over and talk it over. Let's hear what Sarah has to say. You know, Janet, I don't want to go away to the wilderness any more than you do, but ——"

"But what?"

"Well, you know how it is with a big concern like the Consolidated. It's hard to get ahead, and slow. Now they seem to have taken notice of me ——"

"But," interrupted Janet, "they wouldn't discharge you if you said you wouldn't go."

"No," Warren said hesitatingly, "but they'd sort of lose interest in me. I'd be forgotten. Business is pretty arbitrary. If it offers you a chance and you turn it down, you're not likely to be offered another. . . . No, it would mean looking for another job eventually, unless we could be contented to have me stay where I am forever."

"Maybe even that would be better than dragging off to some terrible place. . . . What sort of town is this Barchester, and where is it?"

"It's in Vermont. The population is something like twelve hundred." Here Warren put Barchester's best foot forward. "The mills are down the river about three miles. Mr. Dinsmore says it's a fine little place."

"He would. He doesn't have to live there. No theaters, I suppose, and maybe no movie. Heavens! And we'd leave all our friends behind! Ren, what in the world would we do for people to talk to? What kind of people live in those towns?"

"I'm afraid I don't know any more about it than you, dear. Pretty dreadful, I guess."

"And how long would we have to stay—forever?"

"Oh, not forever. Mr. Dinsmore said a couple of years or so; just until I can get things straightened out."

"And what about Sarah? I suppose you and I could exist, but what about her? And just at this age too!

What sort of young men would she meet? What would there be for her to do? She'd die!"

"I was thinking about Sarah," Warren said slowly. "It'll be pretty hard on her, and we've got to think about her. She's twenty, and in a couple of years she ought to be marrying."

"A fine chance in your Barchester!" said Janet witheringly.

"It's a hard place to put a man," Warren said in the voice of one who is harried by events almost past his endurance. "I know what I ought to decide. I know what it means. I know what it means to turn this thing down, but I can't bear to go for the sake of you girls, and for my own sake."

"Two years!" Janet said despairingly. Then: "If we do take it I refuse to go native, as the books say about the South Sea Islands. I shan't do that! I'll—I'll keep up. I'll not allow myself to degenerate into one of those people. The Lord knows I'll have time enough for reading and music and things!"

"Anyhow we could save money," Warren said dejectedly. "In two years, with what we have, we could get together enough to buy a mighty nice apartment."

"In two years," said Janet, "we wouldn't remember how to behave in an apartment."

Warren lay back in his chair and pressed his thumbs against his eyes; Janet recognized the symptom and frowned. "Forget it now," she said, "or you'll be working yourself up to one of those nervous headaches. It isn't too late to run around to the movies. That'll take our minds off it for a while."

"Where's Sarah?"

"Gadding," Janet said succinctly. "Come along."

They went downstairs and crossed over to Broadway. It was pretty remote from Forty-second Street, but it was still Broadway. On another block or so was Riverside Drive, where reared those so desirable apartments which they coveted; those buildings where one could buy in fee simple a section of the fourth floor or of the tenth floor, involving a common ownership of the elevators and the heating plant and the uniformed attendant at the door, and the canvas porte-cochère to be erected on stormy days. There was nothing bizarre in this to the Cross family—nothing abnormal about buying a home which did not touch a foot of earth, or about owning a dwelling surrounded top, bottom and both sides by other dwellings, like a cell in a honeycomb. In them had never been born that passion, once common to mankind, for ownership of the soil. Soil was something that parks were made of.

It was not unnatural to them to have no neighbors; to dwell for years in a building with a half dozen or a dozen other tenants and not even to know them by name; to have no acquaintance within the radius of half a dozen blocks. This was life as they knew it, life as they understood it, life as they always had lived it; and they saw nothing wrong with it. Perhaps there was nothing wrong with it. Every civilization builds according to its necessities; every society organizes according to what it breeds within itself and to guard itself from what it has itself created. The more complex any body of society, the more complex and efficient must be the protective machinery of each individual in it. And New York has been artful in devising expedients.

She Was Twenty, and Had Been Too Busy to Fall in Love Even Very Slightly

Janet felt something of that sensation which had impelled her husband to walk home from the office. She touched his arm. "Let's not see the picture," she said. "Let's go over to the Drive and walk."

He nodded acquiescence, and, awaiting their opportunity, they scurried through a gap in the traffic and reached the other shore; then onward to the Drive and the river.

"What more can anybody want than this?" Janet said to herself; but her eyes and her thoughts were not on the majesty of the great river or on the splendor of the cliffs which lifted themselves upon the opposite shore. They were not upon the romance of the transactions taking place upon that water within range of her eyes; not upon the dingy tramp steamers, anchored now after sailing distant seas and touching at strange ports; not upon bristling little ferryboats, battling the current and squawling their demands to tugs and barges and scows; not upon the great masses of canal boats, bearing from the north lumber and bricks and the Lord knew what to supply the demands of a mammoth aggregation of ever demanding human beings. No, her thoughts were upon those gorgeous piles of brick and stone and steel which fronted on the avenue; elegant hornets' nests inhabited by the fortunate of the earth who had achieved their hearts' desire; by rich men and women, by singularly fortunate children who might play in the park below under the hired eyes of Scandinavian or Italian or French or English nursemaids; by exotic dogs, and actors and merchants and old ladies with a competence and abdomens.

They walked in silence, Warren and Janet, but their minds were alike occupied with the dread of leaving all this, of giving up these marvels, these supreme advantages of comfort and culture and civilization for something unknown but necessarily lacking in all these essentials. They reflected upon the harshness of life which could have the heartlessness to demand of them such a sacrifice.

Warren knew, in spite of what he said or implied to his wife, that he must go. He knew it would be impossible to decline this opportunity which came wearing so unpleasant a face. And Janet knew it too. She would fight against it, pretend she would not go, but she would go. Until the decision must be made she derived a bitter pleasure from pretending.

They turned back at Grant's Tomb, crossing the street to walk beside the stone wall which guards the descent to the river. They walked slowly, mournfully, in a sort of funeral march, a farewell processional. When they reached their street again they turned in silence, and, still silently, they reached their home. Not until they were again in the living room did either of them speak, but then Warren said apathetically, "Gosh, I hate to tell Sarah!"

(Continued on Page 44)

At the Hotel They Disembarked With Further Thanks, and Eunice and the Blue Runabout Rushed Away

THE STITCH IN TIME

By Richard Washburn Child

"PHOTO. BY INTERNATIONAL"
A Group of Laborers in Nicaragua

THE Nicaraguan affair is becoming as fascinating and interesting as a novel. Ignorance makes it dull; the full disclosure of the facts brightens it into a chamber drama of greatest significance. Events have written the little one-act play, but it has the dignity of a swing to the left or to the right of some atom which in turn controls the direction of the universe. If the ready-to-learn American were asked to give a title to the play he might call it A Stitch in Time. It would imply that a stitch in time saves nine.

It is quite possible that it may save ninety and nine, or thousands.

Like all necessary actions outside our own thresholds, it would be a disagreeable stitch, but it would be an inevitable stitch if one considers not only the welfare of the United States but also that of the Central American peoples. The raveling of the Monroe Doctrine may be at stake, but so also—let the whiners remember—are the peace and prosperity, the order and progress of the Central American countries.

The Coolidge and Kellogg Policies

WHEN one approaches this Nicaraguan affair let him remember the one act of importance. Let him remember it while the chorus of calamity howlers bellow at their own United States the meaningless word "Imperialist!" Let him remember the fact. It is that while the policies of Coolidge and Kellogg, and the orders issued under them and the acts that followed were in accordance with our traditions, were in accordance with good international law, were in accordance with necessity and legality, there was also a by-product. That by-product—do not forget it—was the determination of this question: Shall Central America be dominated by a political machinery of disorder, retrogression, conspiracy, instability and Bolshevism?

The legal case of the United States, in its recognition of the Diaz government in Nicaragua and in its protection of our citizens and of foreigners whose nations had asked our protection, is sitting in a citadel of facts and law. It is secure against the blah-blah of the Mexican propaganda bureaus, and even against some of our Capitol Hill ship scuttlers whose motto is: "The enemies of the United States—may they always be right. But the enemies of the United States—right or wrong."

The President sits tight on that firm bed of facts and law which supports our position in international practice by the facts, by legality and by our traditional policy. He is like the attorney and agent for a client. On a technical basis he has expressed his client's rights and has done what is necessary to protect them. It would be ridiculous for his clients and principals—the American people—to criticize the Administration unless the American people are willing to do three things:

First, look at the facts.

Second, say that we shall abandon our rights in foreign countries, the protection of our citizens and property.

Third, declare that the obligation which the Monroe Doctrine puts upon us to preserve safety for other nationals, because we forbid armed activity by their own nations, shall be thrown overboard, and consequently much of our right to assert the Monroe Doctrine.

Propaganda, sentimentality, the petty policies and the meddler boys are at work to say that the American people, first, do not care about the facts so long as they can read what Calles and his press bureaus say, or listen to some anti-American plucking on his or her lyre; second, wish to assert once and for all that every United States citizen abroad is abandoned by his Government and his countrymen like an alley cat on the sand lots; third, that we should scrap the Monroe Doctrine and let alien rule and force, on any excuse, come plunging in from every quarter onto the small republics in this hemisphere.

There are some of us, Democrats and Republicans, who just do not believe any such nonsense.

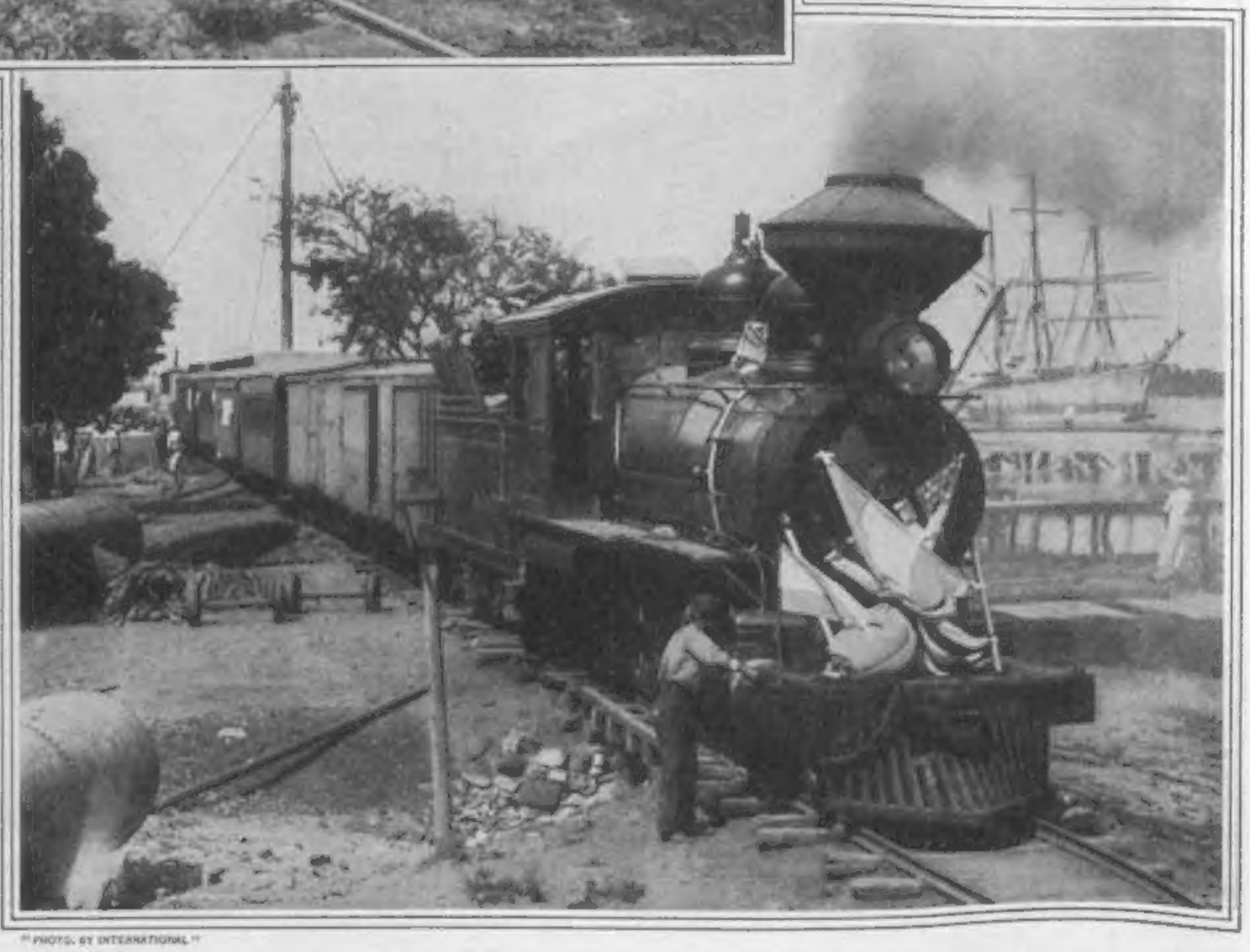
And then there is that other consideration—really the one interesting question raised by the Nicaraguan affair. It gets away from legal hairsplitting and technical pulling and hauling about Diaz and Sacasa and all the petty trifling and sordid charges and countercharges and bickerings. It gets down to the bed rock of reality and the masks of pretense are laid aside and the American people find themselves facing this important query:

What is our policy to be when the invasions of the right of self-government and the right to order and safety of Central and South American peoples no longer are the frank and definable aggressions made by other nations officially from without? What is our policy to be toward the new fashion, under which the marauder and conspirator have their work of interference, exploitation and control done not from the outside but conducted, as the burglars say, as an inside job?

An Inside Job

WHAT will we have to say and do if Mexico, for instance, semioffi-cially goes into the business of planting inside less powerful states—the neighbors of us—revolution, radicalism, governments bought and paid for, corrupted and ready to answer their master's whistle because they owe their existence to subsidy and direction from some outside nation or

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.



"PHOTO. BY INTERNATIONAL"

At Left—American Marines Near Managua, Nicaragua. Below—A Train at Corinto, Nicaragua

its alien nationals? Under the Monroe Doctrine we know what to do with aggressors who come into our hemisphere with bands playing and flags waving and their own guns loaded; but what are we to do about the aggressor who goes after the small Central or South American ships of state not with broadsides and boarding crews but with money to buy mutinies and with inducements to the disloyal members of the crew to kill the officers in their beds and seize the wheel at the dictation of Mexico or Soviet Russia or whatever the outside master mind may be?

We have come to an era when dominance and control by open methods are poor politics. It is poor politics because it flaunts at once the Monroe Doctrine and slaps the face of Uncle Sam with the glove of challenge. The next movement of those who want to establish their foreign dominance over smaller states in our hemisphere will not be to walk in; it will be to sneak in. It will not be to break the windows or pick the lock or smash down the door; it will be to work on those who live inside the house. Buy the butler so that he will steal and wear the master's clothes, or wheedle the parlor maid to leave the back door open—that will be the new method.

The Most Comfortable Foreign Policy

THE President may sit secure upon the creation and policing of protective neutral zones in Nicaragua—which, by the way, were agreed to by the Diaz and the revolutionary Sacasa parties. It may be that so far as President Coolidge is concerned he will choose for the moment to confine his position to international law, and to our traditional policy, from which no predecessor of his has ever openly dared to swerve. It is perfectly firm ground, as we shall see.

But the American people may as well begin to make up their minds about the larger question. Strip away the folderol and there it is! What are we to do as a nation when the incursions upon our smaller neighbors no longer take the form of war from without, but come from some European source or from a so-called Bolshevik international, from some loose-principled, irresponsible neighboring state in the form of propaganda, secret conspiracy, plottings, purchase, revolution inspired within from without, and consequent crooked and even violent control by outside forces? That is the ultimate question. It ought to be decided in advance by American opinion. It would be ridiculous to be confronted with it when it was too late to take a stitch in time, and only when the job of a thousand stitches confronted us. It ought to be decided while the decision one way or the other can be made by a boat crew of marines. It would be ridiculous as well as tragic to foresee nothing, to look forward not at all, to rock along with jingoes on one hand and amateur, ignorant sentimental meddlers on the other, playing seesaw on our Executive and the State Department.

Come now, let us face it. No one wants intervention by the United States. The most comfortable—in the end the most moral and fundamentally the most idealistic—foreign policy is to help when we are asked and when we can, but—mind our own business. It is to be hoped that the League and every other coöperative endeavor toward a United States of Europe may live long and prosper, but—mind our own business. It is to aid the development of bases for peace and for prosperity in this hemisphere, and for mutual faith between the United States, the "Colossus of the North," and every nation this side of Cape Horn, but—mind our own business. It is to pray that we shall never be tempted, as undoubtedly some private selfish interests would tempt us, to be guilty ourselves of playing mischievous or selfish internal politics anywhere—and mind our own business.

Oh, yes; but what are we to do if the other fellow begins inside work, under-cover work, on the states which are our neighbors? To avoid any reflection upon the people of Mexico or their present government, suppose that a new government comes. Suppose we learn incontrovertible facts which show that this new government of Mexico gets its spiritual guidance from Moscow and its financial backing from some European power. Suppose this new government of Mexico, with a new flock of secret agents and a propaganda bureau which spends money like a drunken sailor, and a set of subsidies for revolution and shipments of arms and secret diplomatic guidance, starts out to gain a little empire of corruption by revolutions. Suppose the ultimate drive is to set up in the whole group of Central American countries radical governments which answer to the push buttons in distant dark places.

What then? What will we do?

Will we sit and listen to those self-styled liberals who will never look deep enough to see that modern tyrants will always march under banners emblazoned Self-Determination and behind transparencies lettered with Liberty and Democracy? Will we swallow the goose stuffing set loose? Will we allow every self-respecting, defensive policy of the United States to be damned by the often utterly senseless cries of "Wall Street" and "Oil"? Will we let down our smaller neighbors when they say "For heaven's sake preserve us from being hamstrung or scuttled"?

The Case Against Us

THE case against us is that we have been accused by Tchitcherin of being imperialists; that a newspaper may say that any American who has had his pocket picked and his head beaten in and his lands seized anywhere across the border is a thief, a scoundrel, a pariah and an empire builder; that the down-with-America bloc is being depended on by our enemies; and that, according to some of our "best minds," the short cut to allaying animosity abroad is to give a dollar and sit down every time our nose is pulled. Will we say, "Good-by, Panama Canal; *au revoir*, Magdalena Bay; *adios*, Fonseca; farewell, Nicaragua Canal"? Will we say, "List us with those who wanted to do right but didn't know what they were doing"?

I do not believe it. In Washington today there seems to be some confusion, but there are still some morals in the world which do not come under that chapter in the code entitled, Go Lie Down in the Long Grass.

Boiled down to its essence, the ultimate policy adopted by our public opinion may frame itself in this way: Admitted

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COPYRIGHT BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., N. Y. C.

The Old Stone Church, Granada, Nicaragua

At Right—Nicaraguan Troops Using a New Type Machine Gun. Below—The Fashionable Quarters of Rivas

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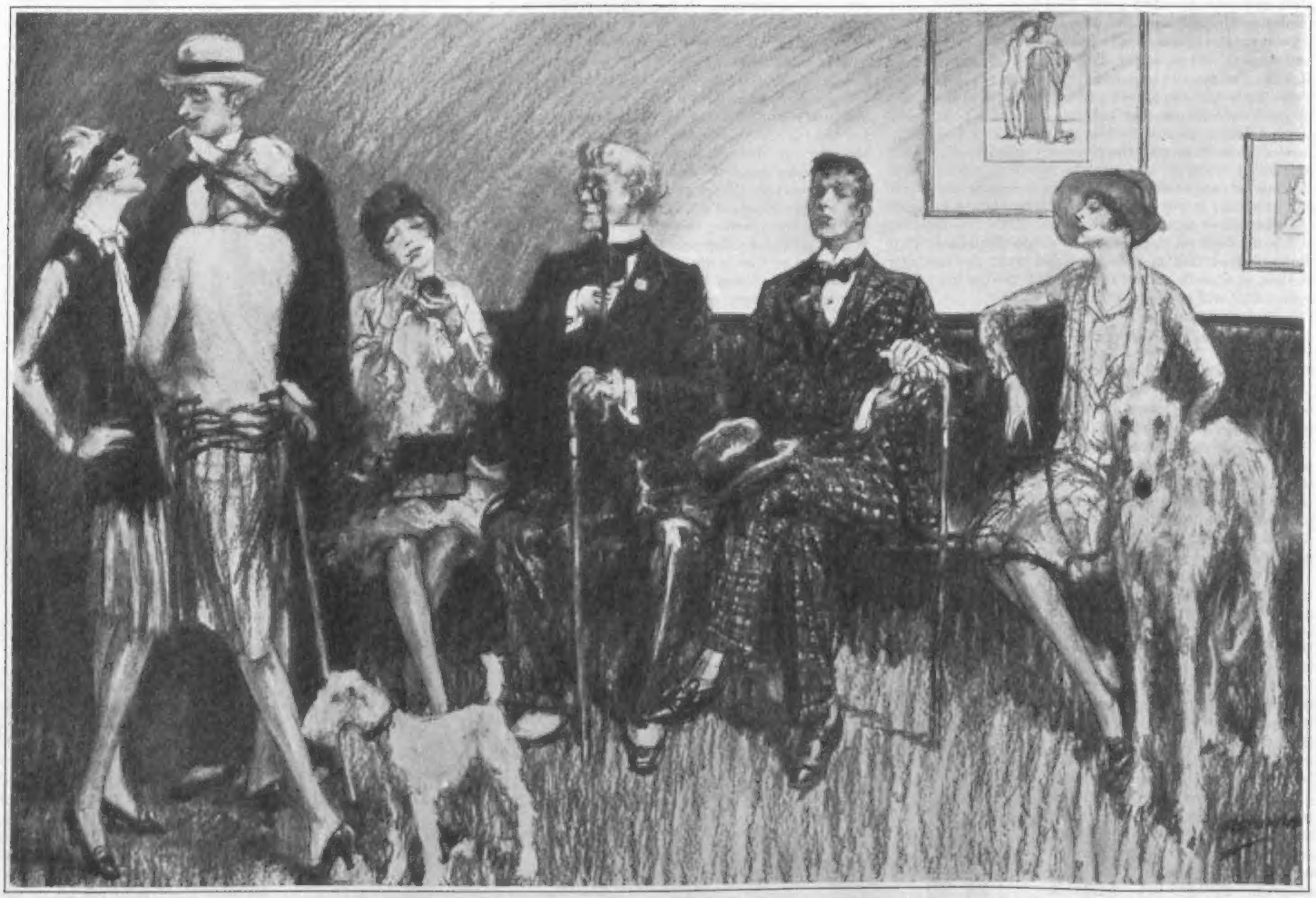
A SCHOOL FOR ACTING



Gilded Dreams and a Comical Self-Infatuation. Comical. The Airs of Importance. How They Loved Themselves

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

COMPLACENTLY William Sigmal surveyed himself in the inadequate mirror of the small bureau in his small rented room. The scar above his right eye, he decided, helped rather than harmed his appearance and present purpose. For William Sigmal those two quantities had practically become one. In other words, he was in Hollywood. He was of Hollywood. To put it more clearly still, he was an actor in moving pictures—at a bound. It had been so easy for him that he was inclined to regard the whole affair with contempt. What saved him from this was his estimation, his opinion of himself. It wasn't low. However, there was no reason why it should be. There were reasons to the contrary. His appearance was one—he wasn't tall, but he was straight and hard and quick. He could easily do difficult and uncommon things with his body; he had an undiscovered amount of vitality—William Sigmal thought of it as courage—and his face was interesting. Dark and fascinating, he said to himself.

He told himself this simply because there was no one else present to hear it; he was alone; if anyone had been there he would have said it just as easily to him; or to her. It must be admitted that there was this to support his favorable opinion of himself and of his looks: He had been in Hollywood hardly more than a month and he had a legitimate part in an important moving picture produced by an important—one of the first companies. He was a character actor; he had a salary of five hundred dollars a week; after no more than thirty days. What he would do in a year was beyond all prediction. It was obvious that he'd be one of the greatest actors of the screen. One of them? Well, he would put it that way modestly.

William Sigmal wanted to be modest in the face of the fact that he was a very unusual, a very special man. His personality was different from other personalities; he had a right to regard himself as more unusual, more special, than the rest. At one time the world hadn't realized this, but it had found out. The world at last had recognized him and, in consequence, given him a very flattering attention. The truth was that the world had shown itself to be afraid of him. There it had been right, for the whole truth was that he was dangerous. People did well to be careful of his feelings and let him have what he wanted and deserved.

It was a good thing that Martin James, the director of Tropical Hearts, had instantly—in all the confused crowding of the casting department of the Zenith Company—seen his peculiar fitness for that production. It was fortunate for James that he had had him sent in on his set for a short interview between shots. The cameraman who made the subsequent test had been lucky, because if Martin James, or any other director, or the cameraman, had annoyed him—William Sigmal—he might easily have regretted it.

"They would have been sorry," he said aloud, studying himself in the mirror.

As he spoke it seemed to him that his face changed—his eyes opened more widely in a set stare; his mouth tightened as though it had been pulled out at the ends; the scar on his forehead turned from white to red. But there was no need for him to get excited, everything was turning out as well as possible; and he relaxed. He even left the mirror for a cigarette, a chair. The room, in spite of its smallness, was almost completely bare; Sigmal had added nothing but the contents of two hand bags; and he decided to leave that afternoon. He'd go to the Hollywood Hotel for a week or so and look around for something still better. An apartment in the general direction of Beverly Hills. He'd have to get one, though, without committing himself to a long lease, since it was probable that within a year he would be building up in the mountains near King Vidor and Gilbert—a house looking down on the Fairbanks.

Lost in such pleasant eventualities, he scarcely heard the knock that fell on his door; it was repeated before he fully realized its purpose. "Come in," he called indifferently.

A man short and fat, with a short crisp mustache, a crisp bearing, entered. "You're William Sigmal, of course," he proceeded, with an extended hand. "I'd have known you from the stills at the Zenith office. When I saw them I told Martin James he'd been fortunate. I said, 'Martin, you've made a find. I know 'em all and this man is a discovery!'" William Sigmal nodded. "My name is Lettew," the other went on. "There are no pictures of me around the studios, but they all know me. If you are successful you are bound to know me," he added. Sigmal offered him a cigarette. "I haven't any Scotch—yet," he admitted.

"That will all come," Lettew replied cheerfully. "This is a land of magic, for some of us, Sigmal. You, for example. It's all just ready to fall into your hand. Even I'm doing pretty well. A sight better than ever I did in San Francisco."

William Sigmal stirred restlessly. "What do you want?" he asked in an unnecessarily sharp tone.

Lettew glanced at him appraisingly. "About a hundred dollars," he finally said.

Sigmal started abruptly to his feet. "What the hell——" he demanded. "What the hell ——"

Lettew waved a calming hand. "My fault," he admitted. "I began at the wrong end. You can't be blamed for not knowing it yet. I'm the managing editor of The Sun Arc." He stopped as though that fact alone explained

all that must follow. William Sigmal, however, said nothing. He stared darkly, intently, at Lettew. "Now that you are an interesting figure in motion pictures," Lettew went on easily, "you are naturally interesting to us to The Sun Arc. We want you with us The hundred I mentioned was part of that. I'll add this too: That a hundred is very moderate. In a way, you are just beginning, and we want to be reasonable. We want to see you built up. We're going to help build you up."

"I don't understand you," William Sigmal said harshly.

"You must be in our paper, "Lettew explained, with an obvious effort at patience. "It will cost you a hundred dollars. For that we'll give you a swell notice to the trade, with a two-column cut. I should have said two hundred and fifty, but I didn't. I won't. I'll stand back of myself and The Sun Arc. You can write your own opera. Say what you like. We believe in you."

A visible relaxation took place in William Sigmal. He leaned back, smoking easily. "The Sun Arc," he began reflectively. "Yes, I've seen it. A dirty little blackmailing sheet. And now you want a hundred out of me. I give you a hundred and you lay off me. That's it, ain't it? Well, here's my answer: You can stick your paper up the sewer." He rose. "I don't need you, see? I'm not just any sucker trying to get in. I'm in. Understand that. I'm there. I know it and you know it. Go scare women and hams, but don't try to get me. I'm not a ham. There's more than paint to me, and you remember it. I'll drop something else to you, too—be a little careful about printing lies. I won't say no more but that. Let it be enough, see. And I'm glad you're here. I wouldn't have missed seeing you for twice a hundred. It's done us both good, me and you. You know how I stand and where you come in. I'll say it again—don't make a mistake."

As William Sigmal's excitement sharpened, Lettew grew visibly calmer, more comfortably secure. "Say," he put in, when, at last, he had an opportunity, "collect yourself. You're using up all your ability. I'm not a director. And let me tell you this—you say you're not a ham, when the fact is you are the hammest ham, the thickest slice of razorback I've met in months You're not in even on the air. What you don't know can't be guessed I'll bet that when I came in you were sitting and feeling sorry for all the other actors in Hollywood. If Douglas Fairbanks wasn't in your mind as one to be bumped, I'll let you have 10 per cent off my charge, good as it was. Don't start wrong Come along with the hundred. This isn't a girls' school you're breaking into. It's real. It's earnest "

William Sigmal repeated his invitation with regard to The Sun Arc and a sewer "I told you what was what," he asserted. Anger rose in him; he felt it beat his brain, expand the veins in his neck. Lettew wasn't being sufficiently careful. He didn't realize the danger he was walking into.

"Go easy on that," Lettew advised him. "And I didn't like your insinuation about lies. The Sun Arc is a legitimate enterprise. It tells the truth about the moving-picture world. That's its mission. And we intend to follow it. No cheap actor can stop us. I was doing you a kindness. I saw you were green and just starting, and I went easy on you."

"Well, ease off me," Sigmal said colloquially. "You won't find any standing room here. There's nothing between you and the door I can see."

Lettew didn't immediately rise. "There is less between you and calamity," he replied. "Damn if you ain't the worst I ever looked over." He stopped and studied William Sigmal more carefully. "You don't, by any chance, come from San Francisco yourself, do you?" he asked. Sigmal replied shortly that he did not. "Because you're a little familiar to me. Just a shade. I pretty well covered that town for ten years. I saw nearly all of them. The ones with scars you could see and those with scars that were hidden. And it's in my mind I've seen yours before. I didn't notice it at first, not until it turned red on you. William Sigmal?" he grew reflective. "But, of course, that would mean nothing. You might have a new monicker in every town. Sigmal means nothing but—but how about Gimsal? That's it! Howard Gimsal. That scar was in the papers every time it lighted up, and it got bright whenever the evidence was specially bad."

"Get out of here," William Sigmal said. He was on his feet. "I don't know what you are talking about and you don't either. I came here from Arizona."

"Maybe," Lettew answered. "By way of. You're Gimsal and we both know it. Now listen to me—I said a thousand, do you see, and we'll make it slow payment. Slow but sure. In three months, say, it will all be over and the piano yours."

"Get out of here," the other repeated, "or take the consequences."

Lettew rose carelessly. "It may be your little habit to knock men off with any handy piece of pipe, but I don't see a piece of pipe around, and if you make as much as a pass at me you'll go back to San Quentin for forty years instead of four. Don't slip on that. The parties who were interested in San Francisco don't live in Los Angeles. I've got a little stuff on the ball myself down here. Now, how about the thousand?"

"Get out," Sigmal said for the third time. "You can't blackmail me." He couldn't, he told himself, compromise with what he had become. The stiffness of his pride, all that he had successfully accomplished, wouldn't allow him. He was superstitious about any admission of the past into the present, the future.

Lettew picked up his hat. "You can't argue with an actor," he pronounced. "It can't be done. Not even with a bad actor, and that goes both ways with you."

Once more alone, William Sigmal resumed his seat; he lighted another cigarette, but he was very different from the complacent figure so suddenly interrupted by Lettew. A bitterness of anger rose and fell in him, generating a personal hatred for the manager of The Sun Arc. He was surprised that Lettew had got away so easily. He had been lucky to get away at all. From him, William Sigmal. He repeated that name with a determined mental emphasis. A little reflection would have made Lettew more careful. He knew better than Lettew that life wasn't a boarding school.

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William Sigmal Stopped, Leaning Against a Set, Critically Watching the Progress of the Acting. It Was, He Decided, Rotten!

THE ARTISTIC TOUCH

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

AMONG all those gay chronicles which adorned the career of William Lipp like jewels of the first water it is hard—nay, indeed, impossible—not to be impressed with Willie's unerring love of beauty, because right from the beginning he had the eye of a connoisseur, even under the most pressing and embarrassing circumstances.

That time when he was very young, for instance, and naturally boyishly impulsive—the time when he was so young that work was almost play, and he took a brickbat and hurled it through Greenbaum's jewelry window down in Maiden Lane—even in the midst of the embarrassing publicity, the screams and whistles and the shouting of the bulls, his eye for beauty did not forsake him. He got the fifteen only unflawed diamonds in the window, neglecting all the rest.

Yes, and when he dabbled in objects of art and vertu it was just the same. He was an artistic guy, that was what. He was artistic. He could tell jade right in the dark without turning a flash light on it. He could tell a fake by a touch of his slender fingers, and all the guys who knew him and saw him work out used to say he was a highbrow. But it was more than that. His gift of knowledge lay inside him. It glistened in his beady eyes. Though his pants were baggy at the knees, though the knobs on his shoes, which had once been protuberant, filigreed hemispheres, had sunk to nothing, though the wasplike waistline of his coat was gone, he was a wise guy just the same.

Yet, curiously enough, in his affair with Mr. Ginsberg, erstwhile detective of New York police headquarters, that sense of line and form and quality which was his greatest professional asset was strangely lacking. One might almost think, hearing the thing in bare outline, that Willie had been away from home too long and that Mr. Ginsberg had a right to be sore; but as is so often the case in life, one has to be on the inside to know for sure.

The place in which Willie found himself at the time, without his ever telling how he got there, was queer and phony. The guys in the street did not act right—not off the level exactly, but not right; but still he knew the place was grand. There was something in it that made you want to take a drink, two drinks or even three. And this was not because his stomach was hollow or because his head was queer. Anybody at all could see it was a swell place. There was a street, now, like Fifth Avenue, only twice as wide, like a street in a park yet not like a street in a park. It was all mixed up in the mist and sun—artistic, like something in a picture, and leading toward a white stone arch, which also was artistic. In fact, he could almost believe from its sheer and startling brilliance that it was a picture in a beer-and-dancing parlor back at home.

Automobiles were running upon that street like bugs upon the water, and the drivers were nutty, tooting little horns like kids. And the bulls were nutty. They had capes on them like rich kids had at home, and white sticks in their hands, and pants with broad red stripes. In fact, everyone was nutty. They didn't talk right or act right, and besides, they weren't wops or Polacks. They looked at him and jabbered in a way that was not like the wops at home.

It made his stomach queer and his head all queer to hear them, and he knew that they were nobody—nobody at all.

And the houses were phony. He was walking in a place that was like a long front stoop, maybe a mile long, with stores instead of windows, and all the guys kept looking at him; and yet it was beautiful. The sun was breaking through a faint mist that was the color of pearls, not of the first grade, but not too much off color; and before him was a window, now, like a store window at home, that made him pause and brought him out of himself in a glow of higher interest. It was a window filled with jades in all shapes, and all convenient and suitable to fit in the pocket, and high grade.

It was enough to make Willie forget his sorrows and even the sketchiness of his own attire, just to see. It was enough to set thoughts whirling in his head, of gorgeous tinseled form; but they did not last, perhaps because they were too beautiful. In the very midst of a series of beautiful visions Willie came to himself with a horrid jump. It was a voice that caused him to jump, a voice that came out of all that jabbering of foreign tongues like a sound in a dream—a bad dream:

"Well, is it going to be a paving brick?"

As Willie whirled about he gave an exclamation, low, involuntary. Before him, familiar and homely in that bright city, stood a big guy, so big that he seemed to tower over Willie's slender frame like a house. A steel-gray suit hung upon him in even strips of cloth that reminded you of the metal on an armored mail car, and his neck jutted from a low collar with stripes on it, like the strong man's neck in the pictures. His face also was not unlike a steel plate, steely blue from the color of his whiskers, with a mouth and jaw like the entrance to a safe-deposit vault. Willie never forgot a face. It was Ginsberg, one of the plain-clothes men whom you could spot back home on the sidewalk almost any night. How he got there Willie could not tell, but there he was, waiting as of yore to grab him, with his heavy hand half outstretched.

"Lissen," cried Willie, and his voice broke in his agony, "I wasn't doin' nothin'. Say, I was just easin' along. Honest, I wasn't doin' nothin'."

Mr. Ginsberg did not seem impressed. A wrinkle appeared between his heavy eyebrows, and his hand descended on Willie's slender arm.

"Shut up," he said, "and come along."

Willie gave a feeble wriggle, but it was too late. "Honest, mister," he began. "Wontcher have a heart?"

If Mr. Ginsberg had one he did not display it.

"Shut up," he said, "and walk along. I've got a job for you. Don't act so wild. What's got into you? Where are your snappy clothes?"

Willie's knees sagged slightly. A mist came before his eyes, but what was he to do?

A minute later they were sitting face to face across a small marble table in a joint such as Willie had never seen before—not a blind tiger nor yet a saloon.

"Say," said Willie, looking carefully toward the door, "what's the idea? A job? What kind of a job?"

Mr. Ginsberg looked at him fixedly. Little lines appeared at the corners of Mr. Ginsberg's bulbous eyes, and his lips drew close together.

"A second-story job," he answered, and drummed with his fingers on the marble table.

The calmness, the skill that made Willie the guy he was, suddenly asserted itself, though the surprise of the thing set his head to swimming. "Mister," he said in real pain, "don't I know cops well enough not to fall for that?"

"Cops?" cried Mr. Ginsberg. "Who's talking about cops? I turned in my badge two years ago. I'm a personal investigator now."

Willie's eyes glistened with something like relief, and his uneven teeth glistened in a frank and generous smile. "Honest," he said, "I always knew you was a crook."

But how could Mr. Ginsberg understand generosity? "What the blazes!" he cried, half rising. "What's that you're calling me?"

Gentle—that was what Willie was, always polished and polite. "Don't get sore," he pleaded. "You're

The Eyes of the Other Seemed to Burn Through Him as He Struggled in That Creaking Chair. It Had All Been So Easy That it Robbed Willie of Any Feeling of Triumph; Instead, it Made Him Feel Cheap and Queer

just green still, that's all. You won't mind what they call you, mister, when you've been in the game like me."

Mr. Ginsberg relapsed into his chair, muttering something beneath his breath. "What are you up to in Paris?" he demanded.

"Parrus?" Willie started and looked around with new interest. "Is that where I'm landed—honest?"

But Mr. Ginsberg only laughed. "Did you ever know," he chuckled, "we used to call you Nifty Willie at the bureau? I wish the boys could see you now."

Willie sighed. His voice was almost choked. "Honest, mister, sometimes I wisht they could. Look at my snappers now." He bared his teeth confidingly and smiled again. "Naturally, being a wise guy, it's where I keep my savings. Mister, once, before things broke bad, they was nearly solid gold, and now there's only a crown left on the back molar. It sometimes seems as if I can't get on the inside of anything here, now honest. I don't seem to grab onto anything, if you get me. Cheest, I wisht I was home."

"Do you now?" inquired Mr. Ginsberg. The wrinkles about his eyes grew deeper. He looked out the door, where taxis were tooting on the noisy sunny street. "What would you say to a thousand dollars—a grand, my boy, a grand?"

Willie sat perfectly still. All his instincts and his training told him there was something phony. Naturally anyone could see the whole thing; the very largeness of the sum was clumsy, but he could not be sure. He half closed his eyes.

"I'll bite," he said. "What would I?"

"Buddy," said Mr. Ginsberg, "I've always admired you—that's straight. You're the only boy in the gallery who wouldn't jump when I said that. Now it isn't as though I didn't know your work. You're the niftiest inside man on the blotter—or used to be, back home. You can do a job without bombs or machine guns and not leave any litter for the servants to clean up in the morning, and I'm generous, see? One thousand dollars for half a night's work, and all expenses paid."

"Yeh?" said Willie.

Mr. Ginsberg shifted his weight in his chair. "The fact is—I want you to understand I don't mean anything crooked—but the fact is I'm a sort of—I don't know what you'd call it—but a companion to an old gent. Comical, isn't it?—me a companion to an old party. But he's high-spirited and has to have a man he can depend on."

"Yeh?" said Willie.

"I'm paid to look after things for him—confidentially, you understand—because he's always getting into trouble if someone doesn't. And it's a pleasure, I'll say, because—is he rich?"

"Yeh?" said Willie.

"Is he rich?" Mr. Ginsberg's voice broke. "Say, it hurts you to think of it, and the old party is that high-spirited ——"

"Nutty?" suggested Willie.

"Well," replied Mr. Ginsberg, "yes and no. The old guy thinks he owns the whole world, and he's nutty about art."

"Yeh?" said Willie. "And you want me to lift something off him?"

"To hear you," said Mr. Ginsberg, "one would think you had no ethics. No, the old party wants a picture like a spoiled kid wants the moon. He wants a picture."

"Yeh?" said Willie. "Then why don't he buy it?"

Mr. Ginsberg brought his fist on the table with a certain display of exasperation.

"And hasn't he tried to buy it till he's blue in the face? But the other party won't sell. And now he wants that picture anyway. Anyway—there's where you come in. A thousand dollars of the easiest money you ever made, and an old guy made happy."

"And what do you get out of it?" said Willie. "Joy?"

Mr. Ginsberg pushed his hat away from his forehead. "You guessed it. The joy of service is what I get," he said. "Will you pull it off?"

"Here." Mr. Ginsberg Pushed Something Toward Him. "Here's Something You Need. It's a Gun." But Willie Only Laughed at Mr. Ginsberg. "Get Wise, Kid," He Said, "Get Wise"

There was a pause. Willie looked dreamily at the ceiling. The whole place was off the level, not like a bar at home, but with a little counter with tin on top of it and a fat old dame behind it.

"Mister," he said at length, "my answer is nix on it. Try some amachoor."

"Is that a fact?" cried Mr. Ginsberg. Willie began actively to dislike Mr. Ginsberg, for he never admired crude guys with bad manners. "Are you being funny with me? Say, I got a good mind ——"

"Mister," said Willie wearily, "I've had to make a rule. I got my reputation to consider. I don't mix up in business with folks who don't know their stuff. No, not while I got a gold tooth left."

"Sit down," said Mr. Ginsberg.

Back home all the girls always said that Willie was a perfect gentleman. His delicate fingers merely fluttered in the slightest protest as Mr. Ginsberg lapsed into profanity.

"You'll do it," said Mr. Ginsberg earnestly, "or go back to the States, you little runt. Don't you suppose I got the goods on you before spilling this? You're wanted back home for three jewel robberies and a holdup."

"A holdup?" Willie's mouth fell open and he nearly choked. "Who said I did crude stuff like that?"

"Want to find out?" inquired Mr. Ginsberg, rising. "Come on. They'll keep you on my say-so till I wire for extradition."

"You win the break, mister," gasped Willie. His mouth was dry. His heart was beating in his throat. "The picture's as good as yours."

"And now that's settled," said Mr. Ginsberg, "the old party will want to see you, and I'll have to dress you first. He's a particular old bozo. Here, what the —— Where's my bill fold?"

Willie sighed and handed it across the table together with a bunch of keys. "Excuse me," he said wearily. "I lifted it before I knew."

"Before you knew what?" Mr. Ginsberg was towering over him.

"Cheest!" replied Willie. "What's the use in arguin'? I lifted it when I thought you was a poor dumb cop an' not a crook at all."

A coarser nature might have displayed a modicum of irritation during the ensuing hour. Willie might have known Mr. Ginsberg would have wretched taste, but he never said a word or hardly. When Mr. Ginsberg had him shaved and refused the price of perfume for his hair, Willie only asked to have his nails polished. Not even when Mr. Ginsberg personally selected a suit of clothes did he express himself fully, though the suit was enough to make you cry.

"You don't expect me to wear that?" was all he said, staring at the thing before him.

Instead of being a garment of flare and beauty, with curves and color, it was dark as a cell, and utterly devoid of the imagination anybody loved. Even the tie that Mr. Ginsberg bought was dark and drab as the tints in a photograph.

"But lissen!" cried Willie. "No decent guy would wear a rig like that!"

"Shut up," said Mr. Ginsberg. "I won't have you giving everybody a pain in the eye. Do you want all the cops to remember you?"

"A pain?" cried Willie. He stared at himself in the mirror when he was finally dressed, and the shame and agony he suffered were written on his face, for against his will he had become nothing but a small, dark-clad figure, robbed of all traces of his distinctive personality, not himself or like himself, not even with a fancy waistcoat or a piece of jewelry. "A pain in the eye? Mister, I'm nothing but an eye wash."

No, he was no longer himself but a humiliated prisoner at his conqueror's chariot wheel. Despite the sun outdoors and the comfort of sitting in a taxicab, despite the food that Mr. Ginsberg gave him, he could feel only shame and profound distaste. The back of Mr. Ginsberg's neck glowed

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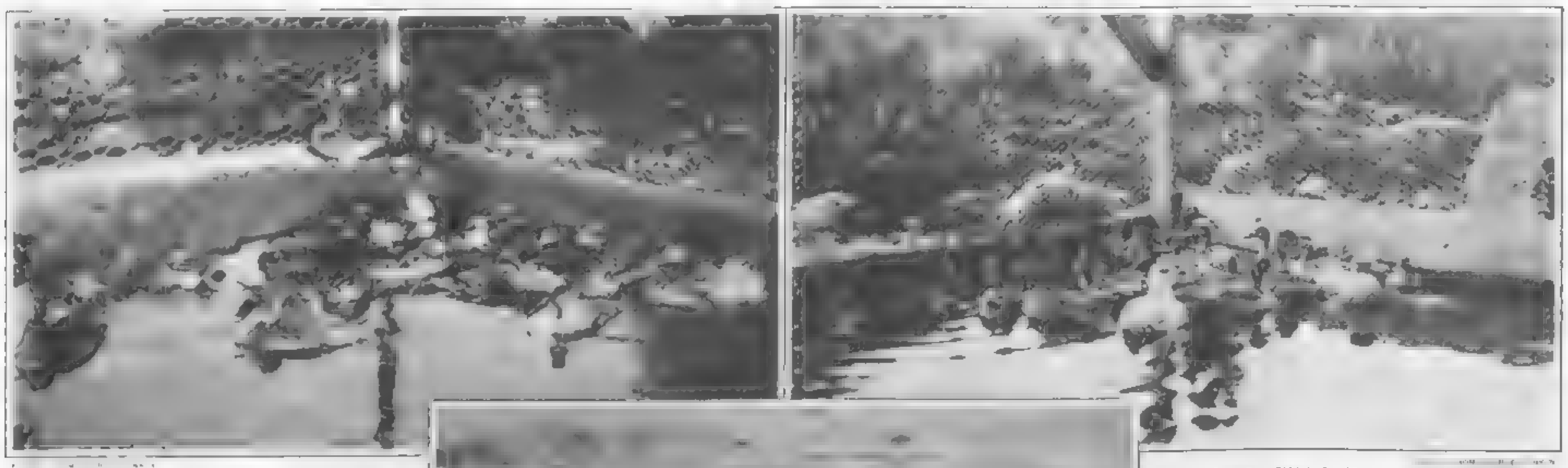
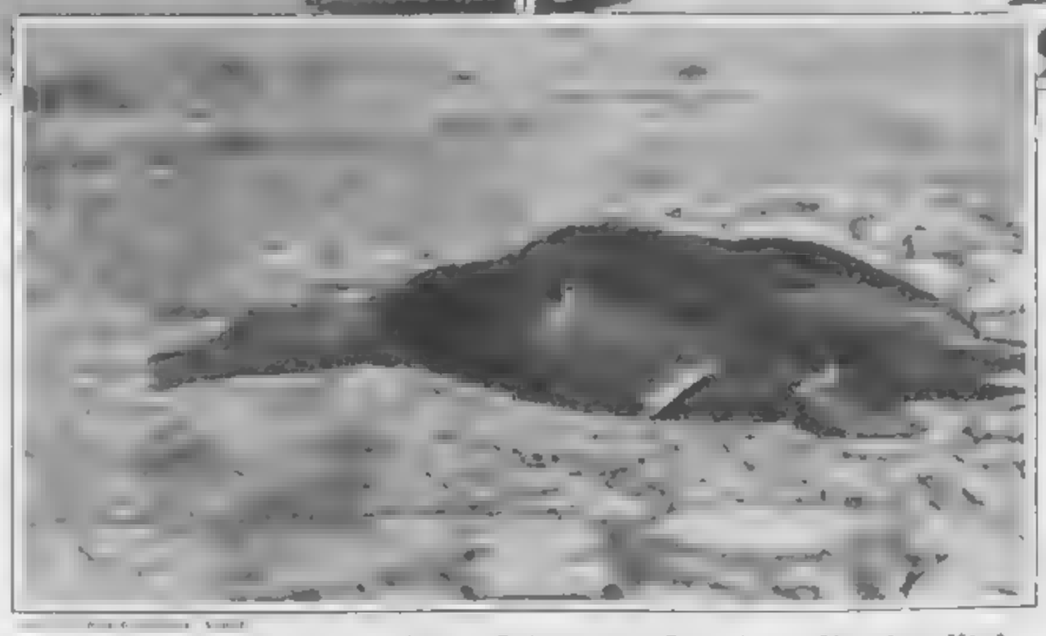
VANISHING MIGRATORY BIRDS



Sick Ducks in a Fresh-Water Pen at Klamath Falls, Oregon. The Closed Eyes and Depressed Heads Show That These Birds Have Been Gathered Very Recently

Sick Ducks Which Have Been Confined Several Days. Note the Alert Attitude of These Birds, Well on the Way to Recovery, as Compared With Those Recently Captured



A Mallard Paralyzed by Alkaline Poisoning at Bear River Marshes, Utah. This Bird Was Treated With Fresh Water and It Recovered

By EDWARD W. NELSON

CHIEF UNITED STATES BIOLOGICAL SURVEY

BY FAR the greater part of the bird life of the United States is migratory in character, most of the species passing their winters in a region far distant from their summer homes. The resting places and feeding and breeding grounds of the feathered tribes are being constantly encroached upon by man as he ever changes the face of Nature. His increasing occupation of the country endangers the future of many valuable species of birds, especially the members of the attractive group that enlivens our lakes and streams, commonly termed waterfowl.

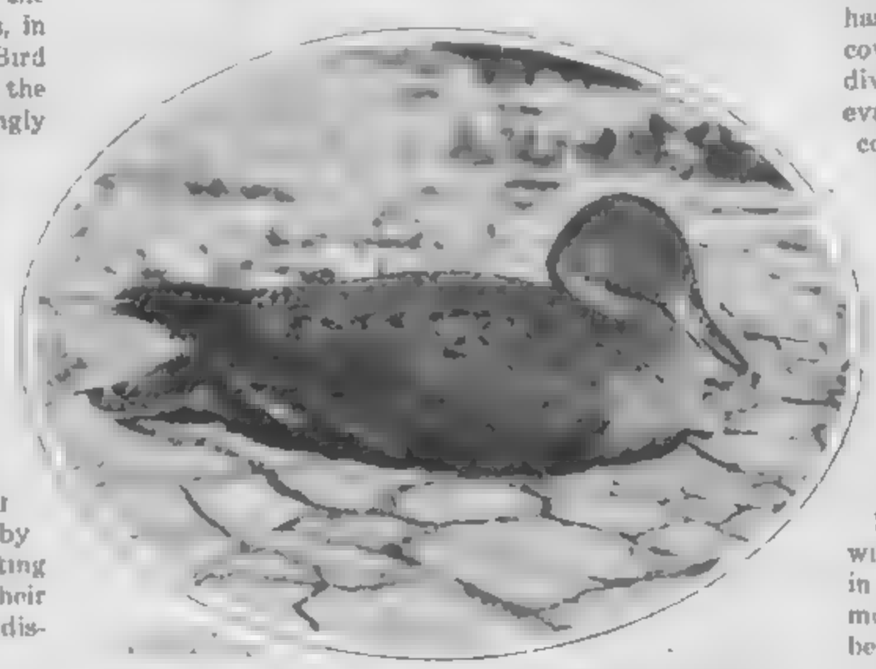
During a period of years a marked decrease in the numbers of some of the wild fowl and other migratory birds convinced the public that only by national and international action could these species be perpetuated. As a consequence, a treaty was negotiated between the United States and Great Britain and signed on August 16, 1916, for the protection of such birds as at different periods of the year pass back and forth between the United States and Canada. The treaty gives protection not only to our splendid heritage of wild fowl, such as ducks, geese and swans, and many other marsh and water-frequenting birds, but also to a large proportion of the smaller birds that are such familiar and attractive denizens of our gardens, fields and forests. For the enforcement of the provisions of the treaty Congress, in July, 1918, passed an act known as the Migratory-Bird Treaty Act, and assigned to the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture the interesting but exceedingly difficult task of administering it.

In order to have the necessary information on which to base effective regulations under the Federal law for the protection of the game and insectivorous and other birds mentioned in the treaty, the Biological Survey has maintained a continuing series of field and laboratory investigations bearing on the numbers and the distribution, migration and other habits of these birds. This work has been done more intensively in the United States, Canada and Mexico than elsewhere, as the homes of most of our migratory birds throughout the year lie within their borders. The migrants have been followed, however, by experienced field naturalists northward to their nesting grounds within the Arctic Circle and southward to their farthest winter homes beneath the Southern Cross, in distant Argentina.

A Great Reservoir of Data

IN ADDITION to the information gained by the official staff of the survey, a great mass of facts has been supplied by voluntary coöperators among sportsmen and Nature lovers, numbering thousands of individuals and covering the entire country. From these various sources information files on the bird life of this continent have been built up. These now comprise well above 1,500,000 cards, in addition to voluminous manuscript reports—an unparalleled reservoir of data on this subject.

These researches of the Biological Survey have been vitally necessary as a basis for the maintenance of such species as our migratory game birds. These birds are beset not only by the increasing army of hunters, who now take out in excess of 5,000,000 hunting licenses annually in the United States, but by the dangers of changing physical conditions brought about through the increasing occupation and use of their former homes by man, as shown by the extent of drainage of many marsh and water areas. Fortunately for the birds, probably not more than a fifth of the licenses issued are for hunting migratory wild fowl.



A Duck Affected by Alkaline Poisoning at Bear River Marshes. The Legs are Paralyzed and the Wings Nearly So, and the Final Coma is Approaching

The maintenance of an adequate breeding stock of migratory birds to populate our remaining water areas, and to provide a surplus each year to supply the demands for legitimate hunting, is of deep interest not only to a vast number of people who love to go afield in the exhilarating pursuit of these wonderful game birds but also to a great multitude who do not hunt but who love the habitants of the wild places for themselves and for the joy and animation they give to the otherwise lifeless appearance of many parts of Nature's domain.

As a result of its studies, the Biological Survey in 1919 first directed public attention to the alarming decrease of water areas, the homes of our wild fowl, through the steady progress of drainage, which in the aggregate is on a gigantic scale. The destruction in this manner of resting, feeding and breeding places for wild fowl throughout the United States was already sufficient to cause alarm for the future of these birds. Once attention was drawn to the menace, the situation was soon appreciated, and a growing demand has since developed for the conservation and maintenance of water areas, not only to aid materially in keeping up our stock of migratory wild fowl and other marsh-frequenting birds but also to provide a supply of fishes and the fur-bearing animals that live in such places, and to form places of public recreation and enjoyment wherever located

The most imminent of all dangers now confronting our migratory wild fowl has developed in the states west of the Mississippi Valley. In this mainly arid region the water has disappeared from numberless lakes, ponds and marshes, covering thousands of square miles, through drainage, the diversion of water from streams for irrigation and a rapid evaporation, amounting to several feet a year in some areas, combined with a period of scanty rainfall extending over more than ten years.

Lakes That Have Vanished

THESE vanished water areas vary from small ponds and marshes to such large open waters as Goose Lake, lying across the border between Northeastern California and Oregon. Until within a few years this lake, about fifteen by forty miles in extent, covered an area of about 600 square miles, with its greatest depth about twenty-five feet. In October, 1926, its basin was a bed of alkaline dust, whirling up with the passing winds into stifling clouds. Tulare Lake, in the San Joaquin Valley of Central California, once had more than 250 square miles of ideal wild-fowl marshes. Its bed is now dry and occupied by ranches. A little farther south, Buena Vista Lake, somewhat smaller but of similar character, also has gone dry.

In Eastern Oregon a large number of lakes are known to have disappeared during the past few years. Malheur Lake, a large Federal bird refuge in this state, long famous for the superb bird life breeding in it, has gradually decreased, until in October, 1926, it had only about one-tenth the water area existing the previous year and was only one-twenty-fifth its original size. With another dry year it may disappear completely.

There is reason to believe that with the return of rainy years many basins now dry may fill again. A remarkable

indication of this was in the discovery, when Goose Lake went dry, of an old well-marked wagon road crossing its bed from east to west. It is reported that the bed of the lake is of hard clay, which held these ancient ruts firmly until they were filled with a finer siltlike material. Local tradition and old records tell that this lake bed was dry and wagon trains of gold seekers and other emigrants crossed it here from 1849 to 1853. Subsequent abundant rains must have filled the basin and maintained the lake until the recent dry period, which has revealed what might be called a fossil wagon road about seventy-five years old.

A return of wet seasons cannot be expected to restore the former conditions completely, for this region is being increasingly occupied by man, and many permanent changes have taken and are taking place, affecting its surface waters.

The general decrease in water areas in the Far West has forced a great concentration of wild fowl in those still remaining. At the same time, through evaporation, a concentration of alkaline contents in very many of these areas has rendered the water poisonous to the birds drinking it. This, possibly aided by some yet undiscovered disease resulting from overcrowding, has brought on an appalling mortality, not only among all wild ducks but to a lesser extent among geese. In addition, it has caused a great death rate among all the species of sandpiper, snipe and other waders, and herons, gulls, blackbirds, and practically all birds that frequent marshes. This so-called duck disease occurs in varying intensity during the summer or fall months every year, causing heavy losses each season and every few years becoming especially virulent and producing a frightful devastation in the bird life.

An Old Wagon Road Was Revealed When Goose Lake, on the Border Between Northeastern California and Oregon, Became Dry Last Year. Printed Records State That From 1849 to 1853 the Lake Was Dry and Gold Seekers and Other Emigrants Drove Across It

The Mortality From Duck Sickness

THE Bear River Marshes in Utah, covering a total area of more than 150 square miles, with the not-distant marshes of the Jordan and Weber rivers, form a center where these losses are greatest. Ever since 1902 reports have been current of birds dying in this area during the summer. The losses from 1910 to 1912 were so extensive as to excite serious comment among sportsmen. So bad were the conditions in 1912 that 30,000 dead birds were picked up in clearing the Weber River flats, and more than 44,000 were gathered and buried in the Bear River Marshes. The next year again more than 46,000 ducks were gathered and buried, and it was estimated that this number represented less than 20 per cent of those dead in the area. About July 1, 1914, birds began to die along the Weber River, and on August twenty-first it was estimated that between 8000 and 10,000 ducks lay dead along the north channel within a distance of two miles.

In July of that year Dr. Alexander Wetmore, then of the Biological Survey and now assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was sent to investigate the cause of this mortality. His observations and studies were continued during 1915 and 1916, and as a result he definitely located the cause of the deaths of the birds in these marshes. This was pronounced to be due to the poisonous action of certain soluble alkaline salts in the water. By experiments with chlorides of calcium and magnesium he produced the duck sickness in healthy birds.

The general symptoms of the duck sickness are successive paralysis of the wings, legs and neck, and of the nictitating membrane of the eye of the birds affected, and the gradual development of a more or less comatose condition, followed by death. The development of these stages requires a period of several days. After the birds become helpless they may be gathered in great numbers, and when placed in an inclosure with fresh water nearly all recover in a few days and are able to fly away apparently entirely cured.

So far the birds thus dying in Oregon and California have developed the same general paralysis and various external symptoms exhibited by those in Utah, but they fail to show the intestinal lesions of the birds studied by Doctor Wetmore. Two competent bacteriologists in California and one in Oregon are coöperating with the Biological Survey in trying to determine the causes of the death of the birds in these states. So far they have been unable to find any direct evidence of poisoning or of any disease. The dead birds are usually fat and in excellent general condition.

The indications appear to be that some undetected poison is responsible, but no trace of it has yet been found. The studies will be continued, and unless some definite result is obtained, the Biological Survey plans to employ some competent man to work at the points of infection in these states, should the mortality continue next season.

The Office of Good Samaritan

MR. D. H. MADSEN, state fish and game commissioner of Utah, estimates that in years when the duck sickness is least prevalent in the Bear River Marshes the losses there run from 30,000 up to more than 100,000, while during the worst years they amount to from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 ducks, in addition to numerous birds of other species. A conservative estimate of the number of ducks that have perished from this sickness in Utah since 1902, and mainly within the past fifteen years, exceeds 10,000,000; and with the toll taken by this or allied causes elsewhere in the West, there is a total loss probably in excess of 15,000,000 ducks, and an equal if not greater loss among other birds, including in the list even marsh wrens and warblers. During a terrible outbreak of this malady on the Bear River Marshes in 1921, Mr Madsen, with the aid of his deputies, rescued great numbers of sick ducks, and by placing them in pens supplied with fresh water restored them to health. He also developed the plan of having his deputies patrol the most deadly parts of the marshes to alarm the birds and drive them away by shooting across the flats with long-range rifles. Great numbers of birds were thus saved, but this method can be used only locally on such a vast area as the Bear River Marshes.

Mr. Madsen informs me that at this time he carefully examined the shore line of these marshes and counted the birds on numerous measured strips. As a result, he estimated that there were more

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Gathering Sick Ducks on Tule Lake Marshes, in Northern California

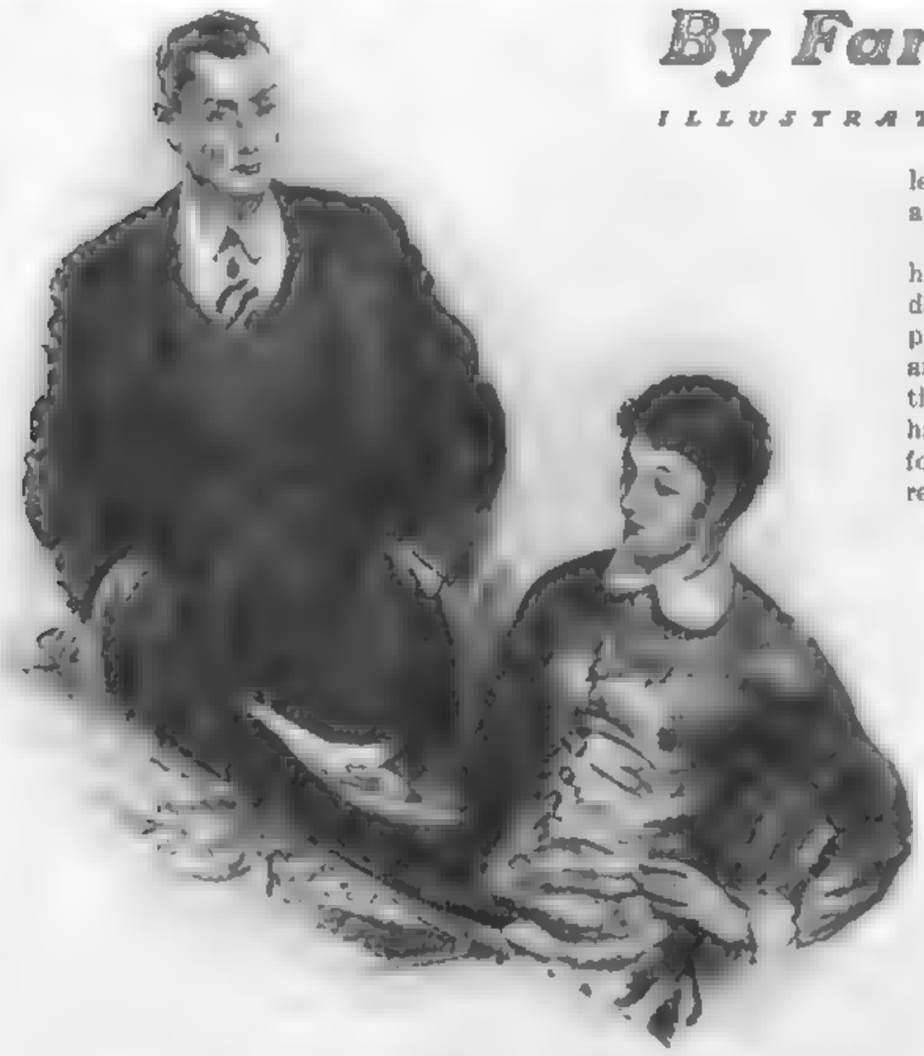
Boats Loaded With Sick Ducks to be Transferred to Fresh-Water Pens

Above—A Group of Deputy Game Wardens Gathering Sick and Helpless Ducks of Several Species on the Bear River Marshes

CHIVALRY IS NOT DEAD

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD



"Cut Out All That Chaucer Stuff?" He Asked. "Chaucer," She Said, "Has Been Dead a Long Time"

"CHIVALRY," Mr. Phillips had written, "is not dead." Claire Deming raised a skeptical, sleek eyebrow. Dubiously she read on down the page of her chief's copy. Mr. Phillips was urging the reader, in the name of all the Knights of the Round Table, to buy a dishwashing machine for his wife.

"Keep her the gay, carefree sweetheart you married," he urged. "Don't turn her into an overworked, unattractive, household drudge."

Not so bad that. All the wordy preliminary talk about "veray parfit gentil knights" would have to come out, of course; Mr. Phillips always had to blow off a certain amount of steam before he got his engine going. But once he had got under way there were times when Claire envied him his very limitations.

His sense of humor, for instance. Claire's own frequently got in her way, but Mr. Phillips' never got in his. He was proud of the fact that he had one; he could laugh appreciatively at a client's joke or tell a good story himself—about "a couple of Irishmen" or "it seems there was a Jew named Isaacson." But all his humor came in set pieces which could be touched off at the proper time and place; it did not lurk around like Claire's, unexpected rockets that might be set off most inopportunely by a vagrant spark. It would never occur devastatingly to Mr. Phillips, in the midst of writing a piece of copy, that there might be something funny in the idea of King Arthur's coming home with a dishwasher for Guinevere.

This was all to the good, Claire knew. It made for a whole-hearted, one-track enthusiasm of an intensity fairly hypnotizing to the average reader. Phillips, at his best, could write an advertisement for coffins so glamorous, so romantically appealing, that a man would feel the most perfect tribute he could pay his wife would be to buy her one.

Fortunately for Claire, however, Clayton Phillips was seldom at his best. He was young, of course. That was probably the reason. In the superficial reckoning of years he was exactly Claire's own age—twenty-five. But Claire had too fine a response to reality to be fooled for an instant by any superficial reckoning. Phillips might have his own office with an assistant in it, in the city, and his own home with a wife and child in it, in the suburbs, but he was still a boy, for a' that. Claire was a woman.

This discrepancy between them was all to Claire's advantage, of course, but nothing to her credit, she knew. Under thirty a woman is nearly always a little older for her age than a man. Moreover, Claire had had advantages. While Phillips had been going to an expensive prep school and learning that football is more important than geometry, Claire had been going to a public high school and learning to write Christmas-card jingles, at a dollar a jingle, to pay for her clothes.

Phillips had gone on to college, where he had made a good club, edited the college daily, played the leading rôle in the senior play. He had made the right kind of friends and proved himself so genial a companion that, following commencement, one of them had taken him on a trip to the Orient just for the pleasure of his company. Upon his return, two others, who had gone into business with their fathers, had been instrumental in turning enough of their advertising his way so that the Miller Advertising Agency felt it had done a wise thing in hiring him.

Claire had been barely able to manage a couple of years in a Middle Western state university, where she had made friends enough, but none, economically speaking, of the right kind. Then, her father being a not too successful newspaper man, the cost of living going up and two little sisters growing up, she had left the university and her father had got her a job as assistant society editor on his paper. For two years she had sat at a telephone for nine hours a day for twelve dollars a week, learning the most ingratiating ways of saying:

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Norris, how nice of you to call us up! And what decorations are you using? And what will Miss Betty wear? Apple-green taffeta and a silver-cloth cape lined with apple green? How awfully attractive that sounds! And Miss Ruth? Black tulle with little gold roses? How enchanting!"

She learned how to get into the paper the photographs of women who did not particularly wish them there and to keep out those of women who particularly did wish them there. Even in the Saturday rush she never mixed a club-woman-page note in among Society in Our Suburbs. So nice an admixture of efficiency and tact did she achieve during those two years that when she was ready to leave, the paper offered her two dollars a week more to stay on.

This was not, however, even a momentary temptation. Claire had just finished a nine-months' evening course in advertising, and was ready to move on. A year, next, in a Cleveland agency, where they kept her making investigations and writing booklets. Then a year and a half in a larger agency in Detroit, where she had a chance to do a little of everything, talking one day to the scientific men in a new tooth-paste company: "But what is a plaque on teeth? What does it mean? Isn't there some word for it that anybody could understand?" The next day to a paint manufacturer ready to put out a new lacquer: "Will it really dry in an hour? Hard? So that you could sit on a chair an hour after it's painted? There's no use spending a penny saying that it will, if it won't, you know."

And now, six months later, in the big Miller Agency in New York, assistant to Mr. Clayton Phillips. Step by step she had climbed to her position. Mr. Phillips had flown to his. No wonder Claire knew more about steps than he did—not only the steps already taken but also the steps on beyond, above. It is quite likely, for instance, that Mr. Phillips did not realize even that his own position was the obvious next step for Claire.

He came in while Claire was going over the dishwasher copy. It was nearly eleven, but he had been up till 3:30 the night before, entertaining two clients from the Middle West at a night club. He was a bit dark under the eyes, but exultant.

"They're ours for life," he told Claire enthusiastically. "You never saw two men have such a good time. I'm glad I picked The Palms; they'd never seen anything like it before. I'm awfully glad I decided to take Mrs. Phillips. Both of them liked to dance, and my wife certainly can dance. It was a very successful party."

"I don't suppose," Claire suggested, "you had any chance to ask them about that new glaze for paper plates?"

"Oh, naturally not," said Phillips. "You can't mix up the business and the social, you know." He grinned—Phillips had a most engaging grin—"The only time the Miller Agency got in on last night's party was when I paid the bill."

He flipped hastily through his morning mail. Then he strolled over to Claire's desk, inspected casually the dishwasher copy. "What do you think of that idea I scribbled off yesterday?" he asked.

"I thought the last part was splendid," said his assistant. She paused a moment. "Good enough," she added, "to stand alone."

Mr. Phillips looked at the first three-quarters of his advertisement and then down at Miss Deming, with the look of a young mother seeing her curly-headed darling for the first time in the hands of a barber.

"Cut out all that Chaucer stuff?" he asked.

Miss Deming was ruthless. "Chaucer," she said, "has been dead a long time." She looked down the page. "It strikes me," she said, "that you'd get the real kick to start right off with that 'Keep her the gay, carefree sweetheart you married.' Only I think I'd leave out the 'gay.' It reads a little snappier without it." Phillips looked pained. "In fact"—Claire narrowed her eyes consideringly—"in fact, I believe I'd cut out the 'carefree' too. It makes your sentence too long."

Mr. Phillips' look of pain deepened into one of outrage. It was as though the barber were suggesting that, as long as the curls were being cut, it might be just as well to cut off the head, too; the child being a little too tall.

Claire stuck to her point, however. "'Keep her the sweetheart you married.' That's shorter and more quotable, and it's really got your whole idea in it. Or" Claire's eyes brightened—"or wouldn't 'Keep the girl you married' be even better yet? 'Keep the girl you married. Don't turn her into a household drudge.'"

Phillips considered this suggestion with reluctant approval.

"That's not bad," he admitted. "We could use that one line above the picture." He picked up the picture of the dishwashing machine. "Very nice drawing, that," he observed approvingly. "Makes the machine look so simple."

Making Contacts is One of the Most Painless of Business Activities. It Means Playing Golf on Sunny Afternoons—With the Right Men, of Course

"Yes, it does," Claire agreed, "but doesn't it make the machine look terribly big? Wouldn't a woman be likely to think: 'That may be all right in a hotel, but it would take up all the room in my little kitchen'?"

"It does make the machine look pretty sizable," Phillips admitted. "Might be a good idea to call up the artist and see what he can offer on that point."

"He was in yesterday afternoon just after you left," Claire said, "and we talked it over. It's all a matter of foreshortening, of course. Having the woman in back of the machine like that is what makes it look so big. He's going to try it over, putting the woman in front of the machine."

"That's a good idea," said Phillips.

"And I was thinking about it at home last night," said Claire. "I don't believe we ought to use this approach—playing to the man who would pay for the machine instead of the woman who would use it—except for a couple of months just before the holidays. After all it would be only as a present that the average man would be the first of the two to consider a dishwasher seriously."

"That's right," Phillips agreed. "We'll use this layout November and December."

And later he called up young Wing, who was, so to speak, the son of the Wing Electrical Home Equipment Company. He was also its vice president and advertising manager, and a classmate and fraternity brother of Mr. Phillips.

"Hello, there, you old son of a peach basket," Phillips greeted him jovially. "How about lunch with me today?" A little pause. "All the better," Phillips answered enthusiastically. "All to the good. Bring him along too. I'd like to meet him. Say the Manchester Club at 1:15? Fine."

And then: "Oh, by the way, we won't want to bore Mr. Carter with shop talk at lunch. I'm getting your layout rather nicely shaped up, I think. I've got a good line, if I do say it myself. 'Keep the girl you married. Don't turn her into a household drudge.'" A brief pause. "Why, no; I'll tell you; I felt that that cut made the machine look too large. So I've been in touch with the artist. I'm having him try it over, putting the woman in the front of the picture. It's all a matter of foreshortening, of course, and it struck me we'd get better results this way."

A longer pause.

"Oh, positively. I've been thinking about this a lot, though, Tom, and it strikes me we oughtn't to use this approach except before the holidays. That's the only time a man is going to be the first one in the family to consider a dishwasher, you know." Another pause. And then: "Fine. . . . How's the lovely Geraldine? . . . Oh, say, I'm sorry. Give her my sympathy."

And as he hung up the receiver, to his assistant:

"Don't let me forget to have Mrs. Phillips send Mrs. Wing some flowers. She's laid up with grippe. And say, here's luck! I'm meeting Richard Carter—the flat-silver Carter, you know—at lunch today. Of course the Carters are tied up with the Lewis Agency right at present, but you never can tell. I'll tell you what it is, Miss Deming—making the right contacts is nine-tenths of business. Look at the Wing account. We'd never have landed it if I hadn't been clubby with Tom Wing. Any agency in New York would be glad to land that account. Contacts are the thing, Miss Deming."

"They help, all right," Claire admitted. "But I think copy is something," she added mildly.

"Oh, of course, of course," said Phillips hastily. "That's important too." Young Phillips was an honest, kindly fellow. Not for worlds would he have hurt Miss Deming's feelings by seeming to underestimate the part of the work with which she had most to do. He was no snob with his tact; his geniality was genuine and generous. He quite sincerely wished to make himself as agreeable to an assistant as to a client.

It was partly this likableness of Phillips' that kept Claire from ever feeling bitter about him. Only partly, of course, for Claire was not the sort of person who turns naturally to bitterness. She was far more likely to smile good-naturedly at the whole world, including herself. She knew that it was funny of herself to take the advertising business so seriously, to toil over copy for pie plates or floor finish, with the rapt concentration of a Conrad writing of a storm at sea, to look at a page layout which she had at last got to suit her, with the proud ecstasy of a Michelangelo surveying a newly finished canvas. Even the dullest merchandising problems had a knotty sort of fascination. She would eat luncheon abstractedly, mulling over the carton design for a new breakfast food or a circular for the new vanishing cream.

And be perfectly happy over it—excitedly happy. Knowing that it was funny of herself to be so did not change the facts any. Claire was as ignorant of her own psychological processes as a healthy man is of his digestion. She had no time for introspection. If the advertising business had come to stand in her mind for adventure, romance, achievement, all in one, she could guess this only by the combination of excitement and patience she could bring to bear upon every phase of it that came her way.

Right now, of course, was one of the times for being patient. Beyond a mild, half-amused, half-contemptuous liking, she had no feeling about Mr. Phillips. He was merely the present thing with which she must be patient. So she smiled a bit quizzically to herself when he passed on one of her shrewd, well-thought-out decisions as his own, when he intimated to a client that copy she had struggled and fairly prayed over was a little trifle he had dashed off in one of his spare moments. If any of the clients were ever aware of her existence at all—which is doubtful—it was to think of her as a faithful, hard-working little pack horse; a very handy person for a brilliant young man like Phillips to have to look after such dull details as did not require his genius.

Little young Mrs. Phillips, who came into the office now and then when she was in the city shopping or for a matinée, pretty, fashionably dressed, with wide baby-blue eyes, a sweet, short upper lip and an immature dot of a nose, occasionally said to her husband:

"Do you know, Clay, darling, that Miss Deming would be quite good-looking if she were dressed right?"

"Think so?" Phillips would ask indifferently. And he would usually add generously, "She's a mighty good assistant. She's quite a help to me in the department."

And day after day, week after week, he was allowing her to be more of a help. When he had come into the agency first, some six or eight months ago, he had used to write a good deal of his own copy and wrestle personally with the merchandising problems.

But having Miss Deming for an assistant was like the ancient folk tale in which the cobbler would come back to his shop in the morning, to find that the fairies had finished up his shoes. The copy would get written, the merchandising problems solved as though by magic. Clayton Phillips was left with more and more free time for making contacts.

Making contacts is one of the most painless of business activities. It means playing golf on sunny afternoons with the right men, of course—lunching expensively at the best clubs and hotels—also with the right men—escorting out-of-towners to the correct night club, playing poker, matching for the drinks, producing tickets for the big football games. Just being a good sport. Phillips had a genial,

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Claire Was an Advertising Woman; She Knew the Value of Personal Background. A Quality Product Had to Look the Part

CARDS, IF ANY

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"First of All, Let Me Call Your Attention to the Fact That This is a New Deck That You Yourself Put Into the Game a Minute Ago"

MILEAGE is nothing in the life of a cause when it's all set to put over an effect.

One Saturday night, in the fall of '93, Big Joe Spigardi forgot to pay the inspector the usual century for keeping the police axes out of the door of his Sixth Avenue gambling joint, and that Christmas scores of kids in Colorado practically gave up their belief in Santa Claus.

Me and Velvet Bennington were at Big Joe's the evening of his social error. When the cops come a-crashing, Velvet gets panicky and discards himself out of a second-story window.

In the process he picks himself up a full house—three broken ribs and a pair of fractures. Personally, I have no trouble making a get-away. To the bull that grabs me I tells an illustrated story. He pockets the illustration and lets me go.

Outside, I finds Bennington flopping limp against a lamp-post. His legs are no more use to him than a manicure set would be to an unkempt snake.

"Tough luck, old-timer," says I, trying to prop him up.

"Worst ever," comes back Velvet. "Look!" And he holds up a crumpled card he'd been gripping in his fist. It's the eight of hearts. "That," he groans, "would have made me a straight flush—and against two pat hands."

"Not to mention a squad of flat feet," I remarks.

"I could easy have nursed three raises out of the boys," goes on Bennington, "led the roll out by the ear and ——"

That's Velvet—stopping to snatch a pasteboard before heaving himself to the asphalt, and then post-morteming a mitt while squatting in the street on a set of cracked tibias. Life with him's nothing but fifty-two cards and a joker. When that lad's finally patted in the face with a spade I'll bet he presents himself at the pearly gates with a pair of openers.

I manages to flag a seagoing hack and with the help of the cabby gets Velvet into the bus and home. It's no hospital for the side kick. Not that he's afraid the dicks'll be after him for sitting in on a poker game. It's a coincidence that worries him, the coincidence being that the features of the guy that gave Slick-Digit Hennessey the gat are so much like Bennington's you just couldn't tell 'em apart. Certainly no central-office camera could—or would.

It's an hour before I'm able to find a sawbones that's not stoop-shouldered from carrying around a sense of duty. Eventually I digs one up out of a hop joint.

"How'd it happen?" he inquires, after viewing the victim.

"He was hanging a picture of his Uncle Enoch in the parlor," I explains, "when he trips over a cake of ice and falls under a coal wagon."

"Too bad," sympathizes the doc. "Was the Persian rug in the bathroom damaged much by the fire?"

"Deal yourself out!" I snaps. "This situation calls for bandages, not badinage. What's the verdict?"

"Three months," he answers, "with maybe a couple of weeks off for good behavior. It'll be a year, though, before he can skin up another drain pipe."

"What do you take us for?" I yelps. "A couple of porch climbers?"

"Broken legs at midnight in this precinct," comes back the pulse fancier, "are practically unknown among the better sort of choir singers."

After fixing up Velvet in a modish wrap of concrete gauze, the doc gives him a shot out of his private syringe and off goes the patient in a cloud of sleep dust. Whereupon I ducks to my own flop, and I don't have to take a sheep census to doze off, either. It had been a large night even in a large life.

The next day when I drops into Bennington's room I finds him half sitting up, with cards spread out over his lap. He's spry and cheerful, considering.

"What you doing?" I asks. "Still working on that scheme of cheating at solitaire without catching yourself at it?"

"I've been thinking," says Velvet.

"What about?" I inquires.

"Decorative art," he returns. "I told you, didn't I, that I once thought of going in for painting?"

"Right now," says I, "you look like you'd gone in for plastering. Giving up cards for art?"

"No," replies Bennington. "I'm planning to associate the two in a financial venture—understand?"

"I understand," I comes back, "that it takes about twenty-four hours for the effects of morphine to wear off."

"Never was clearer-headed in my life," says Velvet. "Do you know," he goes on, "I really had a lucky break last night."

"Sure," I grunts. "Big Joe might have had his layout on the sixth floor and you might have lit on your head in a vat of Murray attic acid."

"I've always wanted," continues Bennington, kind of dreamy and wistful, "a few months of quiet to devote to my art."

"You didn't have to dive out of a window," says I, "to get time to yourself. You could have walked to the nearest police station and drawn yourself a nice long furlough with the compliments of the house."

Velvet reaches under his pillow and pulls out a Michigan as big as a bolster. He strips a few frog skins from the roll and passes 'em over.

"I want you to do some shopping for me," says he. "Here," he adds, handing me a slip of paper, "is the stuff you're to get."

I glances at the memo. There's listed a bunch of paints and brushes, several kinds of inks and pens, rulers, compasses and a hundred decks of cards. "What are you going to do?" I asks. "Make four-leaf clovers out of the clubs and paint arrows through the hearts for the valentine trade?"

"Be sure," says Velvet, "that the backs of the cards are the same—not the same color—the same design."

"Jumping Judas!" I exclaims. "You're not going to stage a revival of the old gag of marking the papers, are you?"

"In a way," he nods.

"Where," I yelps, "do you think you'll get a game nowadays where they'll let you introduce your favorite deck into the proceedings?" Velvet just grins amiable.

"That," He Groans, "Would Have Made Me a Straight Flush—and Against Two Pat Hands"

"Even if you can smear a house dealer into working in one of your iced packs," I goes on, "how long do you imagine it'll take for the hawkeyes to get jerry to the fact that you've been keeping company with the cards? You know how far you're trusted."

"Not far," admits Bennington sadly.

"Just as far," says I, "as you can push Pike's Peak with a penknife. Trust Everybody, But Cut the Cards is the boys' motto generally; but with you it's Cut the Cards and Then Call for Another Deck."

"That," returns Velvet calmly, "is just what I want them to do."

"Huh!" I puzzles.

"The more new decks they call for," smiles Bennington, "the merrier for the bank roll."

"I don't know," says I, "just what you're framing, but the bread line bulges with babies who tried to have the law of averages declared unconstitutional."

"Retailers," sneers Velvet. "You don't see any wholesalers in the punk parade."

"Maybe not," I comes back; "but ——"

"When a lad steals a ham," continues Bennington, "there are at least five thousand eyewitnesses sticking around; when a bozo walks away with a string of packing houses, everybody's looking out of the window at a procession moving in the other direction."

"Meaning, I suppose," says I, "that this painting you're starting is to be on a large canvas."

"Correct," returns Velvet. "We're going to be wholesalers."

"We?" I repeats. "Then you've written a part for me into this show?"

"Of course," says he; "and it's a real fat part."

"Yeh," I growls, "and, as usual, when the curtain comes down I'll have the part and you'll have the fat."

"Fifty-fifty this time," promises Velvet. "Tell me," he goes on, "you used to be a pretty good salesman, didn't you?"

"E pluribus unum," I admits. "I've peddled everything from abracadabras to zithers."

"Then," pursues the sharper, "you wouldn't have much trouble selling playing cards to the trade, would you?"

"Say," I gasps, "you're not going into an honest business, are you?"

"You're insulting," replies Bennington coldly.

"Sorry," I apologizes. "What's the plot of your piece?"

"In a couple of months," answers Velvet, "I expect to have five hundred or more decks ornamented, repacked and sealed. You will then take to the road and dispose of them."

"To whom?" I inquires.

"Naturally," returns Bennington, impatient, "to the places that deal in cards. The towns on your route will all be small and there'll probably be not more than one store where they handle cards."

"I see," says I, the whole scheme panoraming before me. "I plant the educated decks. A week or so later you drift into the burg to look over a site for a pretzel-bending studio or a bird-nest factory. The boys at the hotel try to drag you into a poker game and ——"

"—— and I," cuts in the slicker, "tells them that I'd rather read."

"And you do," says I—"the backs of their cards. Of course, you'll play with their own cards—the ones bought in town?"

"I shall insist on it," declares Velvet virtuously.

II

DAY after day Bennington sweats over the cards I'd bought him, mostly with a camel's-hair brush no bigger than a wisp, fattening up a curve here, heightening a color there and otherwise fixing up the backs for future identification. None of his strokes are much larger than the small toe of a young gnat, and to me it doesn't seem they'd be visible across a table.

"It's not so much a matter of sight," explains Velvet. "It's in knowing where to look and what to look for. You might spend a week in a room and not see a stain on the ceiling, but it'd knock your eye out if you'd made the stain there yourself. What do you see on this card?" he asks, passing it over.

I examines it carefully and compares it with another that I know is pure, but they look alike to me; in fact, it's hard to tell which is most alike. Nowadays they go in for high art and high visibility and department-store ads on the back of cards, but in the 90's the design was a sort of uniform mess of loops and circles that crossed and recrossed and seemed to spin around if you gazed at 'em steady long enough. This and the fact that there didn't appear to be a beginning or an end to any part of the scrollwork made it difficult to do any detailed analyzing.

"Looks sweet and puritanical to me," I remarks finally.

"It's the nine of clubs," says Velvet, without turning the pasteboard over. "See that little twist on the loop in the right-hand corner? That means a club. The thickening of the margin line right above it signifies a nine. The same marks on the lower left-hand corner would spell the ace."

"You'd be in a swell fix," I cuts in, "if a bird with a club ace should happen to hold it upside down. You'd play it for a nine."

Cards today are numbered top and bottom, so there is no up or down on them; but thirty-five years ago the pasteboards had only one figure, and that was printed in the upper left-hand corner. The kings and queens and jacks were full-bust pictures and not the double-headers they are now.

"Sure," sneers Bennington, "especially if he stood on his head. All the marks have got to be on the far edges on account of the habit the boys have of squeezing the papers, and there are just so many far edges."

"How about the leather-vest lads," I inquires, "who hold 'em close to their tummies and shade 'em with their mitts? How you going to give those the rap?"

"There's nothing in the Koran," returns Velvet, "that compels me to play every hand. I can tumble to some of the cards on the fly, when they're being dealt, and a lot that I muff on the first round I can catch on the draw, which is usually slower. When I'm in doubt, I just lay."

The old card-back operatives used to be satisfied with merely crooking up the aces and the royal family, but there's nothing snobbish about Bennington. He takes on the whole deck, including the joker.

"I'm a Democrat," says Bennington, "and believe that all cards are created free and equal. A dirty deuce in the right spot can make a tramp out of a houseful of kings and queens."

I helps Velvet a little, doing such odd jobs as replacing the pasteboards in order, flattening them in a letter press and in other ways restoring the packs to their previous condition of rectitude and pristine purity. It's slow and careful work, but between us, after we get going, we turn out an average of four decks a day, around two hundred of 'em being stacked about the room by the time the playmate's able to hobble. During these weeks not much is said about my part in the next act, but when the sawbones finally discharges Bennington as cured the matter is taken up seriously.

"Ever been in Colorado?" he asks.

"Not exactly," I returns, "but I've been through it."

"We're going through it again," smiles Velvet. "Near Leadville," he goes on, "are four mining camps where the boys draw silver out of the hills by day and to inside straights by night. I've written down the names for you."

I looks 'em over, but the places he's scheduled for the shakedown mean nothing in my young life.

"You're the salesman," continues Bennington, "and I have no desire to cramp your technic by telling you how to read your lines or how to work your stage business, but I have a thought I'd like to pass along."

"Don't rob yourself," I growls.

(Continued on Page 115)

"They're In," I Tells Him. "There Isn't a Pack in Town That I Can't Tell You How to Read"

COLLECTORS VERSUS FAKERS

It Makes Them Owners of at Least $40,000 Worth of Antiques, All of Them "Exactly Like the Picture." Try to Buy the Lot for Less

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

TODAY there are only two classes of Americans—those who buy antiques and those who sell them. The buyers consist of collectors, amateurs and sheep. The collectors are the perenniala. The amateurs include those cultured persons who really love antiques and buy them to use in their homes. The sheep are the faddists who have a surplus of money and a deficit of knowledge. Perhaps among the sheep one should include a million or two of amateur dealers, who find the hunting of specimens exciting and the disposing of them profitable.

They speak glibly of Sheraton sideboards and Hepplewhite chairs, Stiegel glass and Colonial silver, and they quote you prices they get from other dealers' lists or from reports of auction sales in the New York papers. They buy from ignorant people who need the money and sell them to equally ignorant people who do not need the pieces. These amateur dealers are self-constituted runners. They make the rounds of junk shops regularly and visit the lesser dealers as well as all the near-by farmhouses.

The result of this indiscriminate buying and selling of antiques by all classes of Americans has been the amazing boom in old things and the vast amount of misinformation in circulation. A fine collection of antiques today entitles the possessor of it to a place in Sunday-supplement society. Farmers have made themselves rich overnight by the simple expedient of first reading an article in which two old chairs sold for $1000 or a rickety butterfly table for $1200. Then they take an inventory of the contents of the attic, cellar, barn and shed. It makes them owners of at least $40,000 worth of antiques, all of them "exactly like the picture." Try to buy the lot for less.

The craze for antiques is inevitable in communities that have grown suddenly wealthy or have undergone political revolutions. The parvenu may be proud of being himself an ancestor, but his wife must have family portraits and heirlooms. In Rome under the Cæsars the desire of all enriched plebeians was to resemble the patricians as much as possible. They bought old statues and vases and gems in Greece. When the supply of originals was exhausted the wily Greeks began to fake. They sold galley loads of copies and imitations to the Roman antiquers.

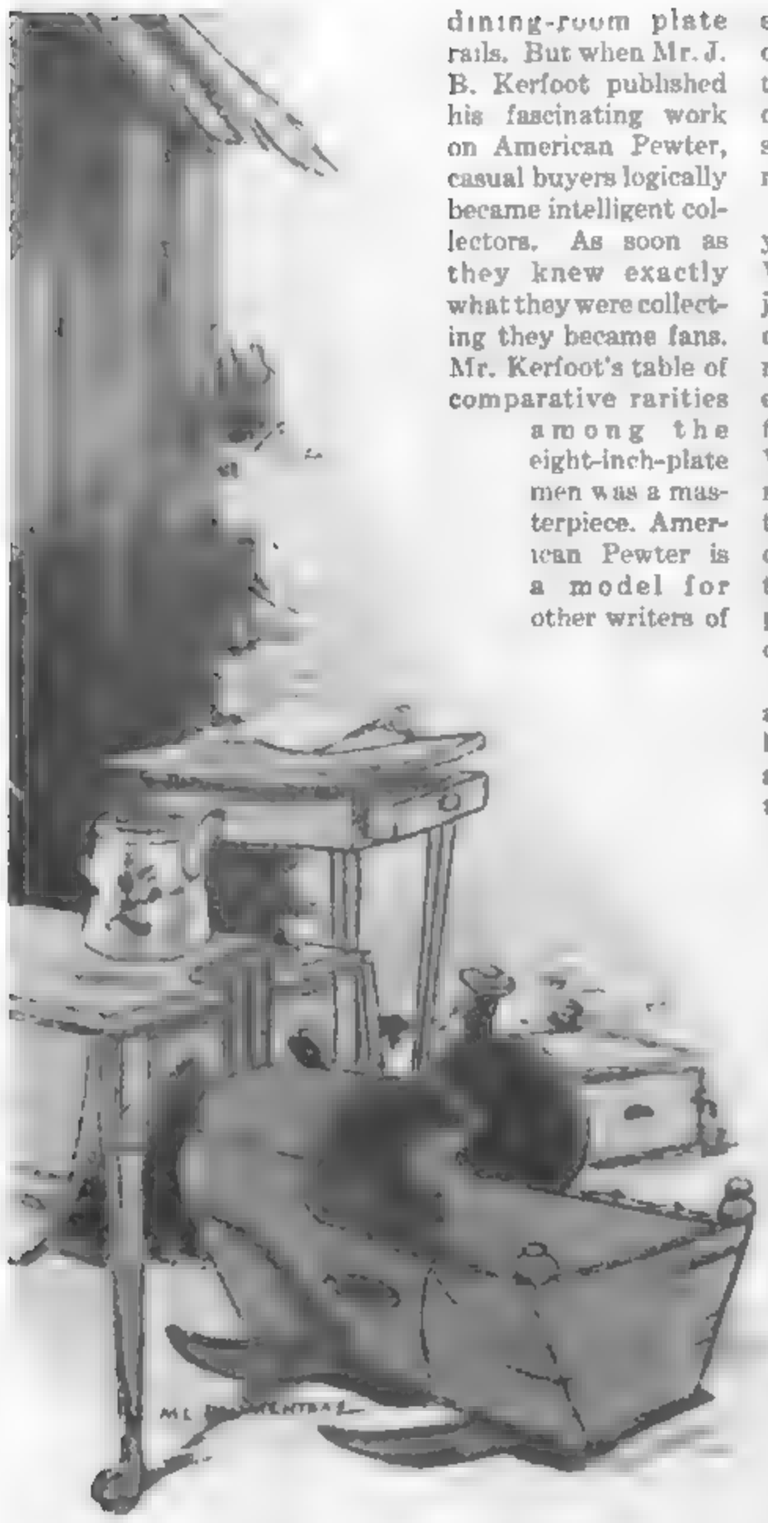
The elder Pliny, writing in the year 70 A.D., speaks of the books that had been written from which one could learn the art of counterfeiting precious stones, and the art was an old one in his day. Trimalchio, in Petronius' story of his dinner, boasts of being the only person present who owns genuine Corinthian bronze, and the reason he is so sure of it is that the man who sold it to him was named Corinthus. Martial tells of a man who owned a piece of a plank that came from the good ship Argo. The easy dupe obviously is as antique as his oldest pieces.

In Italy, during and after the Renaissance, the collecting of antiques became a mania; but being based upon love of beauty and admiration for the creations of the great artists of the past, it established high art standards and the world benefited by it. If you are willing to pay till it hurts in order to own a set of chairs or a highboy that will give you joy every day of your life, there is no reason why you shouldn't buy them; but to buy anything, beautiful or ugly, merely to follow the fashion of the moment creates a demand that is cheerfully supplied by unscrupulous dealers. The fact that too many people are buying too many antiques is reflected in the prevalence of fakes.

There are fashions in antiques as in anything else, and booms run in cycles, as in the stock market. Certain old masters are boosted by dealers who have previously corralled a supply of them. When this is exhausted they boom someone else, and the public buys as prompted. When mahogany became scarce the dealers turned to curly maple because there was so much of it that it still could be bought cheap. When good maple in turn became scarce and high priced the dealers fostered the craze for early American pine, with the result that more money has been squandered by hard-headed Americans on ugly originals and crude fakes than the average person imagines.

It is interesting to note how easily and how often the faddists have been stampeded in new directions. The commonest impulse has come from the publication of books about a hitherto neglected field. Mrs. Eliza Calvert Hall wrote an entertaining book on hand-woven coverlets, and her readers began to ask for them in the antique shops. Up went prices. Presently the demand abated, not because coverlets became less interesting but because the easy supply was exhausted. It took too much time, work and money to find enough coverlets to pay the dealers for handling them, so they switched to quilts, which are, moreover, not palatable to moths. Also the market began to get reproductions. The coverlet fad was dead. Today you can buy originals for less than the cost of reproducing them and for less than you had to pay a few years ago.

Lovers of antiques used to buy pewter in the old days because of the decorative value of plates and tankards on



books on antiques to follow. It shows how interesting to others than specialists a work of that nature can be made, given literary ability, accurate knowledge and a sense of artistic values.

After American Pewter was published prices for pewter soared, because an increased demand logically followed the justification for that demand created by the book. Knowing for the first time exactly what to look for, antiquers assiduously sought the marks of those makers about whom Mr. Kerfoot had written. As the supply dwindled the finds grew scarcer and the urge to buy became less insistent, until today pewter buyers consist almost entirely of true collectors, who never despair. The decreased demand has naturally brought about lower prices in the commoner varieties. Dealer after dealer has offered me pieces priced at less than they paid for them at the peak of the boom that followed the appearance of Kerfoot's book. The dealers bought indiscriminately because the public was also buying indiscriminately. Of course really choice pieces are like fine Rembrandts—always up.

The Ups and Downs of Best Sellers

IN GLASS we have seen the same thing. Hunter's book on Stiegel Glass was monumental. It did much to establish Stiegel glass as the most aristocratic form of American antique collecting. It was a pioneer work, with the defects of all path makers, but for all that, a very fine book. Other books on old glass, some not particularly accurate but written in a popular vein, did much to increase the general public's interest. Even a smattering of knowledge gives dignity to what your wife would otherwise call an absurd hobby. Once the public was properly introduced to early American glass, and became aware of its beauty and its rarity, prices hit the clouds. Dealers declare that they don't see how prices can come down. Collectors—some of the wealthiest in America—tell me they don't see how they can keep on buying.

In 1921 Mr. Stephen Van Rensselaer published his Check List of Early American Bottles and Flasks, and the ink wasn't dry before bottle collectors swarmed all over the landscape. It was the pioneer work on the subject, and the author, fearing to make it too tiresome, left out much material which has since been included in the second edition. The antiquing public jumped at the chance offered to collect old bottles intelligently. They had something by which to check their acquisitions as well as what other items to look for. It also supplied a wonderful subject for conversation. How many people knew the romance that lurked in empty bottles?

To complete a series is a fascinating pastime, but before you can do it you have to know what the series consists of. With an aroused intelligent interest in old bottles, prices jumped. Mr. Van Rensselaer told me that when he first collected historic flasks they did not average him much more than thirty-five cents a bottle, and this included no end of rare colors. Today, when the relative rarity of flasks and bottles has been fairly well established by Mr. Van Rensselaer's book, as well as by the articles in the magazines and by the exchange of information by collectors all over the country, prices are also sky high, though in certain sections and for certain specimens not so high as they were eighteen months ago, for many buyers won't pay the price and the demand has brought out thousands of bottles from attics and barns.

The tendency to specialize, even in this division of antiques, and the increase in the number of collectors will help to keep prices up. People have found out that it takes a respectable bank account to undertake a general collection of bottles, so they are specializing on Washington flasks or Railroads or Pike's Peaks or Bitters or half pints or perfume bottles. Just now the craze is at its worst in the Middle West. Amateur dealers in Ohio and Kentucky ask and obtain much higher prices for flasks of all kinds than the dearest Madison Avenue dealers in New York dare demand.

An article was published about Pennsylvania German dower chests. The price of a good Lehigh chest at that time was from thirty to forty dollars. After the article was published, buyers of antiques began to ask for painted chests from dealers in the Pennsylvania Dutch belt. Within two weeks of the publication of the article the price jumped to $100. Since then a few fine specimens have sold for as high as $700. It needed a spurt to set fire to the demand. When it was forthcoming the conflagration ensued. This is not to say that the article created mere faddists. What it did was to call the public's attention to a class of furniture that was really worth collecting for more reasons than one.

This sudden development of a hysterical demand for certain kinds of antiques has time and again led dealers into overstocking, which brought about slumps in prices later on. These have varied with the locality and character of the clientele as well as with the economic needs of individual dealers. But if no dealer can tell whether this year's best seller will be equally profitable to handle next year, all of them are aware that many of this year's faddists will be among next year's persistent collectors, for the habit of antique acquiring grows in intensity as well as in discrimination. The slogan that a good antique is a good investment is borne out by the common experience during the past decade or two; you might say, for two or three centuries. Of course what the slogan really seeks to convey is that choice pieces will always be in demand, and since the supply is fixed, prices must rise with the widening distribution of wealth. Few slumps are permanent, as witness, for example, the rise, fall and recovery in blue Staffordshire or mahogany or silver.

It is precisely because the basis of the high prices is the undoubted fact that genuine antiques have so far proved safe investments, that reputable dealers make a huge mistake in allowing their struthionitis to develop. Against over-sharp buyers, all dealers protect themselves automatically; but against the ignorance of those foolish thousands who cheerfully accept any dealer's word about the genuineness of an article, they cannot or will not protect the trade. They will sing a different tune when the undiscriminating demand for antiques lets up and there is no antique business left to protect. Americans are extravagant and easy-going, but when they go on a buyers' strike they always win out. They don't have to buy, but dealers have to sell. The faddists may enjoy being humbugged, but beyond a certain point, gouging and misrepresentation kill the craving.

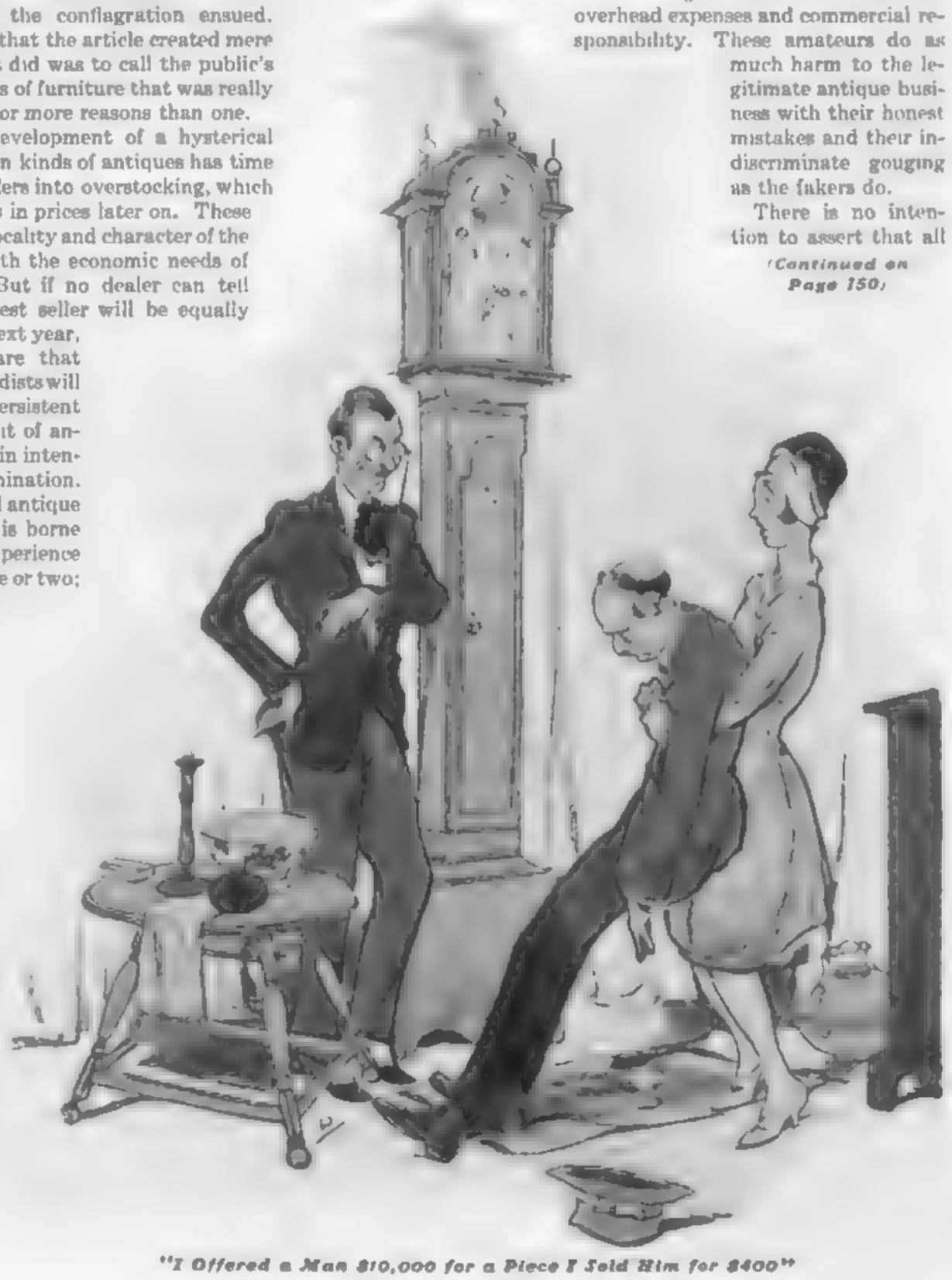
It is no secret that in no other business has there always been so much faking as in antiques. Even the dealers will admit this. The literature about fake antiques will fill any library, and this is true of French, German and Italian, as well as of English books. The tricks, methods, devices and general technic used by fakers have been written up *ad nauseam*. Exhibitions of fake antiques are held from time to time and they always draw eager crowds of connoisseurs and victims and faddists. It is admitted that fakes have been exhibited as originals in almost every museum.

When a Sofa is More Than a Seat

THE selling of fake antiques is practically as old as the collecting of genuine antiques. You must remember that antique buying is prompted by various motives, which differentiates it from ordinary commercial lines. The man who buys a Sheraton sofa is buying much more than a seat for six people. He is gratifying not alone one need but his vanity and several desires as well. He is a different animal from the man who merely needs something to sit on and buys it at the nearest furniture store. The antique dealer who realizes that his business is quite unlike the grocer's or the dry-goods merchant's is not found so frequently as you would imagine. It may be that the present antique craze developed too extensively and too quickly to keep out of the business those men who should have continued to peddle patent medicines, or those ladies to whose lack of knowledge is added the absence of overhead expenses and commercial responsibility. These amateurs do as much harm to the legitimate antique business with their honest mistakes and their indiscriminate gouging as the fakers do.

There is no intention to assert that all

(Continued on Page 150)



"I Offered a Man $10,000 for a Piece I Sold Him for $400"

THE LIP OF TRUTH

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

"I Don't Know as I Ought to Tell You, But I'm Going in Town Tomorrow to See Lee and Tell Him, and You All Might as Well Know. Mat Did Make a Will, and He Never Left But Five Dollars to Lee"

OLD Mat Hering was sick, and Rufe Gaddis and Lydy were much about the house, tending him. But for these two the old man's estate must have been a lonely one; for a rupture with his son some years before had sent Lee Hering away to Boston, not to return; and Will Huginn, the hired man, who did the chores and slept in a room off the kitchen, was worse company than none. Except for Rufe and his sister very few folk came near old Mat, for the dying man had few friends in Fraternity. His life had not been such as to endear him to his neighbors there.

His farm lay halfway up the second rise beyond the village, on the Camden Road. A nearer elevation cut off his view of the village itself—the neat white houses, the church with its steeple rising fair above the trees, and the tall bare bulk of the store; but the people of Fraternity had sometimes the uneasy feeling that old Mat watched them alertly from his vantage there, just as an eagle from its aerie watches for the extremity of helpless creatures far below; and the motives attributed to Mat were no more humane than those ordinarily accredited to the eagle.

This ill repute, in which the old man drew out his days and in which he was to die, was not unjustified. He was one of those men who have always money to lend and help to give, and who will always grant these favors—at a price pledged or prepaid. The fact that his habit of life had made him wealthy won for him a certain awed respect; but this did not serve to mitigate the resentment which his methods had through long years aroused.

The continuing neighborliness of Rufe Gaddis was, to many in the village, the more surprising; and there were some who openly attributed to Rufe motives not unmixed with avarice. But he had his defenders too; and they were, curiously, apt to be among the women of the village, who approved of Rufe and liked his bland smile and his genial manner as much as they disliked the unbending rigidity of his sister. Rufe, they insisted, was a naturally kindly man, and they pointed to the fact that he had been for a good many years astonishingly kind to Lydy.

It was, indeed, true that Rufe had always given his sister shelter and kindly care. These two lived on the farm beyond Hering's, perhaps a quarter of a mile separating their stand of buildings from his. The farm had belonged to their father, had descended in due course to Rufe. At the time the elder Gaddis died it was his expectation and that of the village that Lydy would shortly wed; but her potential romance died of inanition. The man she might have married moved away, and she was, as the village pointed out, left on her brother's hands. Rufe had given her a home, and his continuing kindness to her was a tradition in Fraternity.

Rufe was a man approaching fifty years old. Not much of a farmer, perhaps, but still of a certain eminence in the community. He had a habit of wearing, unless actually engaged in work about the farm, a black coat. This coat was not always immaculate. It showed signs of wear sometimes for years before it gave way to its successor. But it always had a successor; and the wearing of it served to make Rufe conspicuous, gave him a visible dignity, elevated him at once a little above the ordinary rank of men.

He was not fat, but he had, curiously, a fat face, rather pale; and his eyes bulged a little, and there was apt to be a faint sheen upon his countenance. For the rest, his manner was friendly and gracious toward everyone; and while it was true that he had no intimates in Fraternity, it was equally true that he had no enemies.

Lydy, the object of his continued kindness, was of a different mold. She seldom moved abroad in the village, except that she and Rufe came to church on Sunday whenever there was a minister and a service to attract them. She dressed with a habitual severity faintly conspicuous even among the sober garments of her neighbors, and she had a severity of countenance to match her costume. She would even, it was pointed out, pass you on the road without speaking to you; and thus, in a countryside where strangers thus encountering greet one another, was conspicuous and remarkable. It was possible to perceive in her an old and bitter soul, and Fraternity folk were inclined to be a little sorry for Rufe and to admire him for his long patience with this unpleasant sister of his.

Rufe, as has been said, had long been in the habit of calling now and then upon old Mat Hering. It was believed by many in the village that the contrast between Rufe's friendly, kindly manner and his own son's occasional exasperating truculence had been responsible for the break between Mat and Lee. At any rate, Lee Hering had some years before left the farm and had not since returned; and Rufe had to a great extent taken his place, giving old Mat not only the companionship which Lee might have offered but also the actual physical help in the various tasks about the farm which Lee's absence made necessary. Also, he sometimes took to Mat a loaf of bread, a batch of doughnuts or some other delicacy which Lydy had prepared. And on more than one occasion Lydy had gone with him to the Hering farm and spent a diligent day or two in putting the old man's house in order, cleaning forgotten corners, dusting, scrubbing, scouring and polishing.

Now in old Mat's illness, an illness which it was expected would be his end, no one was surprised that Rufe and his sister assumed the rôles of nurses; that under the occasional direction of Doctor Crapo they administered medicaments and gave old Mat the care which he required. The situation necessarily occasioned some discussion, night after night, in Will Bissell's store; and as always when a matter of public interest was in the air, Will Belter, the talebearer, had day by day the freshest news.

One night Gay Hunt said maliciously: "It's safe to say Rufe'll heir what the old man's got. He wouldn't be doing for him the way he has unless he had that promised to him."

And it was Will Belter who denied this. "No, sir," he said. "Don't you believe it. Lee'll get the farm, and the rest of it too."

"Mat's down on Lee," Gay insisted, "or he'd have had him back before now. He'll never will his money to Lee."

Belter nodded wisely. "That's so," he agreed. "But he don't have to. He's too stubborn to will it to Lee, but he's too mean to let it go out of the family. He never made a will and he's not going to, so Lee'll have it just the same."

They asked Belter how he knew, but he would not tell them. He was always inclined to make some mystery of the sources of his information. But if Belter was distrusted as a gossip and a talebearer, yet the tales he told were apt to be true tales. So this report of his that Mat would die intestate came to be believed. That the old man should be unwilling to let his hoardings go to strangers seemed to Fraternity folk to be in accordance with his character.

So when, at length, Mat did die Lee's home-coming was expected. But a day or two passed with no word from him, and the old man's body was laid away in the cemetery above the village. Not till the third day after did Mat's son appear. He drove up from Boston, and the car in which he arrived, his garments and his manner alike attested the

fact that he was in some sort a successful man. He stopped for only a few minutes in Fraternity, visited his father's grave, entered and briefly surveyed the house in which his father had lived and then went on to East Harbor to lodge in the hotel there. But Will Belter somehow found opportunity to talk with him and was able to report his discoveries that night at the store.

"He didn't know Mat was dead," Will explained, "till he saw about it in the East Harbor paper night before last, and then he come soon as he could get away. He's a lawyer, and he's done well by himself. I told him everybody knowed that the old man had died without making a will, so's he would heir whatever there was, and he said he supposed so. He said old Mat told him when he went away that the money would never go out of the family. He's going to go into court and get it all straight quick as he can, because he's got to get back to Boston. He's a married man and got two children down there. Lee's done well since he went away; he's a busy man."

It happened that Rufe Gaddis was in the store that night. This was not unusual, since most of the men from the nearer farms come in the evening to get their mail and to receive or to disseminate the news of the day. Whether there was design in his coming on this occasion cannot be known; but certainly he now contradicted Will Belter.

"I allow Lee had a right to expect that," he agreed. "Maybe old Mat wanted him to look for it to come out that way. Mat was a mean old cuss. Maybe it tickled him to think he was fooling Lee."

He had, immediately, their full attention; but a momentary silence followed his words, and it was Will Belter, anxious to redeem his reputation, who asked defiantly, "How do you know so much?"

Rufe smiled. "I happen to," he said. "I don't know as I ought to tell you, but I'm going in town tomorrow to see Lee and tell him, and you all might as well know. Mat did make a will, and he never left but five dollars to Lee."

"Who'd he leave it to?" Will Belter demanded, and Gay Hunt said slyly, "Guess you'll be saying he left it to you, Rufe."

Rufe shook his head. "No," he replied, without taking offense. "No. I wish he had. I could use it. But Mat was a great hand for family. He was bound to keep what he had in the Hering blood. He left it to Huginn."

There were half a dozen men in the store. Will Bissell, and young Andy Wattles behind the counter, and Gay Hunt and Belter and Chet McAusland and Bert Saladine. And at this, Hunt and Will Belter, always more inclined to speech than the others, broke into incredulous ejaculations.

"Huginn?" Belter echoed. "Huginn ain't a Hering."

Rufe shook his head. "I never knew he was, myself," he confessed, "till Mat had me and Lydy witness the will. And I asked Mat then. He says to me, 'What do you think I've kept him around here for all this time if he wasn't? Huginn ain't worth his salt to work.' I allowed that was so. I'd wondered about it before. And Mat told me that Huginn's grandmother was a sister of his own grandfather. Huginn come from up Frankfort way. Old Mat called him his cousin. Yes, Huginn's kin, all right, and Mat left everything he's got to him."

This was so sensational a piece of information as to occupy the united attention of the village during the days that followed. Its very incredibility won credence for the tale, since it is curiously true of the human mind that it will more readily accept the impossible than the improbable. Huginn himself was questioned, and that blank and witless man mumbled that he knew only what Rufe had told him, that the affair was as much a surprise to him as to these others in the town.

Rufe had declared his intention of carrying the word to Lee, but Will Belter anticipated him there. Will went to East Harbor on some specious errand and sought out Lee and told the tale; and he came back that night, big with fresh information.

"Lee don't believe it," he told them in the store. And this night again Rufe was among his listeners.

"Lee ain't going to let it go that way," Belter repeated. "He's going to fight the will."

The others looked at Rufe inquiringly. And Rufe—he had recently acquired a new black coat and was this night even more imposing than usual—said gently: "Lee don't have to believe it. But Lydy and me witnessed the will, and Jay Thorpe's going to put it into probate court next week, and there's nothing Lee can do to stop him anyhow."

"He's a lawyer himself," Belter pointed out. "He'll go into court and fight you."

"I don't have any say about it," Rufe reminded them. "All I did was witness the will and turn it over to Lawyer Thorpe. I took it in to him the day after Mat died." He added in the momentary silence: "Likely Lydy and me'll have to testify. I don't like to do it, because I always liked Lee. But I've got to tell the truth, the way it happened, I suppose." And a moment later he added again, "It won't get Lee anything to fight his pa's will."

Rufe said this so benignantly and in a tone so fatherly that no one contradicted him; but after he had left the store they worried the matter to and fro. No one doubted the genuineness of the will; it was, they were agreed, just the sort of jest old Mat would choose to play upon his son. But they were curious to know what Lee would do, what he could do, by way of contest.

"Guess he can't do much," Will Bissell said with mild authority.

And Gay Hunt retorted in defiant tone: "Just the same, if I was Lee I'd keep it in the courts a spell."

"Probate court sits next week," Belter reminded them. "I figure to be there—hear what goes on."

"You ought to come out and tell us what happens," Andy Wattles urged Will in mild derision, and they chuckled together at the talebearer's expense. Then, as Bissell began to turn out the lights as signal that the evening was over, they bestirred themselves, departed to their homes.

Judge Fess presided at that probate hearing. Jay Thorpe, an attorney of standing, offered the will for probate and produced as witnesses Rufe and Lydy, and Huginn, the witless hired man, as beneficiary.

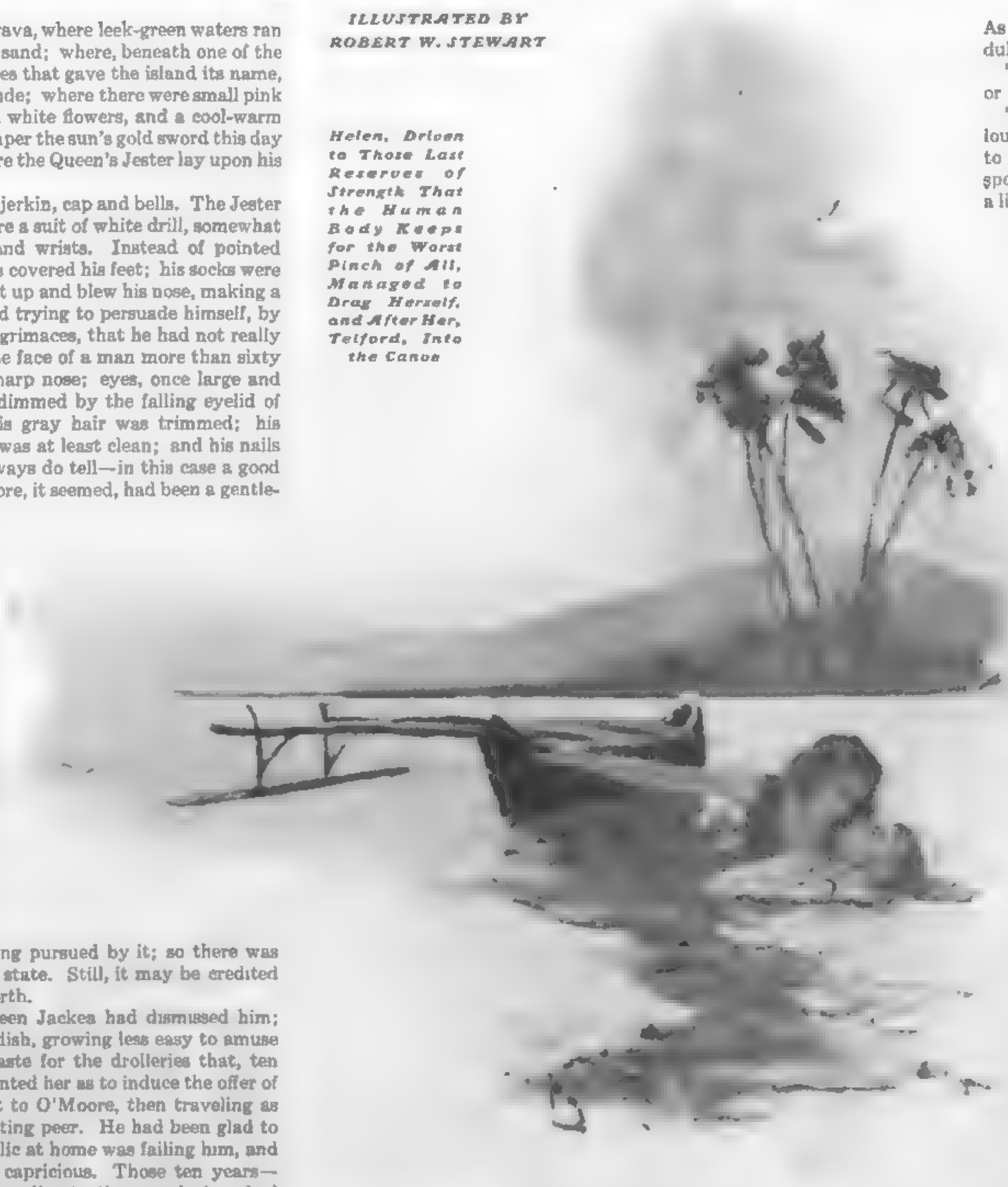
(Continued on Page 138)

"Mr. Hering Said, 'I Want You to Witness My Will,' and He Kind of Leaned Over on One Elbow and Wrote His Name There on the Paper"

Helen of the Hundred Waves

The Tale of the Queen's Jester—By Beatrice Grimshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART



Helen, Driven to Those Last Reserves of Strength That the Human Body Keeps for the Worst Pinch of All, Managed to Drag Herself, and After Her, Telford, Into the Canoe

ON THE shores of Avava, where leek-green waters ran to meet lime-white sand; where, beneath one of the spreading cedar trees that gave the island its name, there was shade and solitude; where there were small pink flowers, and large scented white flowers, and a cool-warm breeze from the reef to temper the sun's gold sword this day of Pacific midwinter—there the Queen's Jester lay upon his face and wept.

One pictures a youth in jerkin, cap and bells. The Jester was not young, and he wore a suit of white drill, somewhat shaggy about the neck and wrists. Instead of pointed silken shoes, flabby canvas covered his feet; his socks were faded cotton. When he sat up and blew his nose, making a pathetic best of things and trying to persuade himself, by means of sundry cheerful grimaces, that he had not really been crying, he showed the face of a man more than sixty years old—sunken lips, sharp nose; eyes, once large and black, now lessened and dimmed by the falling eyelid of age. He was shaved; his gray hair was trimmed; his linen, if badly laundered, was at least clean; and his nails told the tale that nails always do tell—in this case a good one. James Walter O'Moore, it seemed, had been a gentleman so long that he couldn't drop the habit, even when he had ample cause for doing so. Almost any other white man who had occupied the position of court jester to a capricious, violent old island queen for ten whole years would by mere force of circumstance have sunk fairly low. James Walter O'Moore had managed to keep himself up; he did not drink; he had not taken to kava, which, for the white man, is even worse; he had small temptation to pursue island beauty, and smaller chance of being pursued by it; so there was little virtue in his solitary state. Still, it may be credited to him for what it was worth.

In spite of all this, Queen Jackea had dismissed him; Queen Jackea—getting oldish, growing less easy to amuse each year—had lost all taste for the drolleries that, ten years earlier, had so enchanted her as to induce the offer of a permanent salaried post to O'Moore, then traveling as companion to a globe-trotting peer. He had been glad to get the job then. His public at home was failing him, and the peer was notoriously capricious. Those ten years—with the good living, the fine climate, the easy duties—had been heaven to O'Moore. Now heaven had shut its gates, and what came next he did not dare to think. The thought of living on native charity sickened him. The Avavans are not a soft race. Once masters of the Pacific, they have managed to keep at least a nominal sovereignty of their own land, and to preserve, intact and bristling, all their ancient pride. There were few white men in Avava at that time; the islanders had no use for them. As Royal Jester, O'Moore had been tolerated. Since his dismissal, now some weeks ago, it had been made very clear that the Avavan—true courtier and true snob—had no further use for the Jester.

He had nothing saved. Of late, Jackea—foreshadowing the end—had kept him short. The few white folk of Avava would have nothing to do with him, having long despised—and envied—him because he was merry-andrew to a native court.

He had nothing to do on that entire and perfect chrysolite of a warm winter's day. He had nothing to hope for and nothing to think about. So he sat on the grass, cross-legged, native fashion, and wiped his nose and watched a schooner creeping up to the pier.

It had come from Fiji, where the steamers ran, but it would not bring anyone of importance; it never did. Cargo, traders maybe, native chiefs returning home after a visit to Suva, the Paris of the South Seas. . . . Yes, there they were, coming up from the wharf with the inimitable Avavan swagger; their huge brown legs, shaped like balustrades of a bridge, swinging beneath silk tunics of rose and lemon and grass green; silk shirts and cummerbunds of blue and violet and orange on their great bodies. Rich men all; almost everyone in Avava was rich—except the Jester.

Why—what? Two white people—a man, tall, stooping, red-haired; a girl, small, slight, walking with a certain self-possessed dignity, red-haired, too, as well as one could see. Both coming this way, confound them! Could one—one—no time now; meeting was inevitable. The Jester pulled down his tie and straightened his coat, mopped his eyes quickly and began to hum a little song. . . . If he had had a cigarette; but he had almost forgotten the taste of one during this last week.

Of course they'd make for the avava tree; it was a well-known landmark, neglected, naturally, by residents, but always the first objective of visiting strangers. Well, it would only be a minute, and then they'd have passed and gone on up to the painted wooden palace of Jackea, with its sentries in red coats and bare brown legs, marching up and down, unloaded guns on shoulders.

He looked down determinedly as the strangers neared the tree. Walking on grass, they made almost no noise. He calculated they must have passed by, raised his eyes and met, full, a pair of the most remarkable orbs he had ever seen, topaz-hued, topaz-hard, and set beneath crisped red hair in the face of a young girl.

"What are you crying about?" she demanded. Her voice was not compassionate, merely competent and cool. If she had suggested pity, the Jester might have run away. As it was, he found himself replying dully, "I'm not."

"You were," she stated. "Is it death, or money?"

"She's the sensiblest girl in the world," loudly remarked the tall man, one hand to his mouth, and bending over, as if he spoke confidentially. He appeared to be a little—but not much—the worse for drink. "On'y two things worth howlin' over in this sort of a world," he went on, still confidentially. "Somebody who has winked out—and somebody who hasn't winked out short of cash. Helen's right. You—you haven't winked out," he continued, unembarrassed by an apparent confusion in terms. "You wearin' shockin' hat an' shoes they call big—beg—beggars' reliefs; that's it. I bet you anythin' you're hard up," he concluded brilliantly.

"You'd win your bet," replied the Jester bitterly.

"Shake han's; so are we," declared the long man. "Hel, less sit down beside this chap; he's all in the same box." Having said which, he lay flat upon the grass and instantly fell asleep.

The girl did not sit down. She remained standing, looking at the Jester with her gem-hard eyes. The Jester rose to his feet.

"I hope what your—your father ——"

"Brother."

"—— your brother said—is not correct."

"More or less. He has every reason to know," answered the girl composedly. Though she stood so still and spoke so quietly, she was, one felt, charged to the brim with a burning vitality that impressed the more because it was restrained, held waiting. Mind and body alike seemed tense. There was a distinction about her, too, that reminded the Jester of he knew not what; something experienced in old days, perhaps, when he had been jester to higher folk than an island queen.

All in all, the girl who had been called Hel impressed him, took him out of himself. She even made him feel a bit hopeful for the future, though that was patently absurd. Helen Elizabeth, dispossessed heiress of Man-o'-War, chief of that valuable island by right of her famous and daring feat of the Hundred Waves swim, had had the same effect on others before O'Moore. Rightly or wrongly, she made you feel that where she was, inaction, dullness could not long survive. If nothing happened, Helen Elizabeth was liable to make something happen; something different from the thing that had been, whatever its nature. Therefore she stood for either hope or fear, according to the way life was treating you. And as most folks are discontented, she usually shed hope.

In Avava of those days there was no time. Timelessness, the charm of island life, has left the Eastern Pacific now; to find that spell again, you must go far west to the sunset isles of the Solomons and New Guinea. But on the day when Helen Elizabeth and her brother landed in Avava, there was so much time spilled all over the seas between Chile and New Caledonia that you might fairly say there was none at all—which is a paradox.

Therefore the girl and the man gravitated to a fallen log, sat down and easily began to talk.

"If you two are hard up," suggested O'Moore, "you've come to a very bad place."

Helen Elizabeth, for all reply, reached into the pocket of her slumbering brother and rifled it of a cigarette case, which she silently held out to the Jester.

"A jewel of a girl," he thought as he helped himself. "Three times a jewel," he added, observing that she did not speak, even to answer his tentative question, until he had lit up and taken two or three blissful puffs.

Then she looked at him and briefly replied, "I don't think so. . . . By the way," she added presently, "who are you?"

"O'Moore's my name, and I'm nobody," was his bitter retort.

It seemed, for some odd reason, to please her. He thought she was about to speak again; but Charles, the brother—who ought to have been Charles III of Man-o'-War Island, and was not; who could not be, even if the claws of the mortgage had been loosed, because he had not been able to prove himself in the only way acceptable to the islanders—Charles woke up and remarked suddenly, "B'gad, you're Wally O'Moore, that's who you are!"

The Jester swung round, staring. "Did you ever ——" he began.

"B'gad, I did!" said Charles. "Educated at home, you know. Had lots of fun there about a hundred years ago. I remember you. Sittin' on a stool at the piano—Chatswell—Wynward Abbey—Caradoc Castle, after dinner—singin' for your supper. Tommy Tucker, we called you sometimes, and sometimes Wally O'Moore. Jimminy, that was a famous name once—among the people who were people, you know! B'gad, they handed you on from one to another as if you were somethin' good to eat! A jolly time you must have had. I understand, old man. You're like the chap in the story—like me—'eat well and sleep well, but show you a bit of work and you're all of a tremble.' Lazy-easy chap, like me. B'gad, you must have had a fine life!"

"Did I?" said the Jester. "Yes, I had a fine life, an easy life. I left a good government-survey job because that was hard work. I had to tramp and carry a chain and mess about with theodolites and prismatics, and plot out results of evenings. Oh, yes, it was hard work! Grinning through a horse collar for five and thirty years was easy, wasn't it? Grinning when I was sick and old, and when my little wife had died—I couldn't drag her round in the horse collar; I didn't see her often—grinning for people who were nice to you, as they were nice to the poor in their district; sitting at their table and having their check slipped on your dressing table the morning you went, just as they did the shady gentlemen riders, to save their face. Yes, it was an easy life; and I didn't tie a bigger chain round my neck for good when I dropped the surveyor's chain. Not at all. It's a grand thing to be lazy—a fine life, as you say."

He sat still for a moment or two, looking back over the lazy-easy years; the mess of cheap pottage that—like another of its kind—had proved so bitterly dear.

"Well," he went on, "there was a step lower, and I took it. I've been Jester to a nigger court ten years, and I was dismissed the week before last; and now you have it. . . . Who's that?"

A man, a young man, had joined the party, walking silently over the thick grass. All that Charles Pentecost had not, he had—youth, glowing in gold-brown hair and radiating from coppery clear skin; hope and merriment, and a light acceptance of poverty, shown in the gay carriage of his shabbily dressed person, and the glance of blue-steel eyes that seemed to spring far ahead of clouds and stony pathways, leaping hopeful, half humorous, straight to castles and bright hills on the horizon.

"Telford," said this young man—"Rob Telford. Make a note of it."

"Why should I make a note of it? Don't know you, do I?" asked the somber Jester, flaunting unconsciously a rag of somebody or other's grand manner out of the rich-robed past.

"You will," said Telford. "Famous novelist some day. I've got to be. My people wouldn't hear of it, so I have to make them hear of me. I'm a Sydney Morning Messenger special commissioner at present, looking for scoops."

"They said," remarked the Jester, "that you might send in your stuff, and if they liked it they'd pay for it."

"Exactly," grinned Telford. "I see you've been there. But the other sounds better, and custom allows it. You don't write now?"

"Never did," said the Jester. "Tried. Tried other things. Had to come back to the horse collar. What sort of scoop do you think you're going to find in Avava?"

"Oh, I dunno," answered the other easily. "Anything or nothing. I met these friends of mine in Suva a week or two ago and decided to come on here with them. Where's there a cheap place to stay?"

"Nowhere," replied the Jester. "Unless—but I warn you I haven't got much—would you care to camp in my hut? Avava hasn't any hotels; it don't want strangers."

The journalist and the girl conferred for a moment.

"We'd be glad," agreed Telford presently. "We can pay you something—not much. Where's your place?"

The Jester pointed to a small brown house with the boat-shaped thatch roof of Avava.

"There," he said, "just outside the palace gates. She hasn't taken that away from me—yet."

There were two rooms, of a sort, in the Jester's hut; rooms unfurnished save for some mats, a few tin plates and a pile of pillows

The house had no window; all its light came through an open doorway facing the foam and thunder of the reef. It was cool within, and the soft brown light, and the reef's monotonous tumbling, soothed, caressed. Outside, there was a group of ironwoods; in the long wind, they sang like silver wires.

"This will do for me," pronounced Charles, sinking down cross-legged on a mat. "B'gad, old man, you're not so badly off. Got any beer?"

"You sit like a man who knows the islands," evenly replied the Jester. Drunk or sober, Charles could take a hint. He slued his watery eyes round the barrenness of the walls and changed the conversation.

"I ought to," he said. "Third-generation islander: Pentecosts, of Man-o'-War. Sent home; school and varsity; and it did me no damned good. There's my sister Hel—never been away from Man-o-'War till that—that won't say what; ladies present, you know—well, till he

Continued on Page 56

"It's Madness," Objected Telford. "For Heaven's Sake, Let Me ——" "I Won't. Stay Where You Are"

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 19, 1927

The New Coxey's Army

WE HAVE a good deal to say about the American genius for organization, but in one respect, at least, the English are ahead of us. In their caste system they have organized the inferiority complex, while over here it is running wild. Though many of our social leaders have a well-developed inferiority complex in the presence of the European upper classes and their ideas, inferiority in one relation connotes the idea of superiority in another; and so we have a persistent attempt, successful to a small degree in some of our large cities, to introduce the caste idea over here. On the whole, however, the pretensions of its proponents, though they make good copy, are not endangering the foundations of the Republic, nor will they so long as the daughter of the track-laborer of yesterday is likely to be our Lady Clara Vere de Vere of today and our stenographer of tomorrow.

In Great Britain, however, you will find no inferiority complex at the top. Lords and Commons alike are for the Empire first, last and all the time. They exclaim, as a great American once exclaimed, "Our country, right or wrong!" But in their eyes it is always right. They proceed on that basis and pull together for the Empire, though on occasion they permit themselves to grouse on side issues and nonessentials. But when it comes to the ownership of the Seven Seas, British trade, the British pocketbook and similar matters, they present an unbroken fighting front to the world.

One may not wholly agree with the sentiment "Our country, right or wrong," but one can feel nothing but contempt for our apologetic Americans with the inferiority complex who complain "Our country, always wrong." There is an increasingly large number of these Americans who, without knowledge of the facts or in the face of the facts, automatically accept foreign opinion in every difference between our country and another. To these men and women America is always wrong—wrong at home and abroad. If we mix in the affairs of Latin America we are cunningly planning to start a war for the oil interests. If we do not mix in the affairs of Europe we have lost our soul. America is wrong when every workman does not have a fowl in his pot, and she is wrong when he does. In the first instance our soulless corporations are grinding the laborer under foot; and in the second, his spiritual nature is being submerged in a wave of gross materialism.

America is wrong with these people when she insists on adherence to international law, as in Mexico, and wrong when she tries to protect the lives of her nationals, as in Nicaragua. In the first instance the Government is behind a wicked Wall Street plot, and in the second America has again lost her soul. We seem to be always losing our soul. On this point they are all agreed—cancellationists, publicity hounds, apostles of pink theories and pale ideas, and even the smaller group of sincere reformers.

The country is full of inverted ideas and contradictory cults. Most numerous are those who preach that, in some way they never make quite clear, our prosperity is sinful and our comforts degrading; that there can be no real culture and art without dire poverty and disease. Yet until these twisted thinkers came along, reformers throughout the world devoted their lives to planning ways to lift mankind out of the degradation and misery of poverty—in short, to doing exactly what America has done.

We find organizations among religious denominations that for generations have preached the complete separation of church and state, that have denied the right of any church to meddle with politics and legislation—we find these organizations plunging into politics up to their neck and trying not only to influence economic legislation but to manage our foreign affairs. They are creating a precedent that will come back to plague them.

Then we have our great deniers—those who deny our right to our own national resources, to erect tariffs, to pass immigration legislation; and those who deny that we really helped Europe during the Great War, that we lost anything or anybody in it or that we are entitled to get back any part of the money that we loaned to the Allies. And finally come the internationalists, preaching love of every country except their own, with men in their ranks sneering at patriotism and the flag. A queer Coxey's army this, made up of politicians, of society folk, of professors, of preachers, of conservatives and of radicals, marching against achievement, prosperity, comfort, happiness, nationalism and patriotism, under a banner that bears the strange device "America is Always Wrong."

There are plenty of things wrong with America and with every other nation—things that will slowly yield to time and education, but not to emotionalism, a lowlier-than-thou complex, propaganda and disregard of facts. America's course through the war and since the war, her attitude toward the nations of Europe and of Latin America is one that will stand the closest scrutiny. It has been informed with common sense and generosity in the face of neurotic attacks and unjust demands.

The Slavery of Small Borrowers

TWENTY years ago the loan-shark evil had assumed such proportions that a concerted drive was launched against it. Many oppressive practices were broken up and the rapacity of the usurers was made less effective. Largely through the efforts of the Russell Sage Foundation, twenty-one states adopted small-loan legislation. These laws do not pretend to make credit cheap and easy, but at least they require the licensing and control of money lenders, they usually limit the interest rate to three and one-half per cent a month and they give the borrower a fighting chance to escape from a life peonage.

The most vicious type of usury is practiced today under the appellation of "salary buying." The lender, to evade the law, frames a fictitious transaction in which the loan purports to be the purchase price of a claim on the borrower's next pay check. The borrower is often required to declare in writing that the transaction is a sale and not a loan. The procedure is simplicity itself. Suppose a salaried man has a sick wife or a new baby and stands in urgent need of a little ready cash. If he asks for twenty-five dollars, he will be required to "sell" the lender an assignment of twenty-seven and a half dollars salary money due within a fortnight. When pay day arrives the lender will allow him to take up the assignment; but as he is usually unable to do so, the transaction is repeated, and another two and a half dollars goes into the loan shark's pocket. Such arrangements are often repeated month in and month out until the principal of the loan has been repaid over and over again.

Salary buyers are not fastidious in their choice of methods of collecting either principal or interest. As many corporations discharge men whose wages have been garnisheed, the poor debtor stands in constant fear of the loss of his job. Other means for putting on the screws are easily found. The borrower is hounded and his life made miserable. The lucky ones are those who can persuade their employers to disregard assignments and stand suit. Salary buyers are never quite at ease in a court room and judges are rarely deceived by the frivolous pretense of a loan shark that he is, in good faith, a buyer and not a lender.

Centuries of experience have proved that it is next to impossible to stamp out usury by mere process of law. No matter how drastic the statute, the necessitous borrower and the greedy lender will always manage to get together and do business. There is only one way to make the loan shark shut up shop, and that is to set up a competition that he does not care to meet. In many cities this has already been done on a small scale; but the country as a whole is still virgin territory for the establishment of agencies for granting small unsecured loans at moderate interest rates to salaried workers. At least two far-flung chains of such agencies are in successful operation. Most significant of all are the local and mutual lending organizations.

In New York and Massachusetts so-called credit unions are assuming increasing importance and the opportunity for their further extension and development is almost unlimited. These associations lend to members only. Borrowing members pay a liberal but not excessive rate of interest and those who lend get a generous return upon their deposits. Sound management is all they require to make them exceedingly useful to borrowers and lenders alike.

Loan sharks and salary buyers cannot thrive in competition with these credit unions. Any community or the employes of any large corporation in the twenty-four states which allow such associations may set up a credit union. The organization of such bodies has been carefully standardized and no pains have been spared to make them relatively foolproof. The Remedial Loan Department of the Russell Sage Foundation, at 130 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, has made an intensive study of these societies and can give interested persons full information regarding their establishment and operation.

Our commercial credit machinery is perhaps the most perfect in the world; but we still have much to learn about financing the emergencies of the little fellow who has no assets save his character and no collateral but his bare hands.

Hark! From the Heights

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, President of Columbia University, Ph.D., LL.D. (Cantab.), Jur. D., Hon.D.Litt. (Oxon.); Grand Officier de la Legion d'Honneur; Grand Commander of the Royal Order of the Redeemer of Greece, First Class; Grand Cross of the Order of St. Sava (Serbia), First Class; Grand Cordon of the Order of Leopold, Belgium; Grand Officer of the Order Polonia Restituta; Commander of the Order of Saints Mauritius and Lazarus, Italy; and Commander of the Order of the Red Eagle (Prussia), is reported in the New York Times as having said at a dinner of the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association:

"Unhappily, the policies as to international affairs—or perhaps the lack of policies—that have been pursued since the Armistice have made this nation of ours a dangerous derelict afloat on the seas of international intercourse, and lying straight across the path of every ship that sails laden with the precious cargo of international friendship and accord."

One can only wonder why Doctor Butler does not call a conference of himself and cancel the war debts. He seems to have all the materials for a nice little League of Nations of his own.

THE INSIDE OF GOVERNMENT

By David Lawrence

NO, THIS is not a tale of intrigue, nor of black satchels and champagne dinners. Nor is it backstairs gossip transformed into reading matter to gratify a whimsical imagination. That would be fiction, though to deny the existence of occasional irregularity and dishonesty in a large governmental structure would also be fiction. Fair play requires that emphasis be not misplaced. For what is and what is not the real character of the Government of the United States today is happily an ascertainable truth. First-hand knowledge of government is abundant. Its activities are too numerous to be invisible, its influences too far-reaching to be judged on the basis of isolated instances of greed, selfishness, or even disloyalty.

Sixteen years is a long time as tenure of residence goes nowadays in the national capital. With the changes of political administration, the partisan processions move on incessantly. Yet the neutral observers the news correspondents—stay on through generation after generation of public men. For sixteen years the writer has mingled constantly with the personnel of government—Republicans, Democrats, independents, reactionaries, radicals, conservatives, idealists, theorists, scientists, military and naval officers, and that much larger group of more or less permanent administrators known as the civil service.

Certain definite impressions are formed in such a close-up of government and they inevitably do not conform to the fleeting glimpses obtained by the casual visitor or intermittent student.

Within a few miles of the White House there is no more intensive knowledge of government than is to be found three thousand miles away. The physical aspects of government are not at all an index of the contents. Handsome buildings are not a measure of the mental effort exerted beneath their roofs. In the dingiest corners may be accomplished the most significant bits of research of a lifetime.

The average man thinks of government in human terms. To him for the time being Roosevelt is the government, or perhaps it is Wilson, or nowadays Coolidge. The mention of those names plus the mention of Congress, or possibly now and then the name of an outstanding senator or cabinet officer, makes a quick impression of government. In other words, the chief actors on the political stage absorb attention because their names are iterated and reiterated in print—they are involuntarily advertised. As repetition is effective in the advertising columns of our publications, so is it equally effective when impressions are repeatedly given by display type in the news columns.

And therein lies the secret of the one-sided impression which the public has of Washington. Headlines, big type, first-page streamers were invented to record the unusual, not the usual. A few sensational speeches, a bitter attack, a sharp bit of repartee, an investigation demanded, a series of innuendoes of wrongdoing, a report bristling with charges—and that is the sum total of government as it is brought to the fireside of the average citizen. Maybe a President plays golf for recreation. The newspapers report it every day or so. And the letters pile in from would-be advisers that a bad impression is being created. Ah, the President is loafing on the job! Maybe the President spends a week-end on the yacht Mayflower, and then another week-end, and so on. And the critics captiously point to the quantity of coal consumed, little knowing that naval yachts are kept in commission by fiat of Congress whether or not they are used by anybody.

Government, indeed, has become personal because the principal figures in it are conspicuously subject to scrutiny by newspaper pens and brushes. To the native of Washington, government soon becomes impersonal. There develops the feeling that Presidents are merely a series of temporary inhabitants of the Executive Mansion to be succeeded inevitably by other personalities, strong, weak,

(Continued on Page 130)

"TAKE YOUR TIME, LADY, TAKE YOUR TIME"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Man's Man

HE CAN control his eighteen-year-old daughter.

He does not care for bridge, refuses to make a fourth, and there is no argument.

He does not tolerate any driving from the back seat.

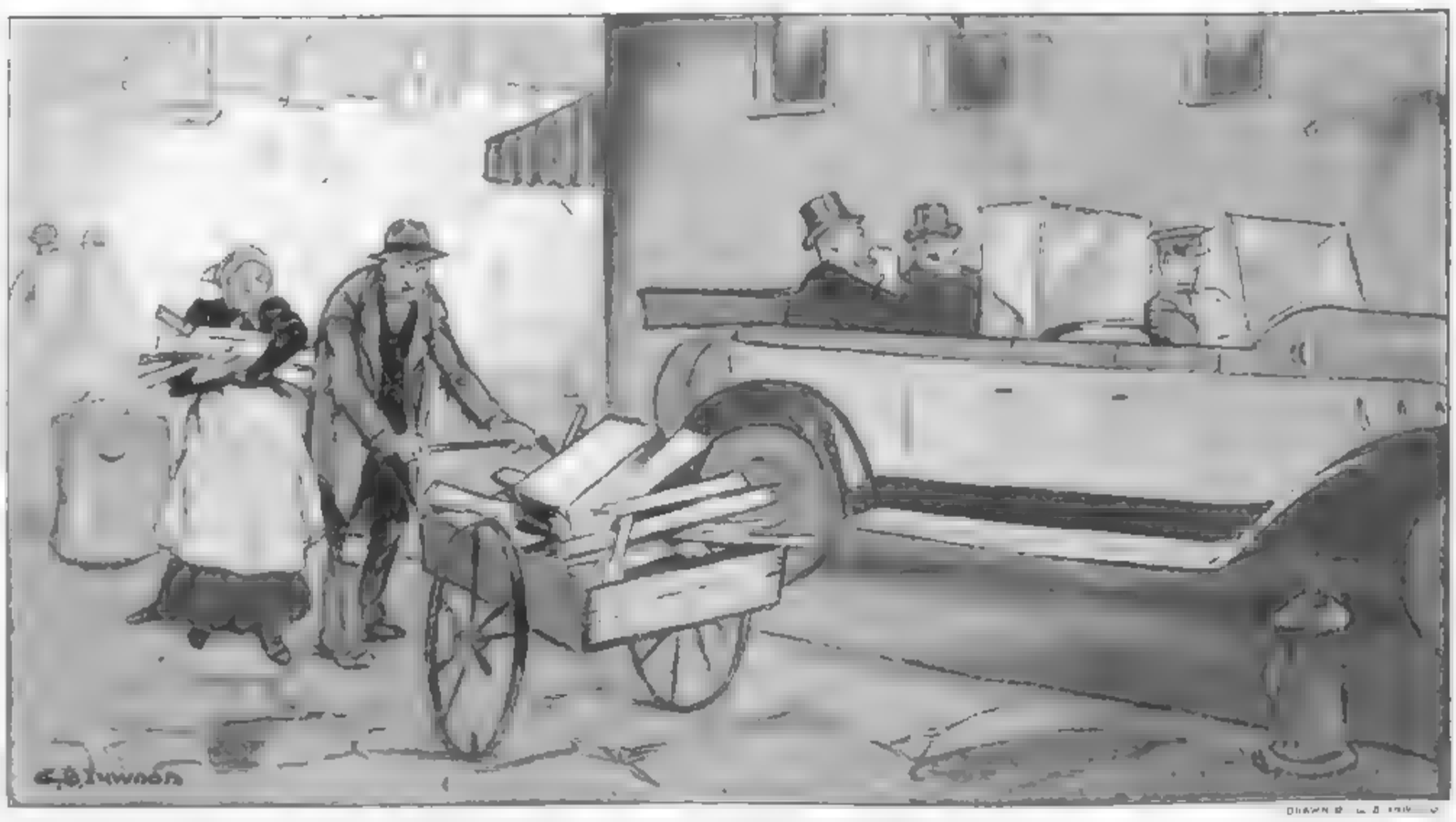
When he says that Junior can't go to the movies, that's the end of that.

When he comes into the room, somebody gets out of his favorite chair.

He is a man's man.

When he wants to go South for a few weeks of winter golf, he says so, and goes.

—*McC. H.*



"Well, You Can See How Far I've Advanced—There's My Parents"

Generous

MRS. GALE: Her husband is so generous to her.

MR. GALE: What has he bought her that you want, dear?

Epitaph

HE WAS a thorough anti-hick
Who always with care was dressed,
But he put on spats and carried a stick
In a little town out West.

Here in this little trail-side tomb
He lies in his dreamless rest.
He was heard to use the phrase "than whom"
In a little town out West.

No blot his reputation mars,
And ever he did his best.
But he broadened his a's and dropped his r's
In a little town out West.

—*Strickland Gillilan.*

The Quest

INTO a forest, dense and shady,
One day wandered a lovely lady.

She picked her way, and finally stopping
Where strong, skilled woodsmen the trees were chopping.

"Good men," she said, "I pray you tell me,
Have you a stump that you would sell me?"

The men stared at her, their courage dwindling.
"Firewood, lady? Cordwood? Kindling?"

"No, no," she said, more abruptly speaking.
"A stump is the only wood I'm seeking.

"And I can't be happy until I've found it,
For I've a devil I must whip round it!"

—*Carolyn Wells.*

The Boss' Children

(Business Talks No. 4)

WELL, it may be all right to talk politics with the boss or theaters with the boss' wife, though personally I don't make a practice of either. But the thing I do think

(Continued on Page 63)

DOGVILLE ITEMS—Mrs. Dooley's Washing, Monday Morning, Bore Silent Witness That Main Street Had Been Thoroughly Oiled Saturday

What's the Use of Having Whooping Cough if You Can't Give It to All the Neighbors?

Appetites sparkle when this tomato soup is served!

SOUP *and the flapper*

IT'S A young age and the world is on the move. The flapper bounded upon the scene but a few years ago. She came from no one knows where. Why she was called "flapper" remains a mystery to this day. But there was a twinkle in her eye and a spring in her step and things began to change. Heavy-eyed solemnity and "deadly seriousness" took a back seat. In their place came a new gayety, a new independence, a new youthful, progressive spirit. Many criticised, but none failed to feel the electric change that was in the air and to fall in step with the new order. And with it, there came naturally enough, a totally new notion of *what people should eat.*

Where are the "groaning" dining-tables of yesterday, laden with their endless succession of girth-expanding dishes? Such mighty feasts—they leave us today speechless with amazement at the heroic appetites of our fathers and mothers! The contrast between what used to be considered a normal day's menu, and what is now known to be the healthful and proper diet, has a real lesson for all of us.

PEOPLE now eat less, but get more good from what they eat. Their diet is better balanced so that they obtain the right variety of the necessary food elements. They do not over-burden their digestive systems, but they obtain an abundance of splendid food. And they are *eating soup* as never before! America has been described as the "best-fed nation on earth." With this high standard of living has come the enormous popularity of soup as a daily food, proving that this hot, liquid nourishment is appreciated at its true value.

Children, flappers, grown-ups—we all need soup. How delicious it is! What other food can tempt you with such a variety of appetizing flavors? There's tonic in it. It bestows a brightness on the whole meal. Besides providing its share of nutriment, it "picks up" the appetite, stimulates the digestive juices, makes digestion easier and more complete. Enjoy soup, yes, to your heart's content. But do not overlook its other dietetic advantages. Think of it as a *necessary* food in the day's menu, for its wholesome, beneficial effects. Serve soup every day.

"BUT MEALS have a way of coming round so regularly and there are so many things to do," you may say. "We all like soup and I know my family ought to have it. But providing the different soups is easier said than done."

Just see if it is. Visit your grocer's today and ask him to show you the Campbell's Soups he has. Twenty-one of them—each a masterpiece of its kind—a different soup every day for the next three weeks, if you wish it. Best of it is, they're already cooked making it so easy and convenient for you. You can trust the quality of these soups with as much confidence as you have in the foods prepared and cooked in your own kitchen, for it is a well-known fact that they are made in the finest soup-kitchens in the world. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

SOME DAY

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

It Moved Closer, to Reveal a Contour That Was Neither Man Nor Beast

XI

CLIVE stepped close to the window, standing to one side of its embrasure. "Mam'selle," he said sharply, in French, "is that true?"

Aliste's throaty voice answered quaveringly, "*Mais oui, monsieur.*"

Even in the bitterness of his disappointment at the turn affairs had taken, just when he had hoped to have the situation well in hand, Clive's quickness of wit stood by him.

He fell back on that resource which has saved many a tottering crisis—Yankee bluff. In a curt voice, almost indifferent of tone, he asked, "What is your price to let this girl go and clear out of here?"

The answer came promptly enough: "That document Marina gave Miss O'Day to deliver to your secret-service chief in Washington."

"It is not here," Clive answered harshly. "It was mailed to Fanch de Guerveur at this place by Miss O'Day the day she sailed from Bordeaux, and the young lady tells me that she saw a packet addressed to an American colonel in the drawer of his desk not long ago. But it is not there now. I have searched thoroughly. The chances are that he has returned it to Bella Marina."

There was a moment's silence. Then the man asked, "And why should he return it to Marina?"

Clive answered promptly, "Because she is his wife, and he may still feel some responsibility in her safety."

From the pause that followed Clive thought it probable that this shot had gone home. Whether or not the man was aware of the relationship between Fanch and Marina, Clive's statement appeared to have impressed him. He said then harshly: "If that document falls into the hands of certain people, my life will not be worth a sou. It was in my keeping when Marina stole it and gave it to Miss O'Day. So now if you value the life of Miss O'Day, you had better hand it over, and be quick about it. I am a desperate man."

Clive felt that everything was staked on his next throw. He answered promptly and with cold brevity: "I believe you when you say you are ready to murder this girl, even though she has nothing at all to do with this affair. If I could do so I would give you the document to save her life, and then you may be sure that your own would not be worth even a *petit sou*. You would never leave this island alive. I did not come from America to look for a young woman who was unquestionably a suicide, but to get the document Marina promised us, or to learn if possible what had become of it."

"You are a good liar," said the man. "What about those paintings?"

"They are the work of a French painter who calls himself Guy François Doret. Miss O'Day studied with him while he was in America, and tried with some success to follow his technic and *genre*. He came later to France and was a friend of Marina. I had reason to believe that he was on Belle Isle, possibly living with Fanch de Guerveur. I hoped to learn something of value from him, because I happened to know something about him."

Once fairly started Clive's power of invention seemed to unreel itself with a sort of automatic ease. Not to overplay his hand, however, he now waited for some further comment, and this was immediately forthcoming.

"And why," asked the man outside, "is this Doret in hiding?"

"Because," Clive answered promptly, "he prefers Brittany to Devil Island. If a distinguished war record will not save a *recédiviste* from deportation to Cayenne, then what might a criminal deserter expect?"

Again Clive felt that he had scored. His hope for Aliste's safety mounted. But the next startling move in this game of chess that had looked for the past few minutes like a stalemate taught Clive a sharp lesson in not taking too much for granted; also the necessity of keeping always in mind not only one but every possible issue in a match played with whatever weapon may fall within one's reach, blunderbuss, hatchet or modern firearm, and with that suppleness of mind that reaches from synthetic chemistry to the oldest of disarming factors which is a ready and ingenious string of lies.

Absorbed in this latter exercise he had gradually lost attention of the fact that his conversation with the desperado outside was being carried on through a window of which the shutter between them was protective only in concealing him from view and in keeping the enemy outside, for the iron *volets* were of no more than heavy sheet-iron weight, and the bars, or grille, though strong enough, were spaced in squares of about five inches. The inner long glass windows were fastened slightly ajar.

Clive, interested in his fabrications, had edged out from behind the rim of the stone aperture, when there came a violent detonation, the splintering of glass and a hot stab of pain scorched his left ribs. Another crashing report and something struck sharply against his chest, while his right hand and arm felt numbed. All that saved his life in that moment was the upward jerking of the hand that held the automatic pistol. A third bullet sang past his ear as he leaped back to the shelter of the wall. A fourth splintered the woodwork of the window and brought down a shower of glass. These four shots had been carefully spaced, covering the whole of the aperture so that a man exposed in it could not have escaped some one of them at least.

(Continued on Page 30)

Swift & Company's creameries are marvels of shining cleanliness. The pipes through which the cream passes, for instance, are made of a special alloy which keeps white and bright as silver

Straight from snowy churns

You get this butter while it's

Creamery fresh!

YOU get it always with the first, delicate *bloom* of flavor . . .

The sweetness, the creaminess, the fragrance that butter has when the churn is first opened.

It is Brookfield Creamery Butter then . . . it is the same butter when it reaches your dealer.

Nothing of its freshness and goodness has been lost. You get it *creamery fresh*.

We make this butter from the finest pasteurized cream. In spotless creameries. Under the most exacting requirements of quality. Then we ship it in our own immaculate refrigerator cars *straight to Swift branch houses*.

From one of these your dealer receives it—by the quickest, shortest, most direct route possible.

It is under refrigeration every minute on the way. It is handled with the most exacting care. There is no lost time—there are no extra steps in bringing it to you.

That is the secret of the freshness, the new-churned goodness of Brookfield Creamery Butter. In your cooking, on your table—see how quickly your family will recognize it!

Other Swift products bearing the same name are Brookfield Eggs, Brookfield Cheese and Brookfield-Premium Poultry. The same dealers usually handle all of them.

These products share equally with Brookfield Creamery Butter a nation-wide fame for uniformity and fineness of quality. Of that the name Brookfield is a guarantee.

Swift & Company

It is easy to recognize these convenient, attractive packages in which Brookfield Cheese and Brookfield Eggs come to you

Brookfield

Butter-Eggs Cheese

© S. & Co.

(Continued from Page 28)

The contact of the bullet against his weapon had saved Clive from being shot through the heart but, as he immediately perceived on flashing down his light, at the cost of the pistol. The first wound he felt to be a brush burn, the skin merely grazed. A mocking voice called from outside, "Are you there, *mon ami*?"

"Still here, *merci*," Clive answered evenly. "A little more than ever in your debt for a good lesson and a good scare."

"Then if you are tired of lying and want to save this girl, hand over those papers. I have no time for *blagueurie*."

"Imbecile!" Clive answered. "If I'd been able to hand over those papers, do you think I'd have tackled those two *apaches* of yours with a hatchet and split them open?"

There was no answer. Clive heard a curt command and the sound of footsteps moving away. His weapon had been rendered useless from the impact of the bullet on the lock, smashing in its works. But there must be another somewhere in the room. He began a hurried search, first of the two bodies, then flashing his light from place to place.

But Constant's pistol was nowhere to be found, though surely the man must have had one. Clive's error was in assuming without any doubt that it was the weapon carried by the other man that he had found, because two shots had been fired and Constant killed before he had time to shoot.

Clive, casting frenziedly about for the missing automatic that reason told him must be somewhere in that room, was driven the more frantic by the expectation of hearing a shot at any moment. It was maddening to fail now after this series of hazards that for a few seconds had seemed to leave him master of the situation—or at least such so far as concerned the safety of Aliste. His determined offensive had been rewarded by success, not as he had planned, but by one of those fortuitous side issues that so often work out a victory as the reward of aggression, even though not along the lines of an adopted strategy. Still armed he might hope to save Aliste, if only through the promise of a swift vengeance. But unarmed, there seemed no chance at all.

And her captor appeared to be leading her away from the premises. Clive realized that if now he failed to appear the man must certainly feel sure that one of his bullets had found its mark in a manner to cripple his adversary, if not to kill him. It was imperative, Clive perceived, that he must show himself, armed or unarmed, and at once. Wherefore, in desperation, this time not even bothering to take the hatchet, he passed through the doorway, the storeroom beyond and went out into the night.

XII

THERE was fog, more of a mist, but it was thin; and a moon late in its first quarter hung overhead behind it, to diffuse the landscape with a soft pervading light. Under such conditions the visibility on land seems better than with the moon clear. The pallor is less intense, but spread evenly, with no shadow to distort or to conceal, and the finely divided particles of water suspended in the air may act as prismatic intensifiers of the light rays, as those of a lighthouse raise a feeble candle power to a powerful penetration.

As Clive looked out through the doorway of the ruin he saw two dark figures crossing the road. They took the path that led to the top of the cliffs and down to the beach. Aliste's captor must have forced her to run this first fifty meters, Clive thought, as otherwise they could scarcely have got so far in so short a time. Once clear of the buildings and on the open moor it would be possible for the fellow to use Aliste as a shield to keep Clive from firing, while Clive himself would be exposed, forced to keep a wide distance between them. The patches of cover were too low and dense for close stalking, and the night too radiant in its pale elusive way.

At least the man had not seen fit to fulfill his threat so far, while the fact that he was hurrying Aliste along the path over which she and Clive had raced six hours earlier looked as if he was employing her to cover his retreat to the beach. Very likely a fishing boat was waiting down below, the sort that Clive had hired to bring him there. The three assassins would have wished to leave Belle Isle unobserved. In this case the man might have seized the advantage of using Aliste as a means of forcing Clive to keep his distance, and withold his fire. Even had Clive been armed he could not have risked a shot except at very close range, and he could not have gained that without being shot himself.

As it stood, therefore, the fact of his being entirely unarmed did not greatly matter. The stalemate was not much changed, except that this man, if he were bold and vicious enough to do so, might kill Aliste when they reached the spot where the path pitched down from the cliff's edge and escape to the boat without Clive's being able to make any effective effort to prevent it. Although it now appeared as if the incriminating document, and not Aliste's life, had been the real object of the attack, there might still be what this desperado would consider ample reason for destroying the girl.

The dark figures moved on rapidly along the path across the moor, Clive following at a distance of about two hundred yards, in range for an expert marksman, but too far away for much chance of scoring a hit on a moving figure in the vague visibility. Of all the different phases of the horrid affair to develop from the time of his meeting with Aliste, this present one was to Clive the most hopeless and harrowing. Up to this moment there had been something for him to do, some expedient, however chancy. But now there seemed no course for him but to follow on, an impotent spectator to whatever foul act might be accomplished. Even the hope of avenging it was denied him.

What made this all the harder was that it had come after his having vindicated the truth of the statement made by the drunken Scottish adventurer that there could be no jam so tight but what there was a way out of it, if one could but hit upon it. Clive's attempt with the blunderbuss had failed, as such, but the mere fact of his having taken the offensive had placed him in position to profit by a different, unexpected means of playing through. Had he remained purely on the defensive, waited in the kitchen to make a last hopeless stand, he could scarcely have disposed of Constant and the other man and got off himself unscathed.

But now he told himself frenziedly that every means had been exhausted—ingenuity, violence of a primitive sort, patience, strategy, an attempt at guile. Bare-handed, on the naked moor, with the enemy conducting an armed and armored retreat that kept his futile pursuer at wide distance, there was nothing to which that one might turn.

It was at this heart-consuming moment that Clive got the first inkling of there being another factor afoot, though what this might be he was unable to determine. He had struck off the path to the right, where it was paralleled by a low, rocky ridge that was bare of gorse and bracken. This made him a better target if the man saw fit to try a chance shot, but Clive was indifferent to that fact. The slight rise of ground enabled him to keep the two figures, which at this distance merged into one, more clearly and constantly in sight. There was always the chance that the man might think better of committing a murder in the near presence of a witness who could get to the town and possibly spread an alarm and launch a pursuit in time to seize him before the six or eight miles to the mainland could be traversed, especially if the waiting boat happened to be provided only with sail and oars.

Now, as he made his way along this low rise, Clive saw, or thought he saw, a dark body ahead of and below him slip from one tuft of bracken to the next, abreast of the pair moving rapidly along the path. But before he could determine whether this was an illusion, the vague object had disappeared, dissolved into the pallid mist. Then, a little farther on, Clive sensed rather than sighted it again, this time in what seemed to be more rapid movement. The penumbra swallowed it as steam obscures the contents of a boiling pot.

The drifting mist was getting thicker, Clive perceived, as they neared the cliff's edge, and he felt a stronger pulse of air. It was from the southwest, and there must be wind behind it, as the noise of surf on the beach below was louder than it had been some hours before. Glancing upward, Clive saw smudges of scud passing rapidly across the brighter glow behind which was the moon. All conditions of weather appeared to be forming to aid escape by sea, render pursuit more baffling.

He came to the end of his ridge and for a moment lost sight of the two figures ahead. But in their place he saw something else that was passing in a dim, elongated, shapeless form, not far ahead of him, from the invisible cover of a mass of gorse. Clive marked the spot before this illusory object disappeared. It seemed to have emerged from one dense clump of gorse and poured itself into another on the side of the path. Clive reached the spot; then, with his body as a shield to mask the light as much as possible, flashed his torch on the place where his gaze had been kept fastened.

At first he saw nothing but thorny gorse, with some of the pale yellow blossoms of its second flowering. Then a silvery wisp like spiderweb stuck to a dewdrop caught his eye. It was spraying from a thorn's point, and as Clive plucked it off he discovered that the gossamer filaments were of a fine silvery fleece, and that the glistening moisture left a crimson stain on his finger tips. It was not dew, but fresh blood.

The phenomenon staggered him for a moment. From what source could have come this tuft of fleece or fur that seemed matted to a fresh blood clot that was partly dried? The answer to the problem was simultaneously presented. The only furry body thereabouts had been the dog, Loup, presumably left dead on the road when the faithful and courageous animal had, with the vulpine cunning of its kind, attacked this very man who was now forcing Aliste along the path.

Clive had always been an amateur of dogs; rather more than that—not only a lover but breeder of collies, and, later, European police dogs. He understood the traits of these, and wherein they differed from those of the usual canine of race long domesticated until the primitive instincts of the wild had been greatly submerged in the master's human attributes. This inductive process had in time, Clive knew, bred fidelity of a high degree, and self-sacrificing courage and devotion, but greatly at the cost of the vulpine stealth and cunning in attack.

A staunch watchdog, Clive now reasoned as he pushed cautiously ahead, will attack his master's enemy bravely, ferociously, but blindly, regardless of the odds its intelligence knows to be opposed to it. But a wild animal attacks with stealth, combining with its offensive all such advantages of strategy as may be there. It will profit by any cover offered for so long as it may, the final open assault delivered from the closest flanking shelter.

But most important of all, the wild animal does not abandon caution, retreat if only for that one bout when it perceives itself hopelessly outclassed, or injured to the point of making further aggression not only hopeless but suicidal. A disabling wound will check it in mid-charge, turn suddenly the offensive tactics into those of self-preservation. Where the dog will drag itself stubbornly on to receive its *coup de grace*, the wolf gathers its remaining strength for a sliding into cover, keeping on until at a margin of safety it may nurse its strength or hurts.

Then what of the canine that is partly wolf, and in the strains of which there are combined the courage and devotion of the domesticated dog with the native ruses and expediency of the wild? Moreover, Loup was a faithful wolf dog that had received thorough previous training from his contrabandist masters in the smuggling of tobacco over the Pyrenees frontier of France and Spain. Loup was well aware of the potency of firearms, and that there was no canine weapon to oppose them. The man he now trailed, who was in the act of carrying away his beloved mistress, had been too well armed for attack in the broad light of day. Loup had been wounded in some degree to make further attack futile, fatal; and knowing this, the dog had managed to spring up and escape after being brought down.

It was possible, Clive now thought, that Loup had been knocked over and partly stunned by a ball that grazed its head, glanced off the heavy slanting bones and ripping away the skin and fur. The man, more intent on his human quarry than on this dog that appeared to be kicking its last on the chalky road, had not wished to waste another shot. He had fired next at Clive, rushed on to the house, when Loup had gathered together his giddied wits and injured body and made into the nearest cover. This theory was borne out by the matted fur and blood detached by the thorn as the dog had crept through the gorse, flanking its enemy and watchful of a chance to renew the attack. And this time it might prove even more effective, Clive prayed in his hammering heart. It was night, with a swimming mist that thickened rapidly where the façade of cliffs dammed back and intensified the vapor to shunt it up over their edge. Also, at this spot the cover of gorse and ragged rock drew in closely against the path.

He stopped in his tracks. The thought had come to him that his best move now might be to make none at all. There was no way in which he could aid Loup's man hunt, while there was every danger that any disconcerting move by another stranger might spoil the stalking. The dog, to windward of Clive and with its savage interest centered, might so far be oblivious that another possible enemy was near, and if bothered by the discovery of this one on his flank, might miss his *coup*. Worse than that, if Aliste's captor were to wait slyly for Clive to become visible through the more densely swimming mist in the hope of a lucky shot to stop pursuit, Loup might reason that the surprise had failed and withhold attack until too late or abandon it entirely.

Clive sank down softly onto the moor. His heart, steady enough until this moment, grew burdensome in its rapid, labored beat. All now depended on Loup. Aliste's life hung on the delicate balance as to whether the wary savage animal would or would not launch its desperate and final offensive in time, and from the proper point of vantage.

XIII

THE mist swirled past. The half moon, until now a point of distinct luminosity, became a universal blur of light, equally pervasive in all parts of the pale dome above. Visibility diminished rapidly. Where, until some few minutes before, Clive's safety from gunshot was extended to some two hundred yards, he might now have crept up without discovery to forty paces. A little longer, and it

(Continued on Page 33)

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Rooms made *cheerier* by these colorful *easily cleaned* rugs

Cheerful companions! Dependable trouble-savers! That's what *Gold Seal* Rugs have proved themselves in thousands of modern kitchens. Their sunny patterns—their easily cleaned, sanitary surface—their lasting quality—their great economy, have won multitudes of staunch friends.

And each year more and more women are using this labor-saving floor-covering in other rooms throughout the house. For *Gold Seal* Rug designs surpass all previous standards in beauty and variety. Every room, every taste, is provided for.

Then think what comfort is combined with this attractiveness. No more wasting your strength and time in sweeping and beating old-fashioned, woven floor-coverings. No more cleaning-day fatigue. Just a light rub-over with a damp mop makes a *Gold Seal* Rug spotless. What an opportunity to increase your leisure hours!

Right now, prices are lower than they have ever been. A genuine *Gold Seal* Rug offers floor-covering value no thrifty housewife can afford to overlook.

See the latest patterns in these modern, labor-saving rugs that lie flat without fastening. All sizes, up to 9 x 15 foot rugs.

There is only one *genuine* Congoleum. You can identify it by the Gold Seal on the pattern. No floor-covering is *genuine* Congoleum without this Gold Seal.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

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Kansas City Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh
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See These New Patterns

Above are shown two of the newest Congoleum Gold Seal Rug patterns. They are the "LINDUS" design (Gold Seal Art-Rug No. 598) and the "NORMANDY" (Gold Seal Art-Rug No. 300). Note the unusual richness of the colorings and the real artistry of the designing!

Call on Gold Seal Rugs to brighten your housework—

IT'S so much easier to work in pleasant surroundings! A bright, cheery kitchen shortens the busiest day. For there's something about white paint and shining porcelain, gleaming nickel and a gaily patterned rug that takes the drudgery out of work.

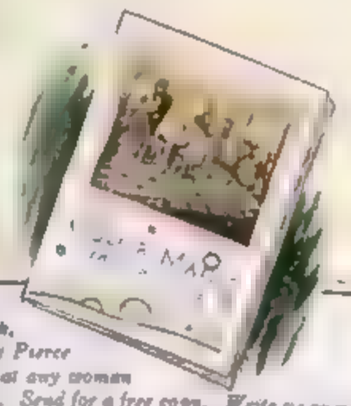
Who would not enjoy working in this kitchen with such a cheerful rug smiling up at her from the floor?

And the cleaning actually is easier with a non-spotting, easily cleaned Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug on the floor. If you like this "Panama Design"—*Gold Seal* Rug No. 568—you'll like the other *Gold Seal* Rug patterns—practical, inexpensive floor-coverings that never fade or curl up at the corners, that require only light, easy mopping to keep them fresh and clean.

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL RUGS

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

FREE—handbook of home beautifying ideas



All through her delightful little handbook, Color Magic in the Home, Anne Lewis Pierce gives practical advice and suggestions that any woman can use to make her home more charming. Send for a free copy. Write us or mail this coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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(Continued from Page 30)

might be possible for two men to collide before aware of their propinquity. The twilight lasts long at that season in that latitude, and its last vestiges had now succumbed.

To Clive, crouching there inertly, the tension became insupportable. His position was bizarre, outrageous, inconceivable. For a strong man of action who had already fought and slain to cower there like a rock rabbit, and wait for a wounded dog to rescue the woman upon whom his blundering, meddlesome folly had precipitated this murderous attempt, was an agony at which Clive's soul writhed.

Yet all reason dictated that his only course was now thus to wait. With his nerves racked to snapping and his heart smothering his brain, the best he could do was to wait for the pistol shot, the yell of surprise and terror, or the mortal canine one reporting a second and final failure. Distraught as he was, Clive retained sense enough to realize that any false move on his part might now be an even worse blunder than so far he had committed.

As nearly as he could judge he had stopped about two-thirds of the way from the farm to the cliff's edge, which would put this spot some four hundred yards away, close enough for his hearing to register what might next occur. But at the pace they had been traveling Aliste and her abductor must have reached that spot almost as soon as Clive had decided that he had best stop where he was. Could it be that the dog's valor had been knocked out of it by the injury received at the hands of the enemy it was watching, and that its courage could not rise to another ferocious attack?

This also was very possible. A wild animal, aware of the invincible supremacy of an armed man, will often hover on the flank of such indefinitely without presuming to attack. Such is the habit of the wolf, the puma, the hyena. Clive's heart sank. Perhaps he had expected too much of this domesticated crossbreed. But, he reflected with an attempt at hope, Loup was more than that. The wolf ancestry was remote enough to give cunning and resource, while generations of faithful comradeship with man might be counted on for that high spirit of unselfishness that is, when all is said, less human than divine. The God in this animal might yet save Aliste.

Another minute passed—to Clive in his turmoil of hope and despair a period of anguish having no perception of elapsed time. He was fighting to hold himself in place, to wait—that most difficult of all endeavors for a man of action when required to wait with no inkling at all of what may be taking place. He was holding his head between his hands, not even conscious of the fact that his crisp hair was matted with dried blood. He had received an ugly gash on the crown when it struck against the horizontal table leg as he dived blindly at the man pinned to the floor by the table's edge. Nor was Clive conscious of the smarting in his side, where the bullet through the iron *volet* had brushed the skin. Mere physical sensations were in abeyance.

But those of the special senses were abnormally keen. His ears warned him suddenly of some moving body close at hand. Clive's muscles stiffened. Something was creeping up on him stealthily and at no great distance—the matter of a few yards. He peered in that direction and discovered that the darkness had become swimmingly opaque. Either that or an occlusion of his vision, for he was unable even to distinguish what had been the darker clumps of gorse.

His first suspicion was that the dog had scented him, when, abandoning its stalk of an enemy known to be prepared, it had returned to creep up on what it might take to be a maimed, defenseless one. The thought was atrocious, and for an instant even terrifying. Clive was as lacking in means of defense against a canine enemy as he was against a human one. He was barehanded, had not so much as a stick or knife. And here now some sinister creature was stealing up on him through the viscid murk.

In the low ebb of his vitality, for he had about abandoned hope, this unexpected menace sent through Clive a deep, cold shuddering. He stood peering and listening, trying to locate this fresh horror and to determine it.

A stone rattled close by. The sound was in one sense reassuring. A stalking wolf does not rattle stones. It pads noiselessly on the mist. Then, close to where Clive crouched, a dark figure took substance out of the mist, like a spirit materializing. It moved closer, to reveal a contour that was neither man nor beast, but that of a skirted body, with above it a face on which all the pallid light appeared to focus, so that it shone starkly white.

"Aliste!" Clive muttered thickly.

"Clive!" came the tremulous answer. The form appeared to collapse, sank down into a shapeless mass. But the white face still shone with that phosphorescent pallor that lights nothing but itself.

Clive stole softly to where she was huddled on the path. He dropped down beside her, reached for her hand and held it tightly. In the revulsion of his emotion it was a moment or two before he could articulate. Then he asked thickly, "What happened? How did you get free?"

"He must have let me go," Aliste said wearily. "I think he made me go with him to the edge of the cliffs to keep you from shooting at him."

"Then he has gone down to the beach?"

"I think so. I don't know ——" Aliste's voice trailed away in a tenuous note.

Clive's clasp of her hand tightened. "Why don't you know? Did he strike you—hurt you in any way?"

She roused herself. "No; except for my wrist as he dragged me along the path. He told me to hurry or he would shoot me. I thought he meant to kill me anyway, and I could scarcely walk. I said to myself, 'He is using me for a shield, and when we come to the top of the cliffs he is going to shoot me.' So when we stopped and he let go my wrist I thought the end had come. I must have fainted. I felt as if I were falling—down to the beach. There were some horrible noises, like wild beasts waiting to spring on me when I struck. Dreadful snarling sounds, and I seemed to be dropping down amongst them. The next I knew I woke up and found myself lying on the path at the very edge."

Clive was silent. He could reconstruct what must have happened. A merciful lapse of consciousness had saved Aliste the final scene in that night's sequence of horrors. Loup had chosen well the spot for a last attack. Like a wolf that selects with the cunning of the wild some defile in the bank where the buck can neither spring aside nor use its antlers to advantage, Loup had stolen on ahead no doubt to creep up onto the mass of rock against which Clive had stood that morning at bay. This was where the enemy must pass to start his descent. The dog, Clive thought, had been flattened on the top of this point of vantage when Aliste's captor had paused, perhaps to slay her.

Then, as the girl had sunk down fainting, the dog must have launched its massive body directly onto the man's shoulders, overborne and swept him over the brink, the wall of rock at this point precipitous. The path turned down here to pass along a ledge on the face of the cliff.

Happily for Aliste's nerves, already yielding under the continued strain, she had escaped witnessing the finale of this sanguinary drama in which all but the dog had blundered. Clive's error had been in waiting too long for the placing and firing of his bomb. Constant's fatal mistake in never suspecting the possibility of an aggressive move by his trapped quarry, that the rabbit was waiting to pounce on the pack. Aliste's captor had doubtless paid with his life for his folly in remaining such instead of clearing out when the way was clear, and minding his step about it. And Aliste herself should have called to Clive before unbolting the kitchen door and stepping out into the grip of the enemy.

Only Loup had played the game true to form, the changeless form of the wild, and so had been the one to finish a hectic campaign that the dog himself had started—launched the first offensive-defensive blow. Loup could not be blamed for his initial defeat. In that he had taken a bold yet crafty chance, and lost the first trick. But instinct, which is race reasoning speeded to the *n*th degree, had carried him through to the final victory, even though this had entailed self-sacrifice. That detail for the warrior, beast or man, is inconsequential, so that his side wins.

XIV

ALISTE'S strength quickly rallied in the knowledge that the danger had passed, and with the comforting presence of Clive. He did not tell her by what means her rescue had been effected. Time enough for that when the spectrum of her surroundings should have regained more normal color tones, lost its lurid notes. Neither did he want her to return to the house, to witness that shambles which was the big living room. Glancing at the luminous dial of his watch, he saw that it was nine o'clock.

"Isn't there somebody in town with whom you can spend the night, Aliste?" he asked presently.

"I could go to the house of the *curé*. He is a dear old man, and a relative to Fanch."

"Then go there by all means."

"Must I tell about all this, Clive? I'm supposed to be Fanch's cousin. He has relatives in the Basses-Pyrénées province. But if I should be examined by the police they are certain to find out all about me."

"I've been thinking of that. What does it matter? These men were after that document, not you."

"I'd rather not figure in such a dreadful affair. I would rather come back to life in some other way."

"That would be better. You have always the reason for your disappearance that you overheard the Porthieus plan to have you pronounced irresponsible and put away in some private retreat. That was the truth."

"But when this is discovered ——"

"Go now to the *curé*," Clive said. "Tell him that while you were getting your supper the dog began to bark furiously. Say that you got frightened, there alone, and slipped out and made for the town. That's all you need tell anybody. I'll remove the traces of my having been there, and then we will push along for the town. Nobody can tell just when all this happened. It might have been later in the night. I don't want to get mixed up in it myself."

"What will they think?" Aliste asked.

"Just another mysterious criminal affair. Everything points to the pursuit of renegades or informers and vengeance on them. You need not enter into it at all. All you have to say is that you slipped out of the house and made for town in a roundabout way because you were frightened at the behavior of the dog. That is what any girl alone might be expected to do. It leaves nothing to question you about."

"What about Fanch?"

"He doesn't look in at all. This thing has all the work of the classic treatment dealt the traitors to a criminal or political conspiracy, even to the blunderbuss. If I had rigged it merely as a prop, it couldn't be more true to form. Just what you would expect of bombers. Everything points to their having been hard pressed and retreating to what looked like a ruined château farm in which to make a stand. You slipped out in the dark when Loup began to bay—that's all."

"Poor Loup."

"He was faithful to his charge. There must be a heaven for dogs like that. We must keep out of this, Aliste, if only to guard against the possible vengeance of this crowd. I think you had better leave Belle Isle in a few days—say that the place terrifies you after what has happened here."

"That's true enough."

"Yes, and just what everybody would expect. The local population will give it a wide berth at night and it won't be long before it gets the name of being haunted. That might be right."

He had raised the girl, and they were making their way back over the path stumblingly, for the darkness had deepened. Reaching the farm Clive left Aliste at the kitchen door and went inside. A few minutes of gruesome work served to efface any possible traces of his presence that skilled investigation might have uncovered. He wiped off the blunderbuss with a dishcloth, then pressed the barrel into the dead hands of Constant. Likewise, effacing any prints to be discovered on such utensils as he had handled, Clive left the signs of the powder-making as they were. Then, having washed the bloodstains from his face and hair, he threw the towel onto the dying fire, put on his hat and went out.

They met with nobody on their way back to the town. As they hurried on in silence Clive's mind was busy with plans for the immediate future of Aliste. He did not believe that she ran any further danger of molestation, even if she were to return openly to the world, saying that in a moment of impulse, hysteria, she had believed herself to be the object of an effort to get her pronounced of unsound mind and committed to a sanitarium for care and observation, and had therefore acted on a desperate means of self-effacement.

Knowledge of the affair obtained in the past few dreadful hours now convinced Clive that the first suspicion of Aliste's still being alive and in hiding had been awakened by the paintings she had sent recently to the Paris art dealer, Le Grand. The two pictures, La Poule et ses Canetons and Pincée, had been seen perhaps in the dealer's show window by the man most interested in her disappearance and that of the document stolen from his custody by Marina, and his knowledge of technic had been enough to impress him by its similarity to Aliste's work. No doubt this man had lived in constant dread lest the document for which he was responsible with his life might fall into the hands of authorities empowered to play havoc with the organization of which he was an officer, and which would then issue orders that he pay the penalty for treachery or carelessness or abuse of trust.

It was easy for Clive to understand the suspicion aroused by his own inquiries. He had been immediately appraised as an American secret-service agent pursuing an investigation in the case of Aliste, probably as the result of some clew discovered, and a knowledge of her possession of the document. The man with the yellow shoes had already requisitioned the aid of Constant and the other. Following Clive would not have been difficult, with a third man inside the lobby of the hotel.

Up to this time, Clive now believed, Aliste's life had not been the objective, but merely the recovery of the document, though what might have happened to the girl if tracked to the farm and unable to give up the incriminating evidence was impossible to say. But Clive's presence there had unquestionably determined the mortal fate of them both. It was not intended that either should leave that place alive.

But the object of an organization of such dimensions as Marina had described this one to be, according to Aliste, was not the pursuit of personal vengeance on outsiders. It would not be concerned with the risk and bother of such petty and personal detail. It struck only at the prominent figures, removed only such insignificant ones as clogged its wheels. Whether or not aware that Aliste had at one time held possession of this document, the fact that she had never been in a position of trust, a sworn agent, but merely the dupe, the cat's-paw, of such would, Clive believed, deter any official vengeance on herself.

If Marina's act were known to other than these three men, then Marina would be the one in danger. But Clive did not believe that this fact had been known, as otherwise it was doubtful that Marina

(Continued on Page 80)

Hard starting and winter lubrication

Why cold weather demands an added margin of safety.

IT is a fact that one oil often makes the starting of your engine much easier than another. Which oil will give the *greatest* ease in this respect?

The Mobiloil engineers have studied the winter lubrication of your car from every angle. The analyses printed here give a quick glimpse of their studies of two of the 1927 models. From these studies they prescribe in the winter column of the Mobiloil Chart the grade of Mobiloil which will give you the greatest margin of safety in cold weather.

The Mobiloil Chart will show you the oil which will give you the greatest freedom from hard starting, oil dilution, excessive use of the choke, strain on the battery and other winter difficulties.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

MAKE THE CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.
Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").
If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Sp 6	A	A						
" other mod	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 4	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	.....	.....
" other mods	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan 6					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	.....	.....
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Ar	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Ar	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	..	..	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
" " 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	.....	.....

NASH

ALL Nash models now feature the seven-bearing crankshaft and a full force feed system of lubrication.

A gear pump supplies oil under pressure to all main crankshaft, crankpin, camshaft, and rocker arm bearings. Piston-pins, cylinder walls, pistons and rings are thoroughly lubricated with oil metered through holes in connecting rods.

The oil supply in the crankcase is passed through an oil filter. This constant purification assures a clean supply of lubricant throughout moving parts. An agitator beneath the oil pump screen protects the intake against stoppage of any nature.

Air cleaners are standard on all models.

Our engineering analysis, confirmed by extensive test and research work, indicates the necessity for an oil with body and character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for summer operation in 1927, 1926 and 1925 models. For 1924 and earlier cars, using the force feed and splash systems of lubrication, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is recommended. In winter, use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in all models.

CADILLAC

THE present Cadillac engine is of 8-cylinder, 90°V, L-head construction and is provided with a centrifugal pump to circulate the cooling water. A thermostatically-controlled shutter is mounted in front of the radiator to insure the maintenance of efficient operating temperatures. Cast-iron pistons of conventional design are used fitted with three piston-rings above the piston-pin, the lowest one being a special oil-control ring.

The engine is lubricated by a force feed system. A gear pump mounted outside the crankcase delivers oil under pressure to all crankshaft, crankpin and camshaft bearings and to the timing-chain and sprockets. All other engine parts are lubricated by the oil spray from the lower connecting-rod bearings. A large oil screen prevents sediment from entering the oil pump intake and contamination of the oil is greatly retarded by the special oil filter and the crankcase ventilating system.

Our thorough analysis of Cadillac design confirmed by extensive laboratory and field experience indicates that on the present series car most efficient lubrication under summer conditions will be insured by the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB." For previous models, which were not equipped with the crankcase ventilator, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in summer. Under winter operating conditions an oil of greater fluidity is necessary to insure ready starting and positive oil circulation; consequently Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is recommended for all models.

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MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas.*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

FASHIONS FOR THE FAMOUS

Dressmaking Days With Lady Duff-Gordon, as Told by Her First Model, Miss Elsie, to Avery Strakosch

AFTER each exhibition, unique not only for the presentations but because of the audience as well, Lady Duff-Gordon's establishment buzzed like a great hive. This hive was filled with queens; no drones were encouraged. After the last dress was shown, I took orders, or made appointments to show again, privately, any of the costumes which had taken the fancy of a customer. Some women are odd in that they must have special attention shown them, or else they do not believe the dressmaker is really interested in making their clothes. Afterward, Sturgees served tea if it was in the afternoon, or delicacies if in the evening.

Crotchety ladies were never well received. I shall never forget a stout little customer from Lancashire. She evidently came to us because she had heard or read it was the thing to do. One look at her and I knew Lady Duff-Gordon's interest would be at low ebb. As she was fat and dumpy, I insisted upon a most simple dress, one with very little trimming, in the least conspicuous places. Indeed, at the final fitting I was very proud of the result, for she looked almost human, and actually had a dash of style, despite her bad figure. I can't say she seemed equally pleased over it all, but nevertheless she paid her bill quickly and with good grace. I bowed her out, feeling sure she would never return. But my surmise was wrong. In less than a month she was back, coldly cordial to me, and insisting she must be attended this time by Lady Duff-Gordon herself. Then she took off her wrap. My beautiful dress was ruined! She had added bows and ruffles, with bits of terrible lace tacked here and there. Fortunately, Her Ladyship was away, so I could truthfully and happily say it was impossible for them to meet.

A Great Honor

NOT so simple, however, was the coming of a customer with a sharp and grating voice, a customer who made it plain that she had ideas of her own. This woman was extremely wealthy, which mattered not at all to us. But despite her unpleasant characteristics, she had something unusual in her personality. This quality caught Lady Duff-Gordon's imagination, I suppose; and though we dreaded her coming, we were actually fascinated by the way she took on a dress, giving it a peculiar distinction. She was dark and tall, with a mop of blue-black hair. She looked like the favorite yet dissatisfied wife of some Indian rajah. We nicknamed her the Dusky Princess. Her ideas about what she should and should not wear were quite wrong; the only way we could make her believe this was to ignore her suggestions entirely. So the odd part of it all was that she did accept and wear beautifully any dress made by us, but only after much argument and bickering. Naturally, this became most tiresome.

One day she came for final fittings on eight lovely dresses She made her usual comments and foolish suggestions. Lady Duff-Gordon walked swiftly to one end of the fitting room, and I thought she was going out to leave me alone with this termagant. But she turned about and said in a low, controlled voice, at white heat with anger, "If you come to me in this manner, you must leave everything to me entirely, or go away."

Perhaps the quiet, dignified tone irritated the Dusky Princess. I do not know. But suddenly she raised her voice in a loud, ill-bred manner. Lady Duff-Gordon walked back to a table where the lovely dresses were, looked at them for a moment, then picked them up.

"These are my property," she said. "Please have this woman put out."

With that she left the room with the dresses while I stood to hear invectives poured down upon the house of Duff-Gordon. Needless to say, we never saw this customer again.

Their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Minto came to our showings whenever they were in London. After he was appointed Viceroy of India, the countess called upon Lady Duff-Gordon with a worried expression over her fair face, the small, fine features perplexed. Lady Eileen and Lady Ruby Elliott, their two lovely daughters, had finished school but a short time before, and according to their mother had no clothes, which has doubtless been the cry of all lovely women throughout the ages. The earl's appointment meant many official functions to be attended, as well as other social duties, before going out to India. Their time in London was limited. Lady Eileen and Lady Ruby came with their mother.

"What shall I do?"

Lady Duff-Gordon looked first at the countess, then appraisingly at the two beautiful girls. I recognized that light of amusement settling in Her Ladyship's eyes. For her, nothing was so simple in all the world as to design dresses for young women of beauty and charm.

"Will you trust me?"

"Trust you? Dearest Lady Duff-Gordon, I will place them in your hands entirely, if you will take them." So before they left, a promise was made to make them twenty dresses each. But before these were finished, she became so enthusiastic over the way they graced her creations, she was inspired to make ten more besides. The earl and countess, as well as their daughters, were delighted at this, which was truly an honor.

Elinor Glyn as the Heroine and Charles Bryant as Paul in the Stage Production of Mrs. Glyn's Novel, Three Weeks. Dresses by Lady Duff-Gordon

Absentee Customers

MAKING clothes for the daughters of the Viceroy of India was not the beginning of our enormous trade with that far-away country. Many of our customers had already gone out to stay with their husbands, officers in the army, or civil servants, or members of the viceregal staff. It became my duty to systematize a book of names which I marked Indian Customers. Years later, I kept other books listing American, French and English customers. We took the customer's measurements before she left, asking her to inform us, whenever she ordered a dress, whether she had grown stouter or thinner—and where—so that the dress would fit as well as possible without the customary fittings.

I constantly received letters from Bombay or Calcutta or some station in the hills. "You have my measurements," a customer would write. "I must have a new evening gown. Don't forget, I look shocking in gray," and so on. The selection of a style would almost always be left to us, while Lady Duff-Gordon chose the color combination and often suggested changes in the model. Of course, such a letter would call forth some comment from Her Ladyship: "Doesn't want gray, eh? No wonder! She's getting on a bit. Afraid of a grandmotherly look, I suppose. Dear, dear! I wonder what color her hair is now. Did she say?"

The picturesquely diversified pageant in India, in which the viceregal party took part, kept us well occupied. As I look back, I wonder at the time we had for accomplishing things in those days—time, even when we were busiest, to consider customers as individuals, not as a group under the heading of type, as is done in some large dressmaking establishments today. Lady Duff-Gordon always gave intensive consideration not only to all model dresses but to the background which various customers would give them. I have often heard her murmur as she designed, for instance, a tea

gown, "Lady So-and-So could wear this exceedingly well, but not with the high lights of her drawing-room."

According to the letters from India, I kept a listing of the various social functions, the large receptions and great parties, which were given in honor of Indian rajahs and princes of various provinces, and for our own English viceroyalty as well. We allowed eight weeks for correspondence. This permitted one to give an order and to receive a sketch of the costume and samples of the materials before making a decision. This business of selecting sketches and searching for perfect color combinations was a tiresome task which took not only a great deal of time but lots of imagination as well. In the early years of this century it was not considered becoming for a brunette to wear the pastel shades, the light greens, the faded-rose colors and the delicate amethyst tints. These colors belonged to blondes entirely. Thus, in sending the design of a dress or the costume itself to India, I had to remember whether the customer was fair-haired or otherwise.

One afternoon, when I was looking over a newly arrived batch of mail from India, Lord de la Warr stopped in for tea with Lady Duff-Gordon. He found me rather perplexed at my desk

"What's bothering you, Elsie?" he asked.

"I can't remember this customer's coloring. I haven't seen her for years." I told him her name. Just then Lady Duff-Gordon came into the room.

"My dear girl," she said quickly, "Lady — is as raven-headed as you are blond!"

"That's one on you, my dear!" Lord de la Warr laughed gayly. "Peroxide will have its little way! Lady —— and I danced together one night before I came here on leave, less than three months ago, and I give you my word she was then as red-headed as Cleopatra, and rapidly going blond! She can probably beat Elsie for towheadedness by now"

Astray

FINALLY it became impossible to depend on memory alone, what with distance, time—and peroxide. We finally made it a practice to keep a record of our customer's appearance—as she looked to us—as well as her figure. These means of identification, individual as they were, made things much easier for me, especially when women had similar surnames. However, these descriptions weren't always flattering. Many a time Her Ladyship, looking over my shoulder at the carefully worded characterization, would make some deft comment, causing anyone near by to burst out laughing. I have an old book which says in my own handwriting, "The Countess of ——, hips 44, waist 24, bust 38," after which is scrawled pointedly, in Her Ladyship's hand, "Dyed blond, very lumpy."

A charming woman, a Mrs. Blank, lived with her husband for a time in Northern India. She was an old customer, ordering an occasional dress as she needed it. Whenever she came to England on leave she was sure to stop in to see us, and always, before returning, selected several new models to take with her. One day, after she had been away for some time, I received a letter saying she needed an evening dress of emerald green. She hoped Lady Duff-Gordon would give it her immediate personal attention and send it on as quickly as possible

It so happened that my employer was experimenting at that time with those floaty, soft, sea-water greens, and had developed a dress that was almost breath-taking, so startling was its beauty. One needed to be tall, stately and gloriously fair to wear it well, to give it a flair and life Mrs. Blank was tall and stately, but a quiescent type. We felt it was not exactly the model to suit her. But when a cable came, asking us to hurry the dress, as she was leaving Derajat, we decided to send it on.

As the weeks ran into months, I was rather surprised to receive no word from Mrs. Blank. I felt that no one could wear that dress without writing in appreciation to the maker of it. Then at last a letter came—a letter in a strange handwriting. The signature was that of a Mrs. Blank, but one entirely unknown to us. I shall never forget that letter. A short document of confession it was, an analysis of this woman's emotions.

It seemed, by some fluke of the post at the Indian end, or through an error made by the young woman in charge of our shipments — we never knew definitely — the sea-green gown went astray. Our Mrs. Blank had left for India when it arrived, and to this stranger it was delivered, in all its fresh beauty. According to her letter, she had opened it out of sheer curiosity. Our label was on the outside of the box, and as she had never dealt with Lady Duff-Gordon, nor dreamed of doing so, she had a certain amount of fear and trepidation

Marion, the Second of Lady Duff-Gordon's Models

A Recent Photograph of the Queen of Spain

When she saw a beautiful dress before her, it was quite a feminine gesture to hold it up to her figure before a mirror. To her astonishment, it seemed her size. The next step was to try it on, and she found it fitted so well, so perfectly in each detail, she wondered for the moment if a generous aunt in England had not sent it to her as a surprise. Feeling through the tissue paper in which it was wrapped, she knew this couldn't be true. There was an envelope, but it held no letter—only the bill. When she saw that, she wrote, she knew most certainly the dress was not intended for her. A young captain's wife in the Indian army didn't buy dresses at twenty-four guineas! Indeed, this particular young captain's wife was not interested in gowns, and had not been for some time, until this one arrived.

According to her letter, up to that time she had been most unhappy. Another woman, an extremely well-dressed person, had, she thought, caused her unhappiness She had been about to announce her intention of returning to England, when the Duff-Gordon creation arrived. After a first and natural hesitation, she put all thought of honor behind her and adopted the dress as her very own. Then she wore it to a function where comparisons could only result in her favor.

Her husband, astonished at the vision of loveliness she made—she, it seems, was tall, stately and glowingly fair again forgot all other women in the world but his wife Through this dress, dishonorably acquired as it was, she felt she had regained her happiness. Inclosed was a check for double the amount of the bill. It was her birthday money, she wrote, and she wished to share half of it with the person who packed and sent the dress. I gave twenty-four guineas to a dazed young woman by the name of Marie, without offering any explanation.

Buck

CONTRARY to the shoemaker of the old bromide who had no shoes himself or for his children, Lady Duff-Gordon designed and had many clothes made especially for her own wear. She also saw to it that her employes were well dressed, sometimes at her own expense. At intervals she ordered complete trousseaus; everything concerning her was of the utmost daintiness and splendor. She used to say she was the reincarnation of Marie Antoinette, and she believed it too! Indeed, she is the most queenly person I have ever known, her every gesture a royal one. Although there must be a certain amount of artificiality in the atmosphere of any dressmaking establishment, with each person striving to gain or maintain some effect, Lady Duff-Gordon was always preaching against this quality in the characters of her employes. She was forever telling us to strive toward a higher goal. Whatever her psychology may have lacked in depth, it made up in sincerity; if some of the sentiments were a bit naïve, she showed a real interest in the circle of our lives as it touched hers.

When Jack London's book, The Call of the Wild, was being read and discussed by all sorts and types, Her Ladyship gave each of us a copy in which she inscribed some uplifting sentiment over her signature. She believed Jack London's dog character, Buck, an inspirational figure to think of in a desire "to soar above others," as she called it She was very serious about this, and went one day to a jeweler's, where she ordered brooches for each one of us. They were tiny golden heads of Buck, resting on small wings, all a symbol of soaring. For a long time thereafter each girl came to work with a little Buck brooch pinned to her blouse to inspire her to a greater effort for advancing in life!

We always had a black cat in the establishment for luck. Three static aristocratic chows there were also—brown Bobbie; the mother of Marmood, also brown; and Iswood, severely black, of whom Her Ladyship was very fond. But

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Quality Guards Buick Leadership

One refinement after another suggests the loyalty to quality which prevails in the manufacture of the Buick motor car.

For years volume savings have been devoted to the enrichment of Buick quality and value, until—

Today, the Buick engine is *vibrationless beyond belief*, performance that startled the motor car industry.

Today, Buick is the only car with the Sealed Chassis, to guard the efficiency of every working part—

And the car with the Vacuum Ventilator, which prevents oil dilution and keeps noxious engine fumes out of closed car interiors.

Many other excellent and exclusive features testify to the never-ending search by Buick for the new and better thing.

Quality is the strength of Buick, and a dominating reason for leadership in sales. Only an extraordinary product could deserve the universal public approval which today belongs to Buick.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETT[illegible]OMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

WHY GO WEST?—By Albert W. Atwood

A FORMER governor of a Western state whose long and distinguished record of public service is matched by varied experience in large business affairs, once said to me that opportunities in the Far West are not, on the whole, as great as in the East, but that the inclination of all young men is for the West rather than for the East.

"I have a nephew who graduated from Harvard a few years ago and who is now managing one of the family cattle ranches," he added. "That is what he wanted to do; he likes it and he is doing well at it. But from the standpoint of making a success in life, there is nothing in it.

"If by opportunity or success you mean making enough money eventually to own a place on Long Island, to go to the Follies and to meet the Prince of Wales at house parties, that boy has made a mistake."

Mount Wilbur From McDermott Lake, Glacier National Park, Montana

The question of relative opportunities for the average young man in the Far West as compared with older portions of the country is still of immediate and personal interest to great numbers of people. I say "still" because of the statement so often made that the old West is gone. We have been told a thousand times that the frontier is no more; that the old easy days of immense tracts of free land and unlimited opportunity, which provided a safe outlet for restless adventurers, are of the past.

Distant Pastures Always Greenest

OF COURSE the old West is no more; nor is the old East either. All sections are changing all the time, and for the better, we hope. But men go West as much as ever. They go South and East and North. This is a country in which individuals and families may and often do completely change their lot, their status and their entire fortunes by moving from one section to another.

This has always been the case, and there is no evidence that the American people have changed their habits. Perhaps the automobile has even accentuated the tendency of many folks to seek a change in fortune by a far-reaching change of base. Florida and California are but examples.

This is a large country. Many people in one section cannot be expected to know about the conditions in another. Distant pastures are always greenest, and the hope of finding a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is not dead as yet in the hearts of men. There is always the chance of doing better in a country that is newer than the one left behind. The Easterner may not find the new West so exotic as the old West or the old frontier; but when he changes he is looking for something new and different, and the West still fits that description.

It would be strange, indeed, if this movement wholly stops, at least in any near future. There is variety enough in this country to make people want to move, and there is not the tradition to keep them on the soil or in a fixed place, that still exerts such an influence in European countries.

The writer of a popular newspaper column recently exclaimed in despairing headlines: Decide Your Life Occupation for Yourself. He went on to say that he was burdened with letters from readers, couched in some such language as this: "Will you please advise us which part of the country and which city we should go to? We would like to move to a city or state where there are more advantages. Your articles on the South and West interest us very much. Do you really believe there are opportunities there for a family such as ours? If so, from your travels, which state or city would you recommend?"

The columnist insisted: "I do wish readers would not request me to assume any such responsibility. Each one of us must make his own vital decisions. May there not be some truth in the saying that the man who cannot make up his own mind is unlikely ever to make much else?"

Now it is a very real and a very serious question whether business and professional opportunities in the West equal those of the East. Numerous graduates of a leading university on the Pacific Coast have gone East to attend one of the most prominent of the graduate schools of business administration, and then, with their superior education, have promptly remained in the East to accept good positions. One of the frankly acknowledged reasons for the recent establishment of a similar graduate school of business in one of the Western universities is to attempt to hold these young men for the business enterprises of the Coast.

"Where is your boy going to settle?" I asked a successful California business man whose son graduated a few years ago from one of the great Eastern universities and is just about to finish a law course at the most famous of all these institutions.

"I don't know," was the reply. "My only suggestion to him is to seize the finest opportunity that offers. Of course, if he gets a really good chance in New York, that will beat anything else."

"I had to acknowledge to a boy in Toledo with whom I had been corresponding," said an official of one of the largest chambers of commerce in the Far West, "that salaries were not so large here as in the East; and that unless he had to come out, he had better stay where he was."

Some of the basic industries of the West have been going through a cycle of depression in recent years which cannot but affect the whole area. This is true of agriculture, stock grazing and mining. Oil has been an exception.

The Geography of Opportunity

THERE are only a few large cities in the West; the East has scores of them. The bulk of the great corporations of the country have their main offices in the East, mostly in New York, but with numbers in cities like Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis. If one believes that big business covers the map of opportunity, then the East is the place, because it is in the East that big business centers

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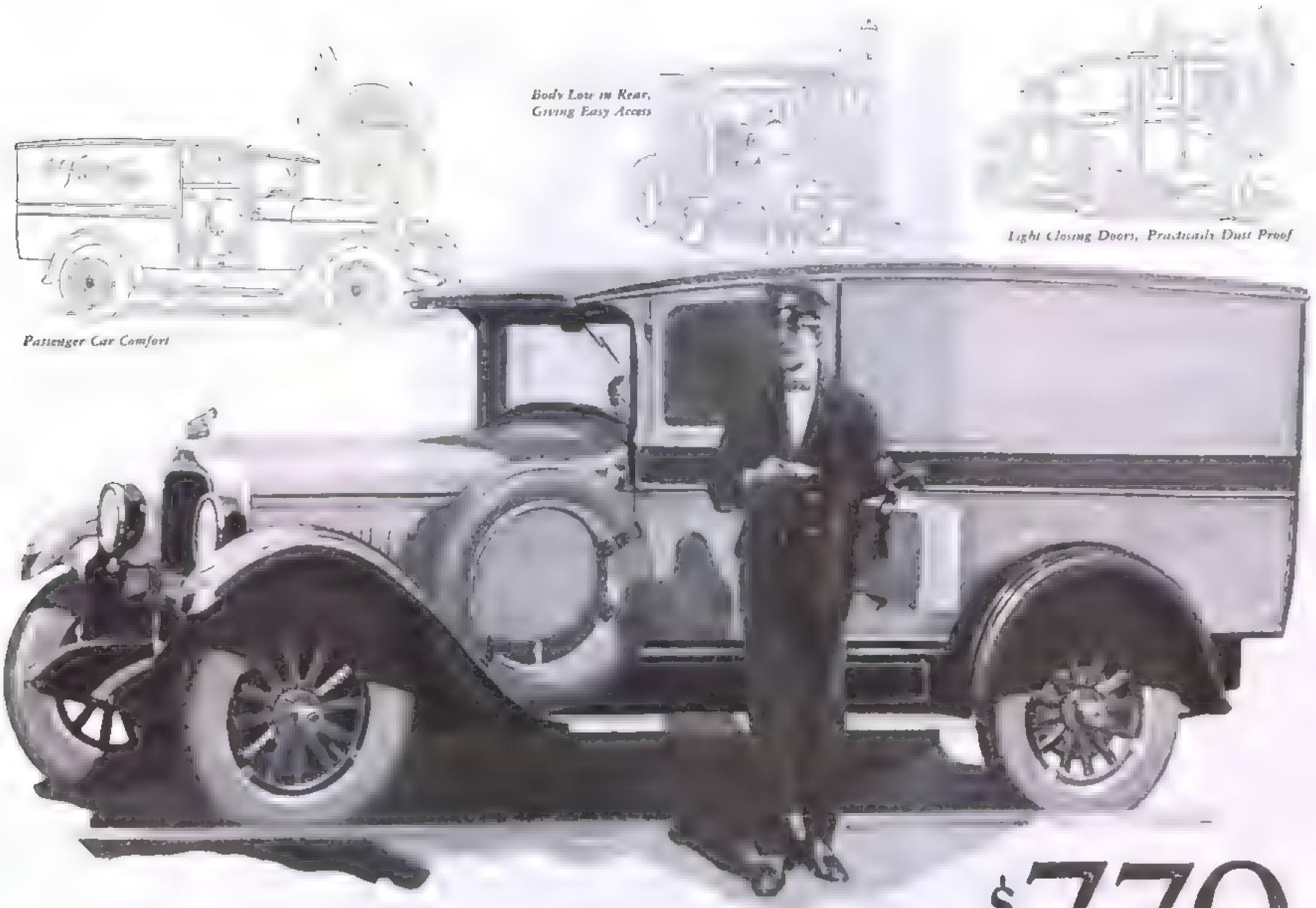
Sunset on Crater Lake, Oregon

El Gobernador, Zion National Park, Utah



Only 5 months old and now you see it everywhere

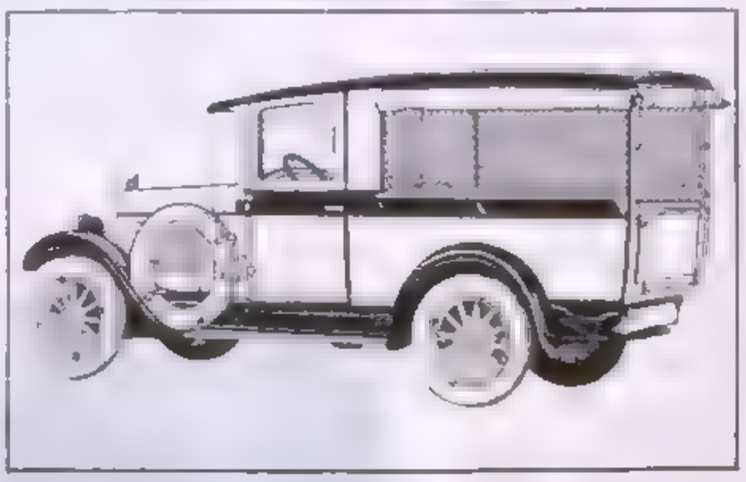
In the enthusiastic reception accorded the Panel Body Type of the Pontiac Six De Luxe Delivery, the Oakland Motor Car Company found conclusive proof that the business world has long needed and wanted dependable six-cylinder transportation at low cost. A wide variety of trades immediately accepted the Panel Body Type for their delivery service and the success of the Pontiac Six for commercial purposes was at once established . . . Now Oakland goes a step farther toward completely revolutionizing commercial transportation by announcing the Screen Body Type De Luxe Delivery . . . . A new order of commercial car appearance originates in the De Luxe Delivery. Low, rakish lines mark both the Panel Body Type and the Screen Body Type as distinct innovations in their field. And brilliant, easily cleaned Duco completes the attractive appearance of the cars . . . In the same way Pontiac Six performance introduces new and vital flexibility into commercial transportation . . . . Powered by the famous Pontiac Six engine, the De Luxe Delivery is "keyed to traffic." It is capable of creeping along in congested streets and accelerating rapidly to passenger car speeds when conditions permit. Inherent stamina and dependability keep the Pontiac Six on the road day after day without faltering . . . And its low first cost, low operating cost and low maintenance cost effect savings unparalleled by any other commercial car of comparable quality, ability and capacity! . . . In production only five months, its revolutionary design has already created a wildfire demand for the Pontiac Six De Luxe Delivery . . . See the nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer and have him explain the many advantages embodied in the latest Oakland triumph!

Oakland Motor Car Company Pontiac, Michigan
Pontiac Division—General Motors Products . . . Canada Ltd., Oshawa

$770

Including Body, f. o. b. factory

Finish—Balsam Blue Duco, belted with Burning Bush Orange and handsomely striped. Panel construction—wood and metal veneer cemented under pressure to provide unusual strength and to prevent rattle. Equipment includes Fisher V-type windshield with automatic cleaner, [illegible], cowl parking lights; individual sedan seats providing passenger car comfort; plate glass [illegible], nickeled door handles, [illegible] tank located in the rear [illegible], [illegible] heavy duty [illegible] and [illegible] tires.



Screen Body Type—sides of heavy material treated for protection from weather—roll leather curtains—at factory $760

PONTIAC SIX

DE LUXE DELIVERY

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"Even if you start a grocery store in a small town," said a lawyer from one of the Rocky Mountain states, "some chain may come along and beat you to it. One can own a farm in the West, or sell real estate or life insurance or bonds, or practice a profession. As for anything else, big business controls it. Where are the big businesses? In the East."

The railroads that traverse the West are largely owned in the East and mostly managed from there. The same is true of the big mining and utility and oil companies. In the past few years several of the largest independent public utility and oil companies in California, organizations of which that state was very proud, indeed, have passed into the ownership of vast impersonal Wall Street holding companies.

Western effort, indeed, seems to be largely centered on getting Eastern money and caring for Eastern tourists. It is a fair question to raise, therefore, whether the young man will not find more opportunity where wealth and population so abound. Perhaps the West merely seems the land of opportunity because of the unquestioned lure of its open spaces. A gentleman living in the West who was once in the diplomatic service remarked to me:

"The West always has a lure for the outsider. When I was a young secretary at the St. Petersburg legation, I used to see the Grand Duke Alexis now and then. He would leave far more important guests to chat with me about the West. Grand balls given him in New York were the vaguest of memories, but he would talk by the hour of how he had hunted mountain sheep or met an old Indian scout."

So we must be sure that when we hear men talk about opportunity in the West they mean what they say, and that they are not merely expressing their natural inclination toward the country, the lure that gets so many of us.

The Trail of the Itching Foot

A YOUNG man who had lived for several years on a fancy so-called ranch of his own in the West finally ran through all his money and had to go to work. A good position with an excellent future was obtained for him in an Eastern city.

But he reported back to his friends that he was discontented with the East and anxious to return to his old haunts. A disinterested outsider might raise the question whether the discontent was really with the East as much as it was with the discipline to be found there.

In other words, the bald clear-cut question of the relative business openings in East and West is clouded and confused by the westward movement, even more pronounced now than in pioneer days, of restless, migratory and sometimes discontented people.

There are men and women, young, middle-aged and old, who go to California or other Western states merely to get a new deal, to be shaken up. Some go because of failure elsewhere, because of domestic difficulties, and in many cases either to improve their health or to get away from the sad surroundings and memories following the death of a husband or wife, father, mother or child.

Of course many of the latter are the finest, the choicest of citizens. The only point I am making is that much of the westward movement has no conceivable relation to the question of opportunity.

A Mountain Resort in Arizona

There is no cold calculation concerning the openings or offerings. There is merely a blind desire, oftentimes reasonable enough, to get away from old and into new surroundings.

There is no use preaching about it. We can say that if people were at peace with themselves they would not willingly be pulled up by the roots and transplanted to new and strange scenes. We can deprecate the restlessness of the old pioneer, brought up to date by adding a desire to make money in a hurry and without work. We can laugh at the idea, so prevalent and so often fallacious, that it is the place and not the man that counts.

Nothing is more certain than that change of location does not necessarily mean improvement. There is the poor boy who leaves the country village for the city and twenty years later revisits his old home a millionaire; and there is the boy who would have become a substantial citizen if he had only remained in the old home, and grows into a penniless wanderer by leaving it.

"One-third of the population left this place some years ago when the crops failed," said a very successful Western agriculturist who has stuck to one locality. "I know them all, and I can testify that three-quarters of them would be better off today if they had remained here and kept right on growing the same product."

One could hardly pick out a more unlikely literary center than Salome, Arizona. Most young men and women who are ambitious to write beat it for New York City at all costs. The late Dick Wick Hall lived out on the desert and made the few buildings that surrounded his service station a nationally famous oasis. He merely made the best of his life as he found it, and he made it count.

Art is not alone in being long. Success in business, farming or a professional career often requires years, which the impatient and restless will not give. Their idea is to seek fortune first in one and then in another place.

Attracting Work to the Workers

SOME parts of the West, of course, attract more restless spirits than others. In all the health centers there is naturally a heavy turnover in population, a large transient element. One small city in the Southwest is said to have from 2000 to 3000 floating sick people at all times.

It is often said that the problem of Los Angeles is to attract enough industries to provide jobs for the people who flood into the city. In a sense, the problem of the whole Southwest, or of any other climate-attracting region, is slightly different from that, and a more difficult one. It is to provide jobs at which people who are getting over being sick can work without a relapse to their old difficulty.

In one of the smaller cities of the Southwest, which has specialized on attracting the health seeker, the manager of the boosting organization was asked whether many of the people attracted by his advertisements or with whom he had corresponded wanted work.

"Many of them do, but the ones that come don't," was his reply. "We tell them that this is a health city with never enough jobs to go around. We try to be absolutely honest about it. We discourage them from the start. We don't feel it's right to get them here under false pretenses."

The Northwest has not developed as a health resort. In Nevada this is partly due to the heritage of its bonanza-mining days. People went there originally not expecting to stay, and that attitude of temporariness has persisted to an extent which makes a hard struggle for those who believe in the state and have high ideals for its future.

Nor is Nevada the only mountain and desert state of which this is true. All through the region one finds complaint that people do not regard the particular state in which they live as a permanent abiding place, but are merely seeking to accumulate enough to go to Southern California or Florida or New York to live.

Yet if we follow them to Southern California, the element of social stability is not much if any greater there. It is no uncommon thing to find communities in the northern part of the state turning out 20 per cent

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Transporting Big Timber in Oregon

The little MARMON 8

AMERICA'S FIRST TRULY FINE SMALL CAR

You just knew somebody, some day would build a car like this

THREE YEARS AGO—some one commented—"Why is it that none of our fine car manufacturers have built a small fine car? The market is here—if the car is really distinctive and outstanding in workmanship and performance." That, fortunately, is exactly what Marmon has produced in the little Marmon 8

THIS little Marmon Eight has been in the back of 'most everybody's mind for years. Perhaps not tangibly, but the idea was there just the same.

It was the one development—probably more anticipated than any in the history of automobiles.

And why not?

Here is a little gem of a car that has actually removed all conscious effort of driving—a car that zips through traffic and can show a real clean, honest seventy miles per hour on the open road.

Riding ease that actually gives you a five, six or even seven thousand dollar feel of transportation.

A true cosmopolitan, too, this little Marmon. Its unusual looks and well bred manner make it an important new member in any gathering of automobiles.

Now, what more can any automobile possibly be, without going to the realm of large, luxurious motor cars?

As to who are buying this automobile, it is as we forecast some weeks ago:

First: those who already own the most expensive makes have found the little Marmon 8 ideal as a *second* car.

Secondly: those who for years have wanted to own one of America's finest makes but who up till now have never had the means to afford it.

Thirdly: those who judge automobiles on the basis of what they are and what they will do have found that a really new era is here in the little Marmon.

Production of the little Marmon is now in full stride. Dealers in practically every representative city are prepared to show you an entirely different automobile experience.

Remember—Marmon is manufacturing the little Marmon Eight in its own plants and to the well known Marmon standard of precision manufacture—an absolute guarantee of first quality throughout.

MARMON MOTOR CAR CO., INDIANAPOLIS

What it will do—and why

70 honest miles per hour with ease—Ability to maintain top speed hour after hour. Line-eight motor delivers more power in proportion to size than any other engine in the world outside of aviation and the speedway.

Fastest acceleration ever known due to new discoveries in line-eight carburetion and scientific valve design. Because of equi-distant "down-draft" manifolding, gas travels exactly the same distance to all eight cylinders, thereby solving the one stubborn line-eight problem of keeping the end cylinders from being "starved."

Lightning-quick gear shift—and remarkably easy in all phases of driving and handling.

18-22 miles per gallon of gasoline—Oil consumption practically negligible. New advanced type of oil purifier.

Easy riding as cars twice its weight—due to basic new comfort factors applied for first time to smaller car design. Rubber-set hydraulic spring suspension, with longest springs in proportion to wheelbase, of any car in the world anchored into husky rubber knuckles instead of shackles, combined with perfect chassis balance and Lovejoy Hydraulic shock absorbers engineered into the design.

Extremely low-hung design—but with normal headroom and road clearance, made possible by new Hypoid gear drive.

the little MARMON 8

COMPANION TO THE LARGE MARMON (SERIES 75)

PRICES: STANDARD MODELS $1795 UPWARD ALL UNDER $2,000 F. O. B. FACTORY ALSO SEVERAL VERY STRIKING CUSTOM-BUILT DESIGNS

(Continued from Page 40

more votes in proportion to the adult population than in the south. Many people who live in Los Angeles have not yet taken root or become citizens in any real sense of the word.

In this particular case it is a question whether population for a time did not outstrip the facilities for assimilating it, whether too much effort was not directed to attracting new people and not enough to organizing the existing situation.

Then, too, the West is filled with still another class of people whose interest in and connection with jobs and business opportunities are highly fleeting and transient. These are the men and women, mostly young, but with a large sprinkling of the middle-aged, who are seeing the world and doing it by working their way.

I cannot prove it, but have the feeling from considerable observation that the first place a young man or woman heads for who is seeing the world on a series of jobs is the West. One young woman seeking stenographic work writes from Arizona as follows:

"I am a tramp stenographer, moving about from place to place ever since 1919, frankly looking for novelty."

One rather general impression of employment conditions, in both the higher and lower rungs, which one gathers in the health-seeking portions of the West is that men and women often take positions beneath their abilities and previous training. The health seeker has to take what he can get. In the same way, if a married couple goes to a place because of its climate, the husband, even though he be perfectly well, may find the legal, medical, engineering and mercantile ranks already overcrowded. He did not go there because the community was sorely in need of another lawyer's services; he went for his wife's health.

This same condition is accentuated by the seeing-the-world people. They take what they can get, often far below their educational and intellectual level—anything to earn enough to see the state and then move on.

No Fear of Change

BUT there is another reason for the condition referred to. People starting life over again, even though they and all their relatives are normally healthy, and even despite a willingness to stay in the new home the rest of their lives, cannot expect to start in where they left off. If an Easterner is sought by a Western concern he starts in where he left off, or a little better. But there are many cases of men and families going West just for a general new deal or for health reasons, without any specific position in view. Unless there is a nest egg, these people must naturally grab the first job they can get. They cannot afford the time to look around.

But the fact that one must make a beginning in any new country is hardly an argument against that country. Nor is the make-up of so much Western population an obstacle to discourage the young man with initiative and energy. In fact, it is quite the contrary.

To the extent that the West has restless migratory people, many of whom are as free as birds of the air of any intention of settling down or seriously pursuing a career, and with a group of the physically unfit, it follows logically that the man who sticks, who has the backbone to perform hard and sometimes dirty tasks, is in a favored class.

Westerners themselves complain of social instability. "Few people seem to have any roots here," they bemoan. "Almost any house is for sale." But that sullied shield has another and brighter side. The very lack of roots and old interrelations, the very fact of a socially undeveloped situation, creates a type of opportunity—by no means the only kind, but a very real one—which is sure to be seized upon by those who have the stuff in them.

In a sense, the newcomer in the West should and must create his own opportunity. He has broken loose from old traditions and connections. He is in a new environment and he can and should do new things.

Without denying in any way the enormous variety and extent of business openings in the East, it is at least a fair question whether a man cannot do something entirely new in the West with rather less disturbance to things as they are.

Losing a position or a business does not seem to loom quite so large as it does in the East. There is rather more readiness to start life over again, decidedly less fear of change; nor is there any question that people change from one business or occupation to another with fewer questions asked, with less raising of the eyebrows than in the East.

A man in the East had large investments in lumber and public utilities. These he sold out and moved to the Pacific Coast. In the course of time he reinvested his money in a large ballroom and dancing-pavilion enterprise. This change of investments might have caused his Eastern friends a moment's smile. Not so in the West.

The West Side of the Cascade Range in Salt Creek Canyon. Railroad Engineers Cut Through Solid Rock and Hewed a Great Lane Through Forests in Building This Road

I do not go so far as to say that there are actual social gradations of investment in the East. It is not so clear-cut as that. But there are lines which are not drawn or even known in the West.

An apprentice to a linen merchant in Ireland landed in a Western state during one of the early real-estate booms. He promptly took to driving a hack. A little later he followed the crowd to a big mining camp, but instead of trying to get into the mining game he at once undertook to supply the miners with drinking water.

When he died a few years ago he owned one of the largest mines. The point of the story, however, is that he was quick to capitalize the new emergency—the need for water.

Thousands of poor boys have risen to high positions in the East, far more in total numbers than in the West. But there is something in the spirit and organization of Western life which encourages a quick change of base on the part of the man with initiative.

The Westerner argues, and not without a show of reason, that there is more tolerance in his country than in the East toward the chap who is forced to start life anew. There seems to be less pride about making a change, and perhaps less fear in asking help from others. There are fewer traditions to tie one, certainly. Possibly there is less snobbery toward the man who is down, less knocking of the fellow who is starting anew.

In fact, this tolerance of starting life anew has its drawbacks, although in the main it is one of the most valuable features of life in the West. Now and then a newcomer is so imbued with the spirit of change that he insists upon going into a new occupation, although his surest bet may be to stick to what he knows. He says he is sick of the old game, although that happens to be the very line most likely to produce profits.

There is no little force in the argument that if one wants a job the East is the place, but if an opportunity in life is the goal, then the West has much to offer. In the East business is more highly organized, and the tendency of great numbers of people is to fit into the organization snugly and safely rather than go out and organize for themselves.

You cannot join a group of men in the West without hearing a conversation about empires. They talk, as a matter of course, of this or that district being an empire. The East is more of an empire than the West so far as wealth is concerned, but people who talk that way in the East are considered mildly nutty.

Thus one is never surprised to find Harvard and Yale men in remote little Rocky Mountain villages, filling small nooks. There may have been more wealth and far more actual opportunity in the East, but the precious possession of their individuality is not so hard to keep in the West.

A Larger Niche

THE unadorned truth is that one fills a larger niche in the West with the same ability. More responsibility is thrown on younger men.

A young Columbia University engineering graduate went West and was engaged in the railroad business for some time. He then joined the staff of a newly formed bank, although without banking experience. He remained with the bank twenty years, eventually becoming president. Then well along in life he became president of a great mercantile establishment. Speaking of his career, he said:

"I wouldn't change the variety of my experience for any gift. I admit that the volume of business and profits is larger in the East. That is partly because of the more intense specialization, and I believe that is the general tendency everywhere. But we still have very little specialization, and therefore less confinement in a groove, and, I feel, a fuller development of the individual life."

The writer can think of a number of men in Arizona, for example, who overlap whole states, who think and act in terms of interstate projects. The same men in the East would be respectable, polished, self-satisfied members of law, banking, engineering and wholesale firms; useful citizens, but with no thought beyond their own occupations and social connections.

"I agree with you that there are more jobs in the East," said Irving E. Vining, president of the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce, in reply to my inquiry. "But so many of them are mere routine conventional jobs. It is only the exceptional young fellow who can get ahead there. It requires more initiative in the East to accomplish things. A little initiative—a new idea—goes far in the West. In the East a new idea is smothered up; it can't push forward without disturbing so much else because of the interrelations.

"The spirit of the West is that every tomorrow is better than today. There is the West in every man; it's part of his boyhood days. We here in the West want to reclaim that desire in men just as much as we want to reclaim desert land, and we believe we can offer a personal chance that is less of a mere echo of what is conventional than in the East."

(Continued on Page 70)

The Graybar Tag—symbol of distribution.

The sky's the limit

The great gaunt skyscraper reaches high into the air, as though the sky were really the limit. Indeed, it almost is. For electric motors, as supplied by Graybar, are on the job to lend their strength to the raising of steel and stone—and for many another task in industry or the home.

Truly, "the sky's the limit" to the services of electric motors—as Graybar users can testify. "The sky's the limit," too, to Graybar's service—60,000 quality electrical supplies to answer every need, and 60 distributing houses to give those supplies to you quickly.

Graybar Electric Co., Executive Offices: 100 *East 42nd Street, New York City*

NEIGHBORS

(Continued from Page 5)

Janet's eyes snapped; then she shrugged her shoulders.

"You can never tell about Sarah. She raises the most frightful rows when you can see no reason for them, and behaves like a lambkin when you expect her to throw a fit. But she'll have to take her medicine like the rest of us."

It will be seen the decision had been reached. The Cross family was to transplant itself from the soil in which it had flourished, and was to adventure, like some transplanted, exotic, flowering shrub into a new climate and a different garden where it must adapt itself or perish.

Presently Sarah came in, buoyant, excited as always, dark, keen, flashing, and hurled her bit of a hat upon the davenport.

"Rotten show," she said. "Rotten music, and that man is a washout."

"Sit down and draw a breath," said Warren. He cleared his throat. "How'd you like to leave New York?"

Sarah turned from the mirror with a quick, pert, birdlike motion of her head. "You know the answer to that one," she said. "Think up another that's louder and funnier."

"To a town up in Vermont where we'd live in a house and have a car?"

"And do what with both of them?" Sarah asked. "Grow pumpkins?"

"You might as well get used to the idea," Janet said a trifle belligerently. "On the first of the month we move to Barchester, bag and baggage—and that's that."

Sarah stared a moment, made a little grimace with nose and mouth, and turned her head from one to the other. "Well, I'll be darned!" she said almost casually. "I'm going to hate it!"

With that she went out of the room toward her own chamber, leaving Warren and his wife in a state of relief and amazement.

Warren waggled his head. "She's a notch beyond me," he said.

"Anyhow we can give thanks she didn't kick and scream," said Janet.

"But I'm sorry for the kid. It'll be worse on her than on us."

"It can't be," Janet said emphatically.

II

NOTHING could be seen through the rain and the mist save the dingy faded front of the station and a few drunken lumber piles off at the right. It was dark and cold. The journey from New York, with its changes of trains and waits, had been irritatingly irksome, and no member of the Cross family was in cheerful humor. Warren helped down his wife and sister to the soggy platform, and there they stood shivering.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Janet, shoulders drawn together and teeth chattering.

She had made up her mind to hate Barchester, and somehow it lifted her spirits to find it worse than her imaginings. She noted with satisfaction that her husband wore a harried, bewildered look, and did not appear to know what to do next. Wives have a way of deriving satisfaction from their husbands' moments of incompetency.

"Well," she asked, "aren't we going to do something? Are we going to stand here in the rain all night?"

"It's a nice fresh country rain," said Sarah—this irony referring back to certain attempts on the part of her brother to paint encouraging pictures of their future home.

"There must be a cab or something," Warren said, and turning to a fat man in overalls asked, "How do we get to the hotel?"

"Bus'll be here in a minute, I guess. Suthin' must 'a' kept him," was the answer.

Then a flivver splashed up dismally to the platform, and a second fat man appeared, wearing a rubber raincoat and boots and a sou'wester. He was rather more than fat—he was chubby, and his wet cheeks gleamed red as he passed a lighted window. Evidently a healthy person.

"Folks goin' to the hotel," said the first fat man.

"Git in then," said the second fat man, eying them amiably. "Kind of wet, hain't it? Got any baggage checks? Git in and I'll be with you in a minute."

They got into the car and shrank from the clammy wet surface of the leather upholstery.

"I thought they always had reception committees and bands in these towns to meet arriving notables," said Sarah.

Presently their driver returned, taking ample time to settle himself comfortably. "Hain't Mr. Cross, be ye?" he asked. "Got a letter from him reservin' rooms."

"I'm Mr. Cross," said Warren, without warmth.

"Pleased to meet ye," said the fat man, extending a soggy hand. Sarah giggled.

They splashed away into the wet darkness, turned acutely, the tires making a distressing soughing sound in the mud, and commenced the descent of a hill. Nothing was visible save yellow lights now and then, muffled by the rain. No one seemed to be abroad.

They crossed a tiny bridge and proceeded for a few hundred yards along the level, and then, turning to the left, crossed another bridge. Store fronts were to be seen dimly on either hand, and the black, impending bulk of maples. With a jerk they turned into a driveway and stopped beneath a porte-cochère.

"Here we be," said the driver. "Go right in. I'll fetch your luggage."

They walked, shivering, along a broad veranda fronted by white columns and entered a spacious doorway, to come face to face with a broad fireplace in which burned amiably a great log upon its carefully preserved bed of ashes. Over the fireplace were a pair of flintlocks crossed over a huge pewter tray, and rush-bottomed armchairs were grouped in a half circle, occupied by men who became silent suddenly and eyed the newcomers furtively. Janet and Sarah scrutinized these men as furtively as they themselves were being appraised, and found not a tailored suit among them. One man, who had been wearing a straw hat, removed it and arose.

"Maybe the ladies 'ud like to get up by the fire," he said.

"Thank you," Warren said shortly. He was embarrassed, ill at ease, conscious of the scrutiny, and wholly without knowledge of how to conduct himself in this emergency, or to estimate the place and quality of these loungers. However, the driver, who turned out to be also the proprietor of the hotel, saved him prolonged annoyance by appearing breezily.

"Cal'late you want to go to your rooms," he said. "I'll show ye up. 'Tend to registerin' later. This way."

He led them through a door and up carpeted stairs to the second floor, then along a corridor to a selected door, which he opened.

"Adjoinin' rooms, with bath between," he said amiably. "Anythin' else?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Warren, and reached into his pocket. "When can we have dinner?"

"Supper's ready in ten minutes," said the fat man, eying with some amazement the fifty cents Warren extended to him, comprehended its meaning finally and grinned to exhibit a broken front tooth. "What's that fer? Seems like we don't do much tippin' up this way."

It wasn't a rebuke; it was not ungracious; it was simply the statement of a fact; but Warren blushed furiously as if he had been caught in some outrageous gaucherie.

"Come down to the dinin' room whenever you git ready," said the fat man; and out he waddled, stepping wide and betraying a great wrinkle across the back of his ill-fitting coat. The door closed upon him.

"It's clean!" exclaimed Janet, who had been allowing her eyes to dart about the room

"I'm going to catch him and exhibit him," Sarah said pertly.

"Catch whom?"

"The fat one who wouldn't take a tip. I thought it was against the law to refuse tips."

"And there's a regular bathroom," Janet said. "It's all neat, anyhow," she said grudgingly. "You run along and change, Sarah. I'm hungry."

"Funny nobody from the mill came to meet me," Warren said aggrievedly. "They knew I was coming tonight."

Twenty minutes later they went down to supper in the bare but meticulously clean, almost blatantly neat, dining room. There was no menu card, but a nice-looking girl in white recited to them the dishes of the evening. The food was plain but excellent; the biscuits were noteworthy, and it was their first experience of being served with maple sirup as a dessert—little sauce dishes filled with what they never would have recognized as maple sirup from its color. It was not of a reddish shade, as was all the sirup they ever had encountered, but was more the tint of champagne.

Weary as they were, and inclined to be despondent, there was no conversation. Finished with their maple sirup, they pushed back their chairs and returned to their rooms.

"Warren," said Janet, "if you'll open these trunks and then clear out, I'll pack away our things."

"Can't I help?" he asked, without enthusiasm. Janet sniffed.

Warren descended again, but a glance told him the rain was still falling dismally, so he returned and dropped into a chair before the fireplace. He was alone. The others who had occupied those chairs were still at their supper. He lighted a cigarette and sat back to enjoy the blaze and his own heavy thoughts. . . . Rain! There would be many rainy nights, and what would they do with them? In New York one could step into the Subway and reach a theater ——

Presently three men issued from the dining room, one of them picking his teeth leisurely and appearing to derive deep satisfaction from it. They selected chairs, sat down with sidewise glances at Warren and lighted cigars. After a time the man with the toothpick spoke.

"All wrong, Jim," he said. "They ought to be made to pay every cent, and regular interest too. They owe it, don't they? Borrowed it, didn't they? Well?"

"It was everybody's war," replied the man addressed as Jim. "We didn't get in to help at the start, and we didn't have such a sight of men killed, nor the sufferin' they did Seems like the least we could do is forget them foreign debts"

A new figure had come in from outside a young man, tall, angular, with lean face, gray eyes, rather pronounced cheek bones, faded reddish hair, and lips which appeared to be locked shut by some unfailing device in his prominent chin. Warren glanced at him carelessly, then studied his face with interest. It commanded his attention, though it was not the face of a gentleman as that term is understood in the neighborhood of Wall Street. It was not a carefully tended face, though smoothly shaven. Its owner appeared to have been careless about leaving it out in the weather. About his clothing he seemed to have been equally thoughtless; what he wore evidently had been purchased with the sole thought of covering his person, and not at all for its embellishment. His hands were large and his feet were large. But there was something about him which marked him as an individual.

He leaned over the back of a rocker listening until the man named Jim had finished, then he uttered a dry cough, a sort of clearing of the throat preparatory to bringing into action the little-used machinery of his voice. "Own any Liberty Bonds?" he asked.

"Yes"

"Hope to be paid back what they cost you?"

"You bet!"

"Who pays 'em back?"

"The Government to Washington."

"Where does it get the money to pay back?"

Jim thought a moment. "Taxes, I guess."

"Pay any?"

"A durn sight more'n I like."

"Where'd the Government get the money it loaned to these foreign countries?"

"I dunno. Taxes, maybe."

"Liberty Bonds," said the young man. "About a third of every Liberty Bond you own was loaned abroad."

"Huh!" said Jim doubtfully, waiting for the next development.

"Feel like accepting two-thirds of the face value of your bonds and letting it go at that?"

"Not by a jugful!"

"Feel like paying a third more taxes and giving it to France and Italy and the rest?"

"Not by a darn sight!"

"That," said the young man, "is what canceling the foreign debt means."

Warren continued to scrutinize this young user of the Socratic method of developing an argument. He was surprised. He was more than surprised, for even he himself, accustomed to finance as he was, had never thought of the matter in the light in which this young man presented it. Here was clear, concise thought, the swift checkmating of an opponent in argument. He was even mildly surprised at the subject matter of the argument; that men in this distant village so far from financial centers should be interested in such matters. He did not know that it was in such places as this, by such voices as these, that public opinion for the country is created; that it is so that men are lifted to eminence and parties carried forward to victory; that it is such little gatherings as this, in such little places as this, that rule the United States of America. He was sitting at the fountainhead of republican government and did not know it.

Presently Warren arose, feeling very awkward and out of place, but giving an impression of aloofness and offishness which he did not intend, and walked toward the stairs. Silence fell as several groups of eyes followed him.

"It's him," said the man called Jim as Warren passed out of earshot.

"Kind of uppish."

"Looks like he set store by himself."

The young man of the Socratic method pried open his lips again after that preparatory clearing of the throat. "I didn't notice anybody making him feel to home," he said; and without waiting to note the effect of his words, turned and walked out into the rain.

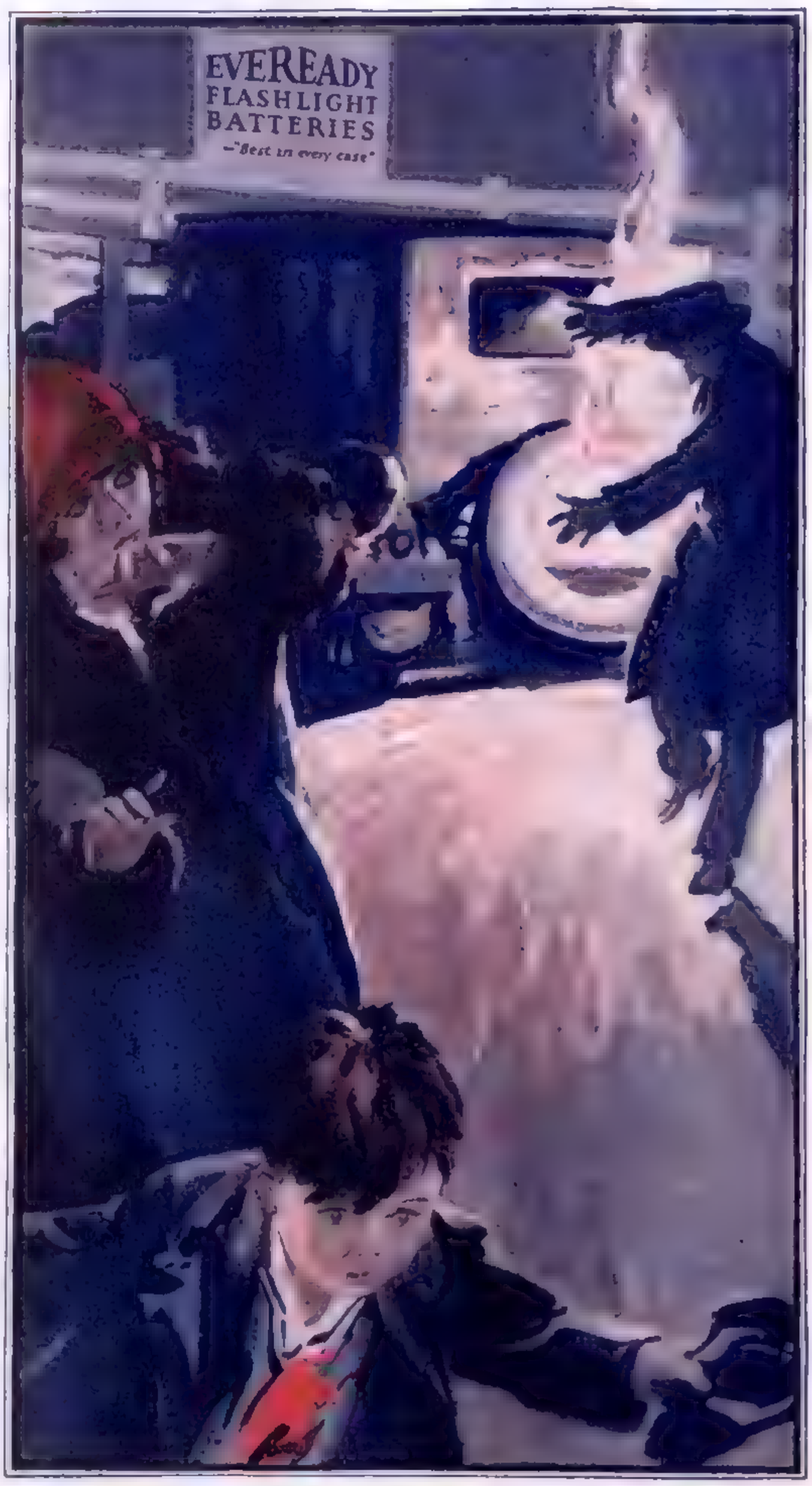
Warren opened the door to find his wife sitting on the floor surrounded by piles of clothing from their trunks. She was crying; down her cheeks ran silent tears which she was at no trouble to wipe away.

"Oh, Ren," she said, "it's so darn still! If only a taxi horn would squawk or an elevated train go by! It's—it's worse than I thought."

He agreed with her; the quiet appalled him, made him feel so remote, so strange. He had a feeling of being exiled, imprisoned, and a dreadful sensation of impending monotony. What would there be to do? He looked down at Janet helplessly. How could he comfort her? Her weeping increased his apprehensions. In addition to all he saw and conjectured and feared, was Janet going to go on like this? Imagine coming home to a wife who was always crying with homesickness or the monotony of it!

(Continued on Page 49)

We were SCARED half to DEATH!



A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK

IT WAS a crazy thing to do. But I had done it before and got away with it. Something told me we were running low on gas, so I pulled over to the side of the road and got out to look. I struck a light and held it close to the gasoline-gauge.

A sudden burst of flame sent me staggering back. I yelled to my wife and boy to "Get out—*quick!*" They did!... Then we stood at a safe distance and watched our sedan illuminate the sky. It might have been worse, as I look back on it now. But it was bad enough.

I blame myself for that night's work. The irony of the thing was, my Eveready flashlight was home in a bureau-drawer all the time! We have another car now. In the pocket of the left-front door is an Eveready . . . ever ready to brighten dark places, without danger of fire.

* * *

Every motorist has hundreds of uses for an Eveready Flashlight. Changing tires. Putting on the curtains. Picking out road-signs. Examining dripping carburetors, etc. You can get a genuine Eveready for as little as $1.25. Keep it loaded with Eveready Batteries—the longest-lasting batteries made. Eveready Batteries are *dated*—you *know* they're fresh.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

A Very Popular Model

Orthophonic Victrola and Radiola Number Seven-three
List Price, $375

Semi-wall-type cabinet in Spanish style
finished in mahogany, veneered, blended finish

Orthophonic Victrola combined with the finest five-tube battery-operated radio made—the Radiola There is a special compartment accessible from front of cabinet for dry batteries or battery-eliminators Complete set Radiotrons furnished. Lever-operated control-valve permitting instantaneous change from Orthophonic Victrola music to radio reception. Controls forward—easy to operate. Snap switch, positive power-control. Outdoor or indoor antenna, with ground. Separate lids for Victrola and Radiola compartments. Spring or electric motor, speed regulator. (Electric motor, $35 additional.) Victor Record stops automatically without presetting.

You could not make in music and

VICTROLA-WITH-RADIOLA! Two leaders in their respective fields combined! The world's finest talking machine and the best radio money can buy, in one beautiful cabinet—with models to meet every taste and purse. By every comparison, the most satisfying investment you could make.

Radio that can be heard in no other way. For reception is through the famous Orthophonic Tone-Chamber. This means music and speech true to the original in every detail of tone, inflection, and volume. Realistic reproduction from both records and radio that leaves nothing to be desired.

A simple switch changes instantly from records to radio, or back again. Never need you be without the music you want, *when* you want it. Any hour. Any day. Any season. Not only music, but the current events

The World's Most Comprehensive Musical Instrument

Orthophonic Victrola—Orthophonic Electrola and Radiola. Number Nine-forty. Last Price, $1o·

Orthophonic Victrola and Orthophonic Electrola in their highest development, combined with eight-tube Radiola Super-Heterodyne. Exceptional radio reception through Orthophonic system. Cabinet in Italian Renaissance style, walnut veneered, blended finish A credit to any home or any surroundings

Operates from electric-light socket . . . no batteries needed. Pilot-light in front shows when power is on. Plays all Victor Records on Orthophonic Victrola or gives electrical reproduction of records on Orthophonic Electrola. Record stops automatically after playing. Radiola tunes with one hand. Built-in loop antenna in cabinet. Equipped with coupler for outside antenna. Volume can be regulated to suit large or small room. Reproduces all that can be had on records or from the air!

Also ask to see the Orthophonic Victrola and Radiola Number Nine-fifteen. Last Price, $600

The Electrola — Music from Records with Great Range of Volume

Number Twelve-twenty-five. Last Price, $625

Where strong, clear music is desired—at home dances, in restaurants, concert halls, etc., the Victor Electrola is the ideal instrument. The volume of music may be regulated from a whisper to full band volume! Record stops automatically after playing

Cabinet mahogany, veneered, blended finish. Operates from electric-light socket; no batteries needed Pilot-light in front shows when power is on Volume can be regulated to suit big hall or small room. It is a most remarkable power amplifier and loud-speaker for an independent radio set. Jack provided for this purpose

a better investment entertainment

that are being broadcast day and night. Speeches. Sports, play by play. Market reports. News flashes.

Illustrated herewith are but three of a large, all-embracing line of Victor instruments that await your inspection at the nearest Victor dealer's. Prices are from $95 to $1000, list. See the dealer and select your Victor instrument *now* . . . avoid all possibility of disappointment later on!

The New Orthophonic

Victrola *with Radiola*

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

Duco . . . Dries Quickly! Easy to Use!

SOFT, beautiful colors, fastidious pastel shades, dignified stained effects—all these give your home a new—and restful—beauty. You can achieve this *restful* quality in your own home—with Duco. Duco brings new enjoyment to home painting—it's positively a delight to use—and it dries in less than an hour! Thousands of women are using Duco who never did any painting before!

A suggestion: Paint the bed in Duco Powder Blue and trim with Mandarin Red if you like—do it in the afternoon, and sleep in it the same night.

From Good Dealers' Everywhere

DUPONT DUCO

There is only ONE Duco—DUPONT Duco

(Continued from Page 44)

"Listen, Janet ——" he commenced, and something in his tone touched the hair trigger of the nervous tension under which she suffered.

"Oh, shut up!" she said; and then, burying her face in the clean, cool, white counterpane, she burst into a storm of sobbing.

Janet had behaved like this only once or twice during the years of their married life, and it frightened and bewildered him now as it had done before. And being frightened and bewildered he became angry—angry and desperate. He knew that dreadful feeling of helplessness which all husbands come to know; he felt that he was being treated unfairly, and he wanted to argue about it. He wanted her to stop and to admit that she was treating him unfairly and to be sorry for it. Probably a million husbands have known this same wish in comparable circumstances, but never a one has seen it fulfilled. Here was a splendid commencement of a bitter night, which neither of them desired, but which both seemed to head for, urged by some irresistible contrariness.

Suddenly Sarah appeared in the bathroom door—in a negligee which might have caused Barchester's eyes to pop from its head. She wrinkled her nose at the spectacle

"Shush!" she said peremptorily. "Lay off the family repartee! Ren, you boob, can't you see she's so tired she's on the verge of a conniption? Clear out while I put her to bed."

"I don't see you throwing any fits," Warren said untactfully.

She looked at him cornerwise. "Maybe," she said, "you think this promised land you've led us to doesn't make me feel like it."

Not being wholly bereft of reason he left the room and descended the stairs again. No one was in the office but the chubby proprietor, who looked up amiably from his chair behind the desk.

"We don't have weather like this all the time," he said, with a grin which displayed that remaining half of a front tooth. "Sometimes it's worse."

Warren smiled wryly. "Have you any idea how long it will take for our furniture to get here?" he asked

"No idee."

"By the way, who was the young man who came in while I sat here before—the one who squelched the argument about our foreign debts?"

"Name of Knuckles," said the proprietor, and bent over his books with an air of closing the audience.

III

JANET awoke first in the morning and got softly out of bed. A singularly brilliant sunlight, such sunlight as could only follow a downpour, and which owed something of its brilliance to the freshness of leaf and grass after their prolonged drought, made the outside world vibrate. She went to the window, and the life and richness of the air the cool, tingling, early morning air—caressed her and stirred her hair. She breathed deeply and felt affronted to discover that she felt very well indeed, and very far from the tears of weariness and homesickness she had shed the night before.

Across from the hotel she saw a row of great maples, thick of bole, gigantic, shapely, gleaming green. Above and far beyond rose graciously the slope of the mountain, beautiful, restful; and the voice of the river reached her ears. To right and to left were houses gleaming white, so white and clean it seemed as if the painters must but that moment have taken down their ladders. Yet no paintbrush had touched their siding for years. Farther along was the livery barn, also white and clean, and beyond that the road meandered between low-set white houses on one side and white houses upon a little elevation, up which climbed little flights of steps, on the other side.

She saw no evidences of commerce or industry until she indiscreetly bent over the window sill and looked off to the right. There was a bridge of red ironwork and across it a sort of square upon the four corners of which rested stores. She knew them to be stores, though they were of wood and white as the dwelling houses. One especially well-kept building of two stories was the bank. She imagined correctly that other stores were upon the cross street, but somehow the locality had not the look of a business center. As far as she could see, there was no structure of brick, and no building which did not seem to rejoice in a fresh coat of white.

She turned from the window to find Warren sitting up in bed and rubbing his eyes. He always awakened slowly and found difficulty collecting his wits; now he muttered something unintelligible and ran his fingers through his hair. Then, as if some alarm had sounded, he hurled back the bedclothes and stood in the middle of the floor, blinking.

"It's a lovely morning, Ren," she said. "Come and look out."

He went with docility to the window and the fresh air played about his forehead and his eyes, sweeping away the fumes of profound sleep. He shook his head and blinked again.

"Gosh," he said, "but I slept! I don't remember going to bed."

"I'm sorry I made such an idiot of myself last night," Janet said. "But I was worn out and nervous—and that horrid rain. I'm going to make the best of it—honestly I am."

Warren patted her shoulder. "Sure," he said. "We all are. . . . What time is it?"

She looked at her little traveling clock. It was 7:30. "It's so still," she said apprehensively. "Do you suppose it is always so still?"

"I wonder when they have breakfast. . . . Is Sarah up?"

She went to see while Warren made his toilet and got into his clothes. He was thinking about the mill now—how he would get there—if any of these Perrigo men would call at the hotel for him. He wondered what they looked like and what the mills looked like and what sort of office he would find. Perrigo! He visualized these former owners of the mill, who had continued to operate it after it had been purchased by the Consolidated—Walter, who ran the mill end; and James, who ran the woods end—and he hoped they would not see fit to make things difficult for him. But he was worried. Men resent being supplanted; and even though he had been directed to retain them in their places if it should be feasible to do so, he would nevertheless, have to assume a position of authority over them in a business to which they had been born and in which they had been raised.

He went downstairs while Janet dressed. There was no one in the office and the dining-room door was closed. On the piazza, a row of big rush-bottomed rockers were tilted, heels in the air and faces downward against the wall, and he swung one of these around and sat down. . . . Barchester! He was here, and New York was way back there somewhere! He made a futile effort to appraise Barchester. There was nothing to appraise. So far as he could see there was nothing but trees and white houses and forest-clad mountain. He did not know what to make of it.

So far he had not seen a living soul, but presently a man in a straw hat and shirt sleeves came along and rolled back the door of the livery stable and garage; then a group of Italian laborers passed with lunch boxes, and a thin old man splashed past in a buggy. It looked as if nothing ever had happened there, and as if nothing would ever happen. But he could not deny that it was rather pleasing, what he could see of it, and that view of the distant mountain through the clear vibrant air was unquestionably beautiful.

A Standard Oil wagon clattered past with a young man in a blue flannel shirt upon the seat, and a rooster crowed. Then he was conscious of a musical cheeping of birds. A tall stooping man came and stood in the door of the grocery across the way, and another man, leaning over the railing of the bridge, called a greeting. "'Mornin', Henry."

"'Mornin', Pazzy."

"River come up some in the night."

"Not to hurt."

"Spile the fishin' for a week."

"Seems as though," said the grocer, and disappeared into his store.

These, thought Warren, were some of his future townsmen, among whom he was to live. Not that he thought to know them, for in New York one did not know his grocer socially. He wondered whom he would know socially. Not the collarless man on the bridge who seemed exercised about the fishing, certainly!

By the time Janet and Sarah came out to him he had seen a dozen people, including a couple of barefoot boys. And here was the center of town. He contrasted it with the morning rush hour in the Subway.

"So this," said Sarah, looking about her, "is Paris!" She lifted her shoulders. "I feel like the beneficiary of a fresh-air fund. Is this the sort of place they send them to?"

"Probably," Warren said absently.

"Heavens, look at the traffic jam!" Sarah exclaimed, for two horse-drawn vehicles and a motor car appeared simultaneously upon the square.

"The dining-room door's open," Janet said.

They breakfasted—and not without cheerfulness. It is not easy to be disconsolate on such a morning; and even so far from Broadway, it is difficult to be weighed down with boredom at eight o'clock. When they were finished Warren stepped to the desk.

"Anyone asking for me?" he inquired.

"Not yit."

"How do I reach the mills?"

"Perrigo Mills?"

"Yes."

"Wa-al, you can walk. Follow the river a mite more 'n three mile. Kind of muddy though. Or Smith'll drive you down—across the street yonder."

He found his wife and sister in rockers on the piazza. "I suppose I ought to get in touch with things this morning," he said. "I'll not be gone all day. Think you can find something to do?"

"We'll explore," said Janet.

He frowned. "It's queer nobody comes around," he said. "They knew I was coming last night."

"If we get lost," Sarah said, "we'll inquire our way of a policeman"

"I'll try to get back by noon," Warren said, and they watched him cross the road to the livery, where, having negotiated with its proprietor, he presently entered an automobile and was driven away.

Janet and Sarah sat for fifteen minutes, and then by common consent arose and walked down the street to the square, past the bank with its plate-glass windows, and glanced up a stairway going up in its rear upon whose treads were cardboard signs giving the information that John Watts was a Notary Public and Fire Insurance; that Thomas Hewitt was an Attorney at Law and that Titus Lowrie was a Doctor of Dental Surgery. Next came a hardware store, which seemed also to sell canned provisions; and a tinsmith, and a barber shop which projected out over the river. Inside they could see a pool table and two chairs and two large cabinets filled with individual shaving mugs.

That was the end of things on that side of the street, for it became river bank; and they paused for a time to watch the swirling, foamy, yellowish water as it rushed by in flood. Beyond they could see the hill climbing upward, and more white houses loftily perched. Opposite was the public library back of its well-kept lawn and its stereotyped monument of a sailor in the uniform and forage cap of '65 leaning on his musket. It was a pleasant, homelike little building, the only structure of brick in the village of Barchester. They crossed and passed more stores, some with wooden awnings, some with piazzas which one had to mount in order to enter, which had a sort of jumbled look within. Window dressing had made scant progress in Barchester, though the haberdashery made some pretense of it. They took note of drug stores which also sold wall paper and groceries and ten-penny nails and farm implements, and of a couple of fruit stores run by Italians—something more than a dozen stores.

"Heavens!" said Janet.

"What price window shopping?" Sarah inquired, with a shrug.

"I wonder where our house is?"

"No idea. Is anything wrong with either of us? Skirt hanging or anything?"

"Why?"

"Everybody we pass turns to stare."

"Maybe it's a custom of the country."

"It's certainly a custom of the country to go without coats."

"I haven't seen anybody who is our kind yet."

"Did Ren know when the furniture would be here?"

"He guessed ten days or two weeks."

"Then let's go back to the hotel till I unpack. I can't live out of a trunk as long as that"

It was something more than an hour later when they came downstairs and again took seats on the piazza. There were more people on the streets now; the village wore quite an air of life, but most of the people to be seen were men.

"Do they allow women here?" Sarah asked.

"I suppose," her sister rejoined, "they're all at home now doing the washing or something. I wonder what these women can do. What's that building next door?"

"No idea. . . . Here's one of them now. See?—coming this way in a blue runabout. Um-m-m." This was a sort of appraising hum.

The little car stopped before the hotel, and a girl thrust open the door and sprang out. One uses the word "sprang" advisedly. Then she ran up the walk and fairly leaped up the steps. So swiftly did she arrive that there was scant time for observation, yet Janet and Sarah noted that she wore her gloriously auburn hair in a modish bob and that it curled deliciously. They noted her shoes, as women will, and saw that they came from the right sort of shop; they took stock of slender shapely legs in silk stockings, of a skirt and sweater which indicated not only good taste and an appreciation for the right colors but a certain purchasing power in dollars and cents. This was all they had time to catalogue in the few seconds before the girl stood upon the piazza.

She halted with her hand outstretched to open the screen, looked at Janet and Sarah with a little frown of uncertainty, and then advanced toward them. They saw now that her face was patrician. That was one's first impression. A reader of physiognomy might have gone further and seen in it willfulness, daring to recklessness, hunger for life and a keen intelligence. Given time for study he might have seen a certain wistfulness and lines of humor about the eyes. Anyone could see the exquisite complexion and, as she spoke, a possession of white, flawless, beautiful teeth.

"Is this Mrs. Cross?" she asked.

"I am Mrs. Cross."

"I'm Eunice Perrigo." She pronounced the name as if it were all-explanatory, as, indeed, it would have been to anyone familiar with Barchester and its history. "Walter didn't stop on the way to the mill, did he? I knew he wouldn't, so somebody in the family's got to show a trace of decent manners. James might have come if I'd told him to, but he's back in the camps."

"I don't understand," said Janet. "Who are James and Walter?"

"My brothers. And, of course, they don't like it—especially Walter. But I told him it served him right. He had no business selling the mill, and there was a

(Continued on Page 51)

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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 49)

fine row about it. But he talked James into it, and he's my guardian for another year yet, so what could I do?"

"Oh," said Janet, "I think I understand. It was your family who owned the mill Mr. Cross has come to take charge of."

"Grandpa started it and father built it up and the boys sold it. And now they've no kick coming. We Perrigos don't agree—always. You'll learn that soon enough in this town. So I ran down as soon as I could to give you the keys of the city and all that."

"Awfully sweet of you," said the somewhat nonplused Janet. "This is Mr. Cross' sister, Miss Perrigo."

Eunice Perrigo extended her hand with a boyish gesture and bobbed her head in a manner both brisk and decisive. "I'm glad you're here—whatever Walter thinks about it. I like new people. I like lots of people. Do you play tennis and things?"

"I'm afraid not," Sarah said; "but I suppose I can learn."

"Of course. I'll teach you. We've a good court at the house. You're going to live in the mill house, aren't you? There's a court there too. Have you seen it? Lovely view and I'm sure you'll like it. Suppose we get in the car and drive up that way. We can squeeze in."

"Of course we're curious to see where we're going to live," said Janet.

"Come along then. We'll see all the sights before dinner. . . . There's a dance tonight." Her mind seemed to flash from subject to subject, following no definite order; she seemed hurried, breathless, feverishly eager.

They crowded into the little car and whisked away. "I haven't a megaphone," Eunice said; "but outside that, this is as good a sight-seeing car as any."

"Oh!" exclaimed Janet, and felt suddenly lonesome. "Oh, I could kiss a Chinatown bus! I could hug a Subway guard!"

"Do you live here all the time?" Sarah asked.

"Twelve months out of twelve, since I finished school."

"How do you ——" Sarah was going to ask how she could stand it, but arrested that question in mid-career. "What do you do? What is there to do? Are there nice people here?"

"Come to the dance tonight," Eunice said. "You'll see us all - all that are able to walk."

"Where is it?"

"Memorial Hall—next to the hotel."

"A public dance?"

Eunice nodded. "Dollar a couple, including ice cream and cake."

"But—but do people go to public dances? I mean the sort of people you want to meet?"

"Do they go to cabarets and supper clubs in New York?" Eunice countered with good-humored malice. "Oh, yes, we all go—and sometimes bring the babies."

"Does—does one dress?"

"Women wear what they like. But if you mean men, Mrs. Cross, a man who showed up wearing evening dress would be mistaken for a Swiss Bell Ringer and asked to perform. The only time we see dress suits is when the Chautauqua course is on—and on the screen."

"Oh, you do have movies then?"

"Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. . . . Darn him!" Suddenly she jammed on her brakes and brought the car to a skidding stop, a measure necessary to avoid running down a young man who, apparently deep in thought, with bent head, stepped off the sidewalk into the road. Her cheeks were an angry red as she leaned over the wheel.

"Why don't you watch where you're going?" she demanded.

The young man, apparently not startled, lifted his thin angular face and regarded her with gray eyes in which there was no light of amusement, but rather a cold, detached stare which seemed hardly to see her at all.

"Good morning, Eunice," he said, but without lifting his hat; and then walked on deliberately, head dropped again, for all the world as if he had not been interrupted in his crossing at all.

Janet raised her eyebrows as well-bred ladies sometimes do when the event is not to their taste. "How odd!" she said.

Eunice sent the car forward with a jerk, her cheeks still flaming, "Oh," she said presently, "I despise that man!"

"Who is he?"

It seemed for a moment that Eunice would not reply, but then she said with an edged voice, "Knuckles is his name."

"Knuckles! Actually? Is that a name?"

"You'll find it is when you've lived here long enough. It's a name, and Perrigo is a name, and the two don't eat out of the same dish. But it's not on account of that I despise him; it's on his own account. I don't care what Walter thinks or what James thinks. I can do my own liking or disliking. It makes no difference to me that his father and mine hated each other. I just can't bear him. There's something about him sets my teeth on edge and always has."

"M-m-m!" said Janet diplomatically. "What does he do?"

"Do? Nothing. He dickers."

"Dickers? I don't think I understand."

"He buys and sells things—anything from a pig to a sawmill. 'Dickers' is the only word for it."

"How odd!" Janet said for the second time.

But Eunice was talking again. It seemed to Janet and Sarah that she was singularly frank in her disclosures of her family's affairs: "I don't know what the original row was about—between my father and Squire Knuckles. Probably money. It happened when Walter's mother was alive. Walter and I are only half brother and sister. All three of us are only half—father was married three times. Probably that's why we get along like cats and dogs. . . . We turn at the next road," she said, dropping the subject of the Knuckles-Perrigo feud with characteristic suddenness. "Your house is about a mile down. You get a view down the valley and right across to Barchester Mountain. Wait till you see."

They drove on until presently they saw before them a large white house which, in spite of its newness, seemed to be a part of the old town. It was an excellent house in the Colonial manner, roomy and satisfying. Lonely it might be, for there were no neighboring houses, and its back fence was encroached upon by the underbrush of the woods. Below it the hill dropped rapidly to the river; and beyond was the thread of road, a scattering of houses and barns and fields; then, impending over all, the great mountain, massive, green, gracious. The forests with which it was covered seemed no taller than blades of grass, now green where grew beech and birch and maple, now black where the spruces thrust upward their pyramids to the sky. And across its sunny face moved cloud shadows.

"It's lovely," Janet exclaimed; "but"—turning to survey the house and its surroundings—"so lonely!" She smiled apologetically. "We've always lived in an apartment, you know. People above and below and on both sides. It—I hope I shall get used to it."

"There are the mills," Eunice said, pointing to the south where smoke arose from a great stack, and where low buildings rambled and piles of lumber clustered. There was a stretch of placid mill pond, a footbridge across the dam; and then the valley shut in, hill shouldering hill. "I used to love them when I was little. All day long I've ridden the saw carriage, and I could dog as well as any of the crew. They never let me saw!" She said this as if it were a very real deprivation. "But I never go there now. I've never set foot there since Walter sold. . . . Want to look in the windows? Maybe we can find one unlocked."

But none was unfastened, so they must content themselves with peering in as best they could; and then, urged by Eunice, who seemed unable to rest in any spot for more than a minute, they reëntered the car and drove back into the village. Through the town they whisked, and up another hill along a street lined with large comfortable homes in broad yards, each with its huge barn—few of which were now used for their original purpose. Automobiles stood where once the matched span had clattered shod hoofs on splintered floor.

"There's my house," Eunice said, pointing to a long, low structure upon a hilltop. "Dad built it. Architects and everything. I'd like it if it wasn't so big. But it's mine—my own. It was left to me, and Walter knows what would happen if he tried to sell it. Want to come in? Glass of buttermilk or something?"

"Thank you, no. We'd better be getting back. Mr. Cross is coming up from the mills to luncheon. . . . And you've no idea how we appreciate your coming for us."

At the hotel they disembarked with further thanks, and Eunice and the blue runabout rushed away.

"Well!" exclaimed Janet. "And what do you think of her?"

"I liked her," Sarah said with customary directness.

"She took my breath away. And doesn't she talk! Do you suppose everybody here is so discoursive about their family affairs? But she is pretty. . . . I wonder what her brothers are like."

"We'll probably hear from Ren," said Sarah. "There goes a whistle. I suppose that means it's noon."

It was, completing their first morning in Barchester. They went to their rooms to make ready for the midday meal, and there awaited the arrival of Warren rather more eagerly than either had been accustomed to do. In New York his coming home from work had been simply a coming home; here, in these strange surroundings, it took on the dignity of an event.

IV

IT WAS after supper that Sarah brought up the question of the dance. "Let's go and know the worst," she said. "Miss Perrigo told us we'd see the whole menagerie."

"We don't know anybody," Warren objected. "I'd feel like a fool."

"Didn't you meet Walter and James then?" Janet asked.

"Walter and James? What're you talking about?"

"Perrigo," said Janet. "We've been hearing about them from their extraordinary sister—family skeletons and everything. I gather that sister and Walter don't agree. James remained rather indefinite."

"Oh, the Perrigos! I've been with Walter all day, but James kept out of range. I gather he's a queer egg. Sort of half Indian and the other half wildcat, if you follow me."

"We don't," said Sarah, "but you interest us. And that's a godsend—already."

"He's in charge of the woods end. They're his natural element, from all accounts. Sort of a will-o'-the-wisp johnny. Turns up at odd times and in odd places. They say he's apt to get up at one o'clock in the morning and start off across lots through the woods for some lumber camp ten miles away—as likely to do that as to stay in bed. Knows the wild flowers and calls deer by their first names."

"Sounds thrilling. And his age?"

"I didn't ask. Younger than his brother by quite a lot, I got the idea."

"And what about Walter?—who, we were told, resented us very much."

Warren wrinkled his forehead and squinted one eye. "I'm not prepared to recite on Walter. He is all grays. Verges on middle age, verges on baldness, verges on stoutness. I couldn't make out whether he was doing a heap of thinking or none at all. I'm quite sure he resents my being sent here, but he didn't have any chip on his shoulder. He's no gay cavalier. Either he's a cipher or else what the English call a downy bird."

Watch This Column

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"Held by the Law"

A Mystery Drama

Bayard Veiller, who wrote the stirring drama, "Within the Law," has duplicated, and even surpassed, that achievement with a mystery melodrama entitled ***"Held by the Law,"*** which Universal has just completed in picture.

In this play the playwright does not require you to guess who committed the murder. He shows you the murder committed. You see it done, therefore there can be no question in your mind as to who the murderer is. But you see an innocent man held for the crime and you can't figure out to save your life how he can escape the law.

This picture has been so well cast and so well produced that I want you all to see it. The principals are RALPH LEWIS, MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE, JOHNNIE WALKER, and others, all superb players of reputation who know how to handle a theme as intense as this one. The directing by Edward Laemmle is exceptionally well done.

There is a thrilling scene in this picture in which the murderer goes back to the scene of his crime to destroy any evidence he may have left. If the goose-flesh does not creep over you when you see this incident, then I am not a judge of pictures. So well do I like this picture that I have given it one of the positions of honor in Universal Jewels.

"Michael Strogoff," the remarkable drama by Jules Verne, which I brought to this country, is being received all over America with the heartiest acclaim. I wish I could reproduce here all the wonderful things the critics have said, but I am afraid you will have to see the picture to know how excellent it is.

Ask your theatre manager when he is going to show ***"The Collegians,"*** the two-reel series of college life. Full of laughs and thrills, and written by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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Week of February 21st

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Milton C. Work, New York, dealer, South—
Spades 8, 5
Hearts ..... A, Q, 10, 6
Diamonds ..... K, Q, 9, 6, 2
Clubs 10, 7

Charles T. Adams, Chicago, West—
Spades ..... K, 9
Hearts ..... K, J, 8, 3, 2
Diamonds 10, 8, 5
Clubs ..... K, 4, 3

William C. Whitehead, New York, North—
Spades ..... A, Q, J, 7, 3
Hearts 9, 7
Diamonds ..... J, 3
Clubs ..... Q, J, 8, 2

Colonel Henry I. Raymond, Chicago, East—
Spades 10, 6, 4, 2
Hearts 5, 4
Diamonds ..... A, 7, 4
Clubs ..... A, 9, 6, 5

Tues., Feb. 22, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WWJ, WRC, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WTAM.

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

WGY	Gen'l Elec. Co.	Schenectady
WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WBAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co.	New Orleans
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark.
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WJAX	City of Jacksonville	Jacksonville, Fla.
WSOE	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KPO	[illegible]	[illegible]
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KJR	[illegible]	Seattle
KGA	Seattle Times	Spokane
CFCF	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
CKNC	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd.	Toronto
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal
CKY	[illegible] Tel. System	Winnipeg
CFQC	[illegible] Shop	Saskatoon
CFAC	Calgary Herald	Calgary
CJCA	Edmonton Journal	Edmonton
CKCD	Vancouver Daily Province	Vancouver
CFCA	London Free Press	London, Ont.
CKCL	Radio Assn. of Prescott	Prescott, Ont.
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"Let's go to that dance," said Sarah.

"I'll tell you," Janet said, "let's go down and sit on the porch, and if the music sounds good we might just look in."

They did go down, to be met in the lower hall by Mrs. Knowles, wife of the proprietor of the hotel. They had seen her during the day, but had not encountered her directly. She came up to them smiling so friendly a smile that even these bred New Yorkers recognized the genuineness of it. A round, red-cheeked matron was Mrs. Knowles, who dressed her feet in large and comfortable shoes and did not conform at any point to the modern ideal of the feminine figure. But her voice was soft, and there was that splendid old New England speech to lend to her a certain distinction. All New Englanders of the real stock possess this distinction when they speak; it is eloquent of cleanly bred race, and in its accents and stresses and archaic forms there is an unconscious dignity.

"I'm sorry I haven't had time to speak to you ladies before," she said; "but what with one movin' in and another movin' out, and chambermaids what they be, I haven't had a minute to myself all day. 'Twan't lack of friendliness, I want you should know that."

"Of course," said Janet, rather amazed at her sensations—first, that she did not find Mrs. Knowles the laughable, crude, small-town character her appearance might have indicated, and second, that she was able to sense no superiority of class in herself. It was apparent Mrs. Knowles sensed no such possibility. "You must be very busy, indeed."

"We hope you'll like it while you're with us, my husband and I. We want you should feel right to home, and if there's anything we can do to make you comfortable ——"

"I'm sure we're as comfortable as can be."

"Now that's nice. I know how 'tis movin to a new place. You feel strange and all. I know jest how to feel for you. I was sayin' to my husband today I must have some ladies in some afternoon this week to meet you. Maybe a dozen or so, and we'll play bridge—them that cares to—and five hundred—and some refreshments. Now le' me see—Thursday? No, better say Friday."

"Why, Mrs. Knowles ——" Janet did not know what to say. Was it correct to know socially the wife of the keeper of this little country inn, and to accept what she offered? To what would it bind her? Would she be making a false step in taking up with the wrong crowd?

Mrs. Knowles was incapable of comprehending such a doubt. "Now don't say a word. I love to do it. . . . Goin' in to the dance? Ab Knuckles gets over good music, I'll say that for him. 'Twan't so good before he started in."

"Mr. Knuckles? What has he to do with the dance?"

"He gives 'em. Rents Memorial Hall by the year, and runs the pictures and all. It seems like Knuckles kind of takes holt of anythin' nobody else seems to manage. . . . I see you ridin' with Eunice this mornin'. Sometimes my heart jest goes out to that girl. . . . Well, you'll be wantin' to go along now. . . . Mind you, my husband and I want to see you jest as comfortable as you can be."

"Thank you, Mrs. Knowles," Janet said, and, when the busy, bustling, kindly woman had hurried on to some unfinished task, she turned to her sister. "Well!" she exclaimed. "And what does one do about that? I—well, it's one way of doing, I suppose."

"I—if I were you, Janet, I wouldn't snub her," said Warren. "I'm sure she means well."

"But to have a party for me! I never heard of such a thing! What shall I do? And she seems a nice old thing too."

"I presume the grocer will be giving a ball for us if we go in there to buy a pound of butter," Sarah said laughingly, and feeling quite certain she had uttered a comical absurdity. "Oh, come on, let's see this performance. It must be respectable, anyhow, or Eunice Perrigo wouldn't be going. She may be a queer one, but she'd pass in any crowd."

They sat down on the piazza to give themselves a chance to make up their minds about it, and were really interested to see the crowd gathering. Young men and women walked up and down; unattached young men stood along the sidewalk, smoking and thinking of humorous things to say as people went past; two boys were doing a profitable business with a pop-corn wagon. There was much standing around outside the door of Memorial Hall by men whose women evidently had preceded them inside; and, what seemed strangest of all to these New Yorkers, everybody seemed to know everybody else. First names were used. Even young men, speaking to white-haired elders, used the familiar form of address in many instances, and with an air of custom which savored not at all of impertinence.

"I haven't seen a well-dressed woman yet," said Janet.

"I don't know," Warren said; "seems to me I've seen several rather decent-looking couples."

"Well," said Sarah, "if you see a young man who looks as if he knew his way around, tag him for me."

Then the music commenced—excellent music that set one's feet to jiggling, and the outsiders surged into the hall. . . . Before the Cross family could take up again the argument as to whether it should go Mr. Knowles ambled up to their chairs.

"Ma sent me out," he said. "She got it into her head maybe you folks would be kind of backward about goin' over on account of not bein' acquainted. I'll jest step over with you and make you known to two or three. Come right along."

He did not wait for them to accept or decline his proffered chaperonage, but waddled down the steps, evidently expecting to find them at his heels.

"Well!" exclaimed Janet again.

"Oh, come on. What's the difference?" Sarah said *sotto voce*. Then she chuckled. "Maybe he'll ask us to dance," she whispered, and giggled again at a conception so utterly absurd.

Mr. Knowles marched up the steps and elbowed his way through good-naturedly to the ticket window. "Here you be," he said, indicating with a pudgy hand. "Git your tickets right here. Fifty cents apiece. . . . Hey, Ab, fetched you some customers. We'll commence right here, folks. This is Ab Knuckles that runs the dances. Mr. and Mrs. Cross, and their sister. Kind of see to it they have a good time."

Janet's face was hot with embarrassment; Sarah was not embarrassed, but was fearful of giggling in somebody's face. Mr. Knuckles jerked his reddish head and bent his gray eyes upon them. "Most got better acquainted with these ladies 'n I wanted to," he said without a trace of a smile. "They helped Eunice almost to run over me this mornin'. Don't hold it against them though." He extended a tanned sinewy hand to Warren and shook silently. He turned again to the ladies. "Don't think she did it a-purpose this time," he said gravely; "but she'd like to."

"What an extraordinary thing to say," Janet said in her most aloof manner.

"So 'tis," replied Knuckles. "So 'tis. Extraordinary situations call for extraordinary sayin's. . . . Step right in and sit anywheres that isn't occupied."

They passed on into the hall, now well filled with dancers and spectators, and were conscious of a pleasant surprise—not at the appearance of the people who were there but at the hall itself. It was a splendid room, not the work of a carpenter, but of an architect who knew and loved the Colonial. There was about it a certain dignity, a graceful severity which spoke eloquently of the character of those who had caused it to be erected.

At the distant end was a stage upon which the orchestra was playing; on either side of the proscenium arch was a list of names in dignified lettering, that at the right being the roll of Barchester men who had fought in the Revolution, that at the left those who had gone away from their homes to the Civil War. Down each side of the hall were narrow, lofty windows with panels between. Pictures seemed to be hung in these panels, not paintings, but as nearly as the Cross family could tell from a distance, photographs in frames and daguerreotypes in cases. And so they discovered them to be. Dozens of pictures in each section, men and women, and each section represented a family—a family which had resided in Barchester for generations, back into those days when the Green Mountain Boys fought under Ethan Allen, when committees of public safety met and conferred—back to those days and earlier. Before the dawn of the republic these men and women had lived and labored here, hewing out their mountain farms, planting their orchards, building their remote homesteads. It was impressive; it was a fine thing to see assembled there all these faces of an elder generation. And when one came to scrutinize those faces—if his eye were an understanding eye and his heart a perceiving heart—the impression became profound and moving.

There was a similarity of feature. Splendid old women with strength in every line of every feature, strangely bearded old men with splendid brows and firm lips and lean cheeks and stern eyes—a gray-eyed race, it seemed. One could tell from those photographs that the majority of eyes were gray.

Here was something the Cross family never had encountered before, and they were not able yet to recognize what it was they saw. Janet and Sarah used the word "quaint," and found in the jet bonnets and ruching and chin whiskers and queer cravats matter for smiles. But even though they smiled, they were impressed. They must be impressed, for they were standing in the presence of something impressive, fine, noteworthy. Here was a village with a past of which it was conscious and of which it was proud. It knew from whom and from what it had sprung, and could estimate the value of its ancestors. Here was a certain tradition, and as one looked about the room, there were faces there which matched the faces upon the wall; young faces which would increase in strength until they would be worthy to be set side by side with those daguerreotypes which peered down upon them so gravely, so sternly. Here, in short, was race, the race to which America owes itself, the race which is the backbone of the nation.

To the Cross family it was only an experience, a novelty. They did not know, for they had never traveled and observed, that here was a sort of mother lode, a point of origin, from which streams of emigration had carried the fine gold westward and ever westward. They did not know that here was a typical American village, typical to the point of being a supreme example. Men and women from townships like Barchester had peopled the Middle West. Ohio was full of towns, some of almost equal antiquity, which matched Barchester in thought and in action; Michigan farmers are but transplanted New Englanders, thinking New England thoughts, speaking the New England idiom. And so of Indiana and Illinois and Iowa and the rest. Wherever you find unmixed American strain, there you find a town which acts and thinks and feels and talks as Barchester does. . . . An epitome of America!

Eunice Perrigo spied the Cross family as it entered with Mr. Knowles, and stopping her partner, led him to meet them. She nodded to the hotel man and spoke a rather breathless welcome to Janet and Sarah.

"This," she said, "is my brother James. I don't know how we come to be dancing together. Perrigos never do anything together. But here we are. . . . How do you do, Mr. Cross? James came in from the woods and I met him here. We didn't come together—you mustn't think that."

(Continued on Page 54)

Electrifying Performance

Sensational Power-Smoothness and Quietness

Anything you have ever known in the way of 3 or 4-bearing motor performance is so far surpassed by this big Nash 7-bearing motor that there is no real basis for comparison.

For the 7-bearing motor, as engineered by Nash, is the world's smoothest type — smooth and quiet to a degree scarcely believable until actually experienced.

Both the impressively beautiful Advanced Six 4-Door Sedan, pictured above, and its companion car on the Special Six chassis, are powered with this notable motor, as are all other Nash models.

Assuring still deeper operative silence is the standard Nash practice of insulating the motor from the frame with rubber cushions at the motor supports.

7
Bearing
Crankshaft
Motor

The interior of the Sedan illustrated here is enriched with genuine Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet upholstery and fittings patterned in an exquisite design.

And the same air of tasteful artistry is carried even to the instrument board, which is neatly and attractively designed, and embraces all instruments, including electric clock and hydrostatic gas gauge, under a single glass panel.

Included among the typically modern Nash mechanical features are double-beam headlights with steering-wheel control; thermostatic water regulator for control of motor heat; crankcase breather to prevent crankcase dilution; oil screen agitator to prevent oil coagulation in extremely cold weather, as well as 4-wheel brakes and 5 disc wheels as standard equipment at no extra cost.

"Dries in no time"
Ready to use a little while after applying!
WaterSpar Lacquer
Varnish and Enamels
Clear for floors and woodwork. Brilliant colors for every purpose.
"Guide to Better Homes" —a helpful complete book on home furnishing and decorating sent you free.
Address Dept. A, today.
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Glass-Paint-Varnish-Brushes
PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO
Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Factories
Milwaukee, Wis., Newark, New Jersey
Portland, Oregon Los Angeles, Cal.

(Continued from Page 52)

James Perrigo and Warren Cross eyed each other. It would have been difficult to confront with each other two men who were less alike in thought, in training, in outlook and in ambition—yet they looked not unlike. Both were tallish and slender, both clean cut of feature and intelligent of face; but James Perrigo possessed a stringy leanness, a grace which was apparent in every motion, a litheness which made one imagine him as always poised for instant motion. His brown eyes—and they were fine eyes when one caught them in repose—were restless and not contented. His face impressed one as being drawn as your athlete's face is drawn when he is at the zenith of his training, at that point where one more ounce will carry him over the line to staleness. His cheeks were wind-and-sun tanned, so that it seemed they must crackle like brown paper if he smiled, and his teeth were extraordinarily white.

He did not smile; nor, confronted by two ladies dressed in the mode and by a young man carefully tailored, did he seem conscious of his own lack in that respect. His shoes were heavy and not polished; he still wore the flannel shirt, blue, with which he had come from the woods, and it seemed he must have bought the first suit the clerk showed him. Yet he was a handsome figure, inscrutable of face, with something untamed, restless, potential for good or evil about him. . . . Brown eyes! They seemed almost black as he returned Warren's scrutiny—and he did not smile.

"How do you do?" was his greeting, uttered in a singularly low and pleasant voice—a voice with a hush in it as if he were used to silences and given to listening for something which was difficult to hear.

"I'm hoping," Warren said, "that you'll find time within the next few days to show me about the camps."

Perrigo's eyes had rested with curious intentness upon Sarah's face, and he seemed to move them with an effort back to Warren. "The camps—yes," he said abstractedly. It conveyed nothing, neither willingness to act as guide nor resentment at being asked.

Then his eyes moved back again to Sarah, who flushed and bit her nether lip.

"Will you dance?" he asked abruptly.

"Why—you're dancing this with your sister, aren't you?"

"Go ahead," said Eunice. "I'm glad to be rid of him. Perrigos are never good company for each other. . . . Heavens, there comes Walter through the door! Dance with me, Mr. Cross, before he comes up. I couldn't stand it if we got to be a family party."

Warren looked at Janet and lifted his brows, but there was nothing for it but to comply. However, Mr. Knowles stepped valiantly into the breech. "Let's you 'n me step off," he said to Janet; and without waiting for her acceptance, clasped her waist with a pudgy hand and swept her away. He juggled some and endowed the dance with more of the quality of the ancient waltz than she ever had experienced. Yet he danced well, and her fears for the integrity of her feet diminished with their progress about the hall. But her self consciousness did not vanish. Dancing with this country hotel keeper! It was absurd! She was angry, felt she was being made to appear ridiculous. But Mr. Knowles enjoyed himself thoroughly, utterly unaware in the kindliness of his intention of her chilling silence.

Abner Knuckles stood in the entrance way, watching. His eyes followed Eunice Perrigo about the room, then turned to rest, with a queer, questioning look, upon James, and came to halt upon the round, bald head of Walter Perrigo, who himself stood with his back against the wall, staring at his sister. Knuckles studied the man with curious intentness, noted the sparse hair over his ears, his slight mustache and drooping shoulders and the hint of a paunch which was making its appearance under his belt. It was a round, expressionless face, one without lines and creases, and yet it was not fat—expressionless if one did not dwell upon the eyes. But Knuckles was watching Walter's eyes, and he saw how they narrowed as Eunice floated past him in the dance, saw how they glinted with some malignant emotion, seemed to burn with a smoldering fire.

The elder Perrigo was unconscious that he was under scrutiny, and lost himself utterly in whatever emotion it was which possessed him. There was nothing of his brother and sister in him, in his face or figure or bearing. He seemed soft, planned by Nature for indoor uses, to live and move under a roof and shut in by walls. There was nothing of his brother's grace or that feral alertness. There was nothing of that nervous energy and restlessness. Nor was there a hint of his sister's vivacity or that hunger for life, for something unexpressed and unidentified, which seemed always to be moving her to quick motion and a flood of words.

Walter seemed a grayish, characterless sort of individual, incapable of keen pleasure or deep suffering or moving emotions—until one watched his eyes. They did not belong in that bland, rotund face.

Knuckles saw him pluck his eyes away from his sister as if they could not bear to abandon the scrutiny of her, saw them search the room, until they rested upon James—with a different expression, an expression not unlike Knuckles' when he had looked at James. It was a puzzled look, as if there was something about his brother which he did not understand, some puzzle he was trying to solve. So one might look at another to whom he contemplated putting some crucial proposition, wondering how it would be received, whether it would be well to make the proposition at all

One thing a stranger might have gathered from those eyes of Walter Perrigo—he hated his sister. But Knuckles had known this. It was no surprise to him. Nevertheless, it received the impetus of a fresh interest in view of the arrival in Barchester of Warren Cross. The sending of a new manager to supplant Walter and James at this time renewed to keenness Knuckles' interest in the Perrigo family, but more especially in that concealed, unnatural hatred of Walter for Eunice.

Strange emotions, amazing manifestations of the nature of men and women, are to be found in your great and crowded cities. But if you would see strange things, amazing comedies and bleak tragedies, go to your little village. Look within neatly painted houses set back among maples and amid broad green lawns, if you would comprehend how puzzling, how contradictory, how deep and black and turgid may run the stream of human nature. Your villager may laugh more loudly, but he may also hate more deeply, and be urged on and on by his hatred to actions which to the normal mind seem to pass the border line of sanity.

Monstrous skeletons hide away in the dust of village attics; bizarre drama moves its distorted figures along shaded streets and through commonplace, sunlit doorways to fantastic climaxes.

Knuckles moved slowly over to stand just behind Walter. Presently he spoke, after that habitual clearing of his throat. "Hello, Walt," he said.

Perrigo turned his round face. His eyes were bland now, and expressionless. "Evening, Ab," he replied.

No casual observer would have thought these two men to be the custodians of an inherited enmity, nor that the legacy had grown under their individual husbandry into a stark, coldly glowing animosity, the more bitter, the more dangerous, for being so well subjected.

"I see the new manager's come," Knuckles said.

"Seems as though," Walter answered.

Then Knuckles turned his back and walked slowly to take up again his position in the door. It did not seem this slight exchange of words had been worth the trouble. But Knuckles seemed to feel it had not been a waste of time.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lone Pine Canyon, California

Gregory Brackton, whose portrait is reproduced here, is one of the best dressed screen stars of the Famous Players-Lasky Paramount college of motion picture acting. The success scored by him in recent pictures was to be expected of a man so well-groomed and so talented. With Mr. Brackton, here is Miss Annette Vermac, whose beauty has added charm to many motion pictures.

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Illustrated above, about two-thirds natural size, a Spur Tie Band Bow. Other sizes, other styles are made to suit every requirement of men and boys. This pattern is a silk woven especially for the Spur Tie. These exclusive silks make sure that the Spur Tie is as correct for sport and business wear, as it is in black or white for wear with dinner jacket or formal evening clothes.

Smart to start ends the day that way

REMEMBER two words, "Spur Tie." Then forget all tie troubles. Here is a tie that comes all tied for you, to look more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie. Its smartness is self-evident the moment you put it on. It is correct in color, right in pattern—for Spur Tie silks are woven especially for Spur Ties, to make sure that their exclusive hues and designs are both new and right in style.

Your Spur Tie starts smart. It ends the day that way. Winter scarf or overcoat may brush it. Work-worry and motoring-breeze may try to disarrange it. Still it keeps its smartness, for in it is the H-shaped Innerform. That is a patented form, exclusive in the Spur Tie, which will not let it curl, roll or wrinkle.

Spur Ties are displayed in smart shops for men and in men's wear departments. If you do not see them, ask for them by name. Feel in the wings of the ties you buy for the H-shaped Innerform. Make sure that it is the *real* H-shaped Innerform in the *real* Spur Tie, by looking on the back for the red Spur Label, as illustrated at the right.

HEWES AND POTTER

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The [illegible] under the knot of every Spur Tie [illegible]. Look for it on the back of every tie you buy. You get the real Spur Tie only when this label is red, and when it reads "Spur Tie."

HELEN OF THE HUNDRED WAVES

(Continued from Page 23

pinched the place from us. But she can buy and sell me any day in the week. We're goin' back to Man-o'-War," he flowed on, "when we get cash enough to buy out the what-you-may-call-'em who has it. One thing an' another; here and there, you know."

The Jester did not; but it would seem that Helen Elizabeth did, for she broke in firmly:

"Charles, I'm going to the store with Mr. Telford to buy provisions and a blanket or two. I'll bring you back one bottle of beer—and you mustn't bore Mr. O'Moore with your chatter."

To the Jester, the connection between Helen Elizabeth's statements was fairly plain; and Charles did not fail to make it plainer, by winking portentously at his half sister and feigning to drink from an imaginary bottle. Left alone with his odd guest, the Jester busied himself sweeping out the little hut—which was clean enough already—with a broom of coconut leaf rib, in folding up and putting away his blanket and mosquito net, the while he wondered, achingly, what these folk would have for dinner. The girl was a wonderful girl, he thought; she reminded him of something, he couldn't quite tell what. But she was class, if she did come from a desert island—governesses, he guessed, and a decent mother. Lord, Lord, how long it was since he'd seen a white woman—a lady! As to what she had come for—she who seemed to possess most of the brains of the outfit—the Jester didn't need to guess; he thought he knew now.

There was all that he had hoped for, at the picnic meal—more; it seemed that the visitors were not short of money for food at all events. And O'Moore, who would have starved rather than take native charity, thankfully dined with his lodgers. Bacon—the smell of it almost made him cry—onions, blessed onions; meat loaf from a tin; jam, biscuits, tea, and a large fried cake smothered in golden sirup. No big dinner of the splendid days, with gold plate out for royalty, had ever tasted half so well. The girl offered him beer; Charles held his breath to hear the reply and dissolved into smiles when O'Moore refused. In truth, the Jester, had never cared for drink of any sort; not to that common cause did he owe the fate that had cast him, at sixty-odd, upon the beach of Avava.

Dinner being over, and the day not more than middle aged, the newspaper man proposed that they should all go and call upon the Queen.

"Not Charles," frowned the girl. Her half brother answered by a snort; he had fallen asleep on his mat. "You'd better come," she told Rob Telford. Through the tearing southeast wind, through sunlight blown incredibly clear, and crackling leaves that flew behind and before, they went to the painted palace on the green.

Now the Queen Jackea, who was a real sovereign, and ruled a wide archipelago of islands and sea, did not entertain stray white visitors as a common thing; but when she read the engraved card sent in by Helen Elizabeth, with "Man-o'-War Island" lightly stroked out underneath the name, she jumped off her mat with an agility beyond her years and kicked the nearest maid of honor with one bare foot.

"Hurry up, you beast," she said. "Get me my red velvet, and the gold shoes and silk stockings—yes, and the crown—the second best one. And tell the Second Equerry to have tea and gin and champagne and a tinned cake brought into the throne room at once."

"Who is it?" asked Moon Blossom, ruefully rubbing her person where the royal kick had descended.

"It is the chiefs of Man-o'-War. White people, but real chiefs; I wouldn't for anything that they caught me in this get-up. Hurry!" The Queen saved herself from falling as Moon Blossom evaded another kick. The Second Equerry, pulling on his trousers as he ran, was already on the way to the pantry.

When Helen Elizabeth and Telford were admitted, a woman more than six feet in height, very fat, splendidly dressed, and still good-looking, stepped down from the throne—which was gilded pine and vermilion satinet—to meet her guests. Dignity and graciousness shone in her brown face and from her large heavy-lidded, sensual eyes. She smiled and held out her hand. No one who had not seen her chewing plug tobacco, in her chemise, on the back veranda ten minutes earlier, could have believed she was not always, and every inch, a queen.

"Sit down—sit down. I am very glad to see you," she said, condescendingly. "Tongia, bring some chair."

The First Equerry came out from behind the throne, where he had been standing in shadow. He was a slim, youngish man, in a military uniform happily compounded from the gladdest rags of two English and one German regiment. He wore a row of orders designed by himself and upon him by Jackea conferred. The guests sat down. Tongia sat down, too, twisted a thin mustache and stared at Helen Elizabeth.

"You're a handsome beast," thought Helen Elizabeth, "but I can't stand your eyebrows." It was indeed true that Tongia's eyebrows were curiously marked in sharp crescents, over deep sullen eyes with passionate flame in their depths.

Somewhat of the tale of Man-o'-War, its loss, its possible recovery, had to be told. Jackea was sympathetic; nodded her crowned head, offered the gin, the tea, the cake, the champagne. Then came the inevitable question: "But why are you coming here?"

The equerry retired once more behind Jackea's throne, gloomed at the visitors as if he, too, wished to know why.

Helen Elizabeth believed in truth: not all the truth all the time, but truth judiciously administered—as a rule. Today the rule did not hold.

She saw that the wily widowed Queen and the Queen's equerry were her masters, if it came to diplomacy. So she plumped out with plain facts.

"We came," she said, "because we heard of the loss of your famous pearls."

Jackea sprang to her feet.

"Do you know anything about them?" she cried. She seemed to expand, till she was more, far more, than six feet tall; her eyes opened full beneath the deep ivory-brown lids, sending forth dark lightning. Jackea, in that mood, looked formidable.

"Go over it again," commanded Helen Elizabeth to Rob Telford. Telford, who had heard the Pentecost family history, with its far-back bar sinister of a Boleyn and a Henry, eyed her slantwise, the color growing in his cheek. There were two queens in the room at that moment, thought writer Rob.

"We heard," he said obediently, "that Your Majesty had lost a wonderful pearl necklace. It was losing its luster, so you had it inclosed in a perforated box and sunk in a certain place under the sea, to remain there for six months."

"Yes," cried Jackea eagerly, "that is right. I tell you, mister, it is a very good thing to do to pearls; it can make them all young once more. You have heard I lost it?"

"I heard—we heard—you forgot the place where it had been put," said Telford "And it seems you offered a very generous reward to anyone who could ——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Jackea. "But, mister, that is a year and a half ago, and there has been several peoples, and they have done no good."

"Well," said Telford, with a glance at Helen Elizabeth, "this young lady, who is traveling with her stepbrother, is a very remarkable swimmer, and she thinks she might be able to find them. At any rate ——"

He stopped short. The equerry, in the shadow of the throne, had not moved; yet Telford thought he had been about to interrupt—a fancy. He went on.

"Is it true that you are actually offering half the necklace?"

"Yes, yes," answered the Queen, waving her fan royally. "I am generous, I keep my words." Rob thought of the Jester, old and cast out. "If someone finds it, they shall have a knife and they shall cut the wire—gold wire—and all the half that is not the big middle pearl they shall have to themself."

"Whereabouts did you leave it?"

"Look t'rough the window out there. Inside the reef, somewheres between the big, big break where the little river go out, and that very, very large avava tree. I have put them there myself. I have swim underneath, in the moonlight, no one there, and I have make the little box very fast in a hole. On the reef opposite where I have put it there was a beacon—a big wooden post made fast in the coral, and that was my mark for the box. But the beacon, I think it has maybe been there too long and nobody look after him, because two day after there come a big blow, and that beacon go out to sea; and when the reef is all hole and hole like a sponge, who will tell what the one hole is that belong to that little beacon? Well, I am frighten at that, and I go down and I look for the box—ah, I go down and I come up and go down and come up, and I nearly break my lung and bust my eye, and no, I cannot remember, I cannot find! My husband—Prince Rangi, he was then alive—he says to me, 'You get a diver with the dress from Suva,' but I tell him, 'No blooming fear; you know all the divers with the dress they are everyone what O'Moore call thief of the world.' And my husband he says, 'You talk true.' And everyone knows that."

Helen Elizabeth nodded. She knew too.

"No, I say, I shall have an island people only to get that pearls back, because an island people they will not dare to steal them. Yes, miss, some white peoples came once, but I sent them away with a flea in the hand! The Avavans, they look, but never they find. But you—you are of ourselves; you are chief of Man-o'-War. Oh, I have heard of you; they call you the Silver Fish, because your skin is so fair and because you swim like a fish in the water. I desire that you go and try for it this afternoon."

Helen Elizabeth, sitting very straight upon her red-and-gold chair, looked at the colored queen. There was no flame behind her amber eyes to meet the fire in Jackea's; they were, as writer Rob said to himself, like gold wine turned to ice, and like gold wine, they sparkled.

"I shall go," she said evenly, "the day after tomorrow. Tomorrow I shall study the tides. And now I will say good-by, Queen."

Jackea's dark cheeks turned darker; her eyebrows came down over her eyes in the true savage bar.

"It's well," thought Rob Telford, "that we aren't in the middle of the nineteenth century; there's an off-with-her-head look about Jackea in that mood." Then he caught the expression of the equerry. "Why, confound him, the fellow's pleased," he thought. There was no time to sort out puzzling impressions. Jackea recovered herself almost at once: offered more tea, more cake, pressed the untasted gin and champagne once again upon her civilly refusing visitors; and then, gathering her train and her dignity regally together, bowed them away.

Supper was a gay meal that night. The Jester, almost his old self again, made merry for them as he had been used to do for other and greater folk, a world away. All the more was Helen Elizabeth intrigued when, waking late in her little room, she saw, alone out in the moonlight, the Jester, crouched beneath a palm tree. His head was in his hands and he was rocking to and fro, as if in trouble or in mortal pain.

She had almost forgotten the incident, in the morning, when Charles, who was entirely sober and very half brotherly today, asked her to come for a stroll with him.

Since Charles was by no means given to unproductive exercise, she guessed readily enough that he wanted to talk. The reef, she decided, would have to wait. Charles III was not quite the fool most people took him for, and no one knew this better than his half sister.

"Look here," he began, as soon as they were out of earshot, "did you tell Wally O'Moore about the pearl necklace?"

"No."

"B'gad, he's guessed then. I couldn't sleep a dashed wink last night, because you were so stingy about a spot or two of whisky. You know, if I can't ——"

"Yes, I know. Go on. I saw him too."

"I didn't see him—that is, not till I'd heard him. I was walkin' on the sand under those palms out there, tryin' to get sleepy, and the wind made a noise, and I hadn't any shoes on. So he never knew I was there. And I heard him buzzin' away to himself like a hive of bees."

"You shouldn't repeat ——"

"Oh, shouldn't I—when it's about you? I thought that would fetch you. Wally was rockin' himself, as I said, like a chap with the stomach ache, and he kept sayin', 'She's been good to me; she fed me; they've all been good to me, and I daren't tell. That girl,' says he—'that girl, with the eyes,' says he, 'that go right through you'—didn't know much about you, did he, Hel, or it would have been tongue, not eyes—'it's a burnin' shame,' says he. And then I thought he was going to begin to blub, so I sneaked away. What d'you think you ought to do, Hel? Blowed if I don't think the beggar knows something about it."

"If he does," said Helen Elizabeth, coldly repeating her brother's words, "I'm blowed if I don't get the beggar to tell me."

"How?"

Helen had not waited. She was walking with her quick, clipped step back to the hut and the Jester.

Strolling easily, Charles regained the house. By the time he got there, Helen, who was as quick in all her movements as any lizard, had managed to change from day dress into a gay green bathing costume. A bath cloak loosely thrown round her, she came out of her room and stood with ivory bare feet upon the ivory sand, close to the spot where the Jester was sitting cross-legged, smoking one of Charles' good Egyptian cigarettes.

"Where are you going?" he exclaimed, when he saw her. A little stiffly, he jumped to his feet. "You're not—you're not ——" he began, in dismay.

"Why not?" she said coolly, reaching for a cigarette, and lighting it at his.

"Are you going to look for those—for those damned pearls of Jackea's?" he asked.

"That's what I intend," agreed the chief of Man-o'-War. "Or at all events, to make a few observations on the spot today."

The Jester's head turned from side to side, like the head of a frightened cat. He opened his mouth, shut it, and then opened it again, bursting out suddenly, "I'll tell and be hanged!"

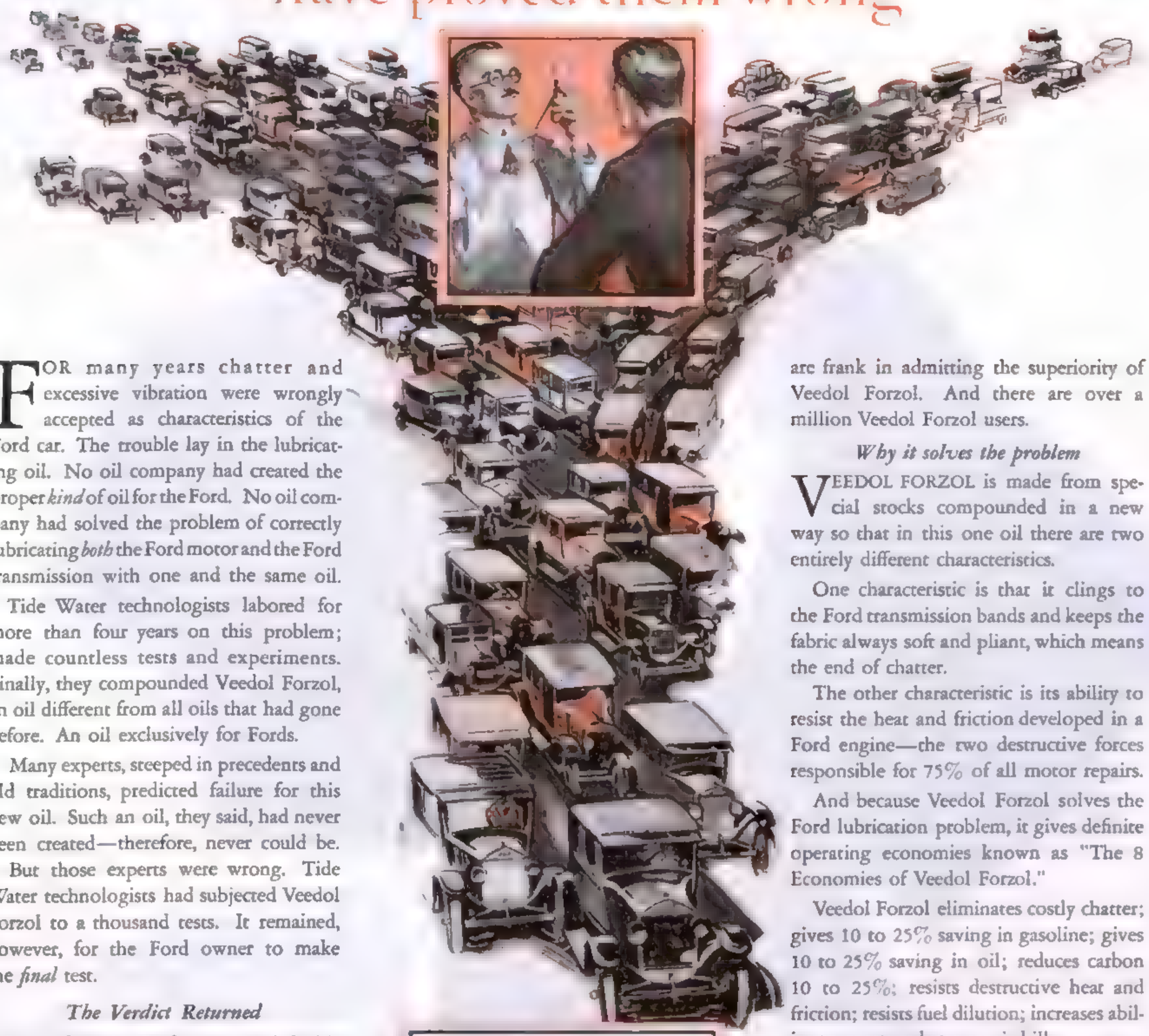
"Quite," said Charles, who had been watching. "Suppose we get inside your house. I dare say there's someone spyin' about somewhere."

"There would be," answered the Jester, leading the way into the little brown hut on the beach. "And I can tell you," he went on, "that it's a knife inside my collar bone, in the dark, if he knows I've talked."

(Continued on Page 61)

Experts said "IMPOSSIBLE!"

But a million Ford owners have proved them wrong



FOR many years chatter and excessive vibration were wrongly accepted as characteristics of the Ford car. The trouble lay in the lubricating oil. No oil company had created the proper *kind* of oil for the Ford. No oil company had solved the problem of correctly lubricating *both* the Ford motor and the Ford transmission with one and the same oil.

Tide Water technologists labored for more than four years on this problem; made countless tests and experiments. Finally, they compounded Veedol Forzol, an oil different from all oils that had gone before. An oil exclusively for Fords.

Many experts, steeped in precedents and old traditions, predicted failure for this new oil. Such an oil, they said, had never been created—therefore, never could be.

But those experts were wrong. Tide Water technologists had subjected Veedol Forzol to a thousand tests. It remained, however, for the Ford owner to make the *final* test.

The Verdict Returned

ONE by one Ford owners tried this different kind of oil. And almost unanimously they announced, "Veedol Forzol is the best oil for Fords we have ever used. It actually *ends* chatter. It safeguards the motor. It gives us new operating economies."

Fleet-owners, taxicab companies, and others who kept accurate maintenance records, quoted definite savings in operation, running into hundreds of dollars a year. Today, even those most skeptical experts are frank in admitting the superiority of Veedol Forzol. And there are over a million Veedol Forzol users.

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VEEDOL FORZOL is made from special stocks compounded in a new way so that in this one oil there are two entirely different characteristics.

One characteristic is that it clings to the Ford transmission bands and keeps the fabric always soft and pliant, which means the end of chatter.

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And because Veedol Forzol solves the Ford lubrication problem, it gives definite operating economies known as "The 8 Economies of Veedol Forzol."

Veedol Forzol eliminates costly chatter; gives 10 to 25% saving in gasoline; gives 10 to 25% saving in oil; reduces carbon 10 to 25%; resists destructive heat and friction; resists fuel dilution; increases ability to coast; reduces repair bills.

Drive to any dealer displaying the orange and black Veedol Forzol sign. Have the old oil drained from your crankcase and refill with 4 quarts of Veedol Forzol.

You'll soon join the multitude of Ford owners who endorse this oil as no other Ford oil has ever been endorsed. *Always ask for Veedol Forzol by name.*

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities. © T.W.O.S.C. 1927

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This car is Youth itself—in its eager morn—for the glad high-road and the hills of far away. A chum to go loafing the world with—carefree, fleet and enduring. Rolling in fresh to dinner, with breakfast 500 miles back. A smart looking pal around town, too, dashing and swagger and suave.

What, you ask, has made such a car possible? Release of the Super-Six principle, long held in check, reveals untouched heights of power, speed, safety and performance. Youth demands all this, and youth is most enthusiastic in its appreciation. It fits the purse of youth in cost, in operation and in maintenance.

A ride in the Essex Super-Six is like flying. The old-fashioned chug-chug-chug-chug no longer appeals. The flowing purr-r-r-r of the Super-Six power leaves the strongest desire for instant ownership.

There are four other models, and their prices are comparably low.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus War Excise tax

4 PASSENGER SPEEDSTER $75

The ESSEX *Super-Six*

COUPE $735

TWENTY years ago, she was one of millions of little girls playing the "grand lady" game, dreaming "grand lady" dreams. Some day, she was going to have a lovely home, a car of her own, membership in clubs, servants to do the work.

TODAY, she is one of the millions of women whose dreams have almost come true. She has a lovely home, the car, membership in clubs. But she seldom drives the car, rarely attends the clubs. Always something claiming her attention at home. Even though she has someone in to do the washing, she must stay there to supervise the work. No time for herself, no time for her dreams.

ALL the time she needs is hers for the asking. For close as her telephone is a "servant" who will take the hardest of household tasks off her hands and off her mind, give her back instead TIME. Time to drive her car, time to attend her clubs. Time to *live!*

YES, this "servant" is the modern laundry. Just telephone it—it is waiting to serve you. Washday with its frowns and fevered nerves will vanish from the calendar; you will be relieved of doing the work yourself or of playing "chaperon" to a laundress. Instead of a "steam day," you will have a "dream day"—time for all the things you haven't time for now. . . . The laundry is already "washday-servant" to nearly three million women. But it still has room on its patron-list for you.

Published in the interest of the public, and on behalf of the Laundry Industry by *The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio*

SEND IT TO THE LAUNDRY

Today's laundry offers services to fit every family's needs and every family's pocketbook. Ironed Services, Partially-ironed Services, Services in which the clothes are returned damp for ironing at home. Phone a modern laundry now—give one of these washday helps a trial.

(Continued from Page 56)

"You mean Tongia?" queried Telford. They were sitting in a circle, island fashion, upon the sand floor of the hut.

"Yes," agreed the Jester, raising tired eyes to the two fresh young faces beside him.

"This is a shame," burst out Telford suddenly. His own and Helen's unexpended youth loomed up before him like a millionaire's riches in the presence of broken and outward poverty. Why make this kindly soul's few remaining years harder than they need be?

"I reckon we can do without what you were going to tell us; you keep it to yourself," he counseled. "What do you say, Helen?"

They had been friends for the better part of a year now, meeting again and again in odd corners of the Pacific—not entirely by chance, as Telford knew—but this was the first time he had dared to use her Christian name

"God's body!" flashed the chief in answer. "Keep that for your equals!"

Telford was so far amazed at first by her oath—he counted it a pure Elizabethan throwback, but it was in truth a favorite expletive of Charles Pentecost I's—that he did not feel the frightful slap delivered by that swift tiger paw. Realization came, however, and he sat mute.

"One has a poor ancestor or two," he told himself, "if one isn't a hereditary island chief or a descendant of Old Harry; but one can't match boasts like a boarding-house tea party. Helen Elizabeth, you're not easy to stay in love with. I wonder why I do it."

Helen Elizabeth meantime was carrying on.

"Tongia knows something," she stated rather than asked. The Jester nodded.

"I didn't live in the palace ten years without learning what went on," he said. "Tongia worked the Queen up to throw me out because of that. He was—it isn't exactly fit ——"

"You're too Victorian, O'Moore," cut in Charles. "Spit it out; he was the old female's lover."

"Just so," said the Jester. "He's tired, and she doesn't know it. He wants to get away to Fiji and cut a dash there, but he can't get money enough out of her for that. And—and"—he hesitated, looked out of the door, and through a crack in the walls that commanded a view of the palace—"Tongia knows where the necklace is," he ended fearfully. "He's waiting till he thinks it safe to bolt. It would be the very deuce for anyone to meddle. He's capable of any villainy, and you must remember this isn't a crown colony; no one to back up a white man—or woman. You take my advice and let the necklace alone. Let it alone. You might be able to find it—I don't say—but even if you did, Jackea would cheat. She cheats everyone. She cheated her husband, she cheated me, she'll cheat Tongia if she can. You take that schooner back to Fiji before it's got the cargo aboard and sailed. That's the safest thing for you to do."

The amber eyes of Helen Elizabeth looked as if a match had been lit behind them.

"I don't do things that way," she answered. "What more do you know?"

It was a command, and the Jester, used to royal commands, responded simply, "I know where they are."

"Then you can tell me."

"If you must! Tongia's clever. A queen's lover has to be if he wouldn't lose his head, you know, they keep up the block and ax here, though it's seldom used. She didn't mean him to know where she put the necklace, so she went at night; moonlight night, and all the island miles off fishing on the big reef; there was a special shoal of fish. She waited till Tongia was asleep in his room, and went out. I saw her; I was out myself, as it happened; I couldn't sleep, and often enough I've spent a night on the beach. Nobody knew; when you're old and grizzled there's no gossip about where you spend your nights. She dived right under the beacon. I saw she had a box tied to her waist, and I knew it was the necklace, because she had told me the pearls were sick, and there's only one cure for sick pearls.

"When she came up she went back to the palace and into Tongia's room; I saw the light. I suppose she found him asleep, as innocent as a baby—but I'd seen his face at her window ten minutes before. He must have come in and missed her, and started to spy. Well, the light went out in his room presently, and lit up in hers; then I saw him come out and make for the reef, and he went down under the beacon and stayed till I thought he was dead—he's a magnificent diver, even for an Avavan. When he came up, a long way off, there was nothing in his hands; but I knew he'd planted the necklace, because he came walking backward across the shallow water, and stopped on the shore and took a sort of rough bearing with a tree and a rock. There was a big lump of bush just behind him. I hid in that and pulled out the little compass I always carried—habit of surveying days, I suppose—forgotten everything but that. I took the bearings properly, and wrote them down. There's the compass and there's the memorandum, and you'd better leave the whole thing alone."

"Thanks," said the girl, slipping the packet down the neck of her green jersey. "I did mean to wait till tomorrow, but I shall go now. From what you say, the sooner the better." She rose, folded her cloak about her, and light, barefooted, walked out of the hut. "I'll have no one with me," she said over her shoulder. "If I go this minute, and get the thing done before anyone has time to know about it, there's ten times as much chance as I'd have with half a dozen people messing about and calling attention; so please keep just where you are."

"It's madness," objected Telford. "For heaven's sake, let me ——"

"I won't. Stay where you are."

She was out, and walking, through a rain of gold coins and flakes of sun, under the palms, toward the break in the near reef.

Under the last rise of the reef, before it broke sheer as a submarine cliff into black-blue depths of ocean, there were wonderful water gardens. The sun shone from above in crumbled rainbows; the giant mushrooms of pale coral, big as dining tables, were edged factitiously in amber, violet and green; fans of red and ivory stone lace, live bushes with blossom tips of rose and purple, gigantic clamshells from whose crenelated jaws trailed fleshy robes of silver and of peacock color, all trembled, waveringly, in a glory that exceeded even the glory of their own incredible coloring. Fish flaming blue, fish party-colored rose and scarlet and yellow and turquoise, silver-haired sea slugs, starfish painted like a sunrise sky, went gliding among the coral, like beetles and butterflies wandering among tropic flowers.

The reef behind rose up in blocks of pearl. Into its mysterious caverns and gullies blue light seemed to fall, searching out secrets. Here the water was deep; here for a long time, undisturbed, the ribbon fishes had trailed their flickering follow-me-lads, and the decapods shot backward in a bunch of sucker arms, secure from diving hands and stabbing spears. Here sometimes sting rays glided, immense, white and black-eyed, flat as bugs and, like bugs, ready at any moment to slip sideways into cracks and crevices. Deep water the sting rays liked; coolness and security and food hunted through coral rocks without fear of competition. For in the lagoon they had but one peer—the shark; and even the shark, wary of that lashing poisoned tail, gave them wide berth.

There was a big sting ray in the lagoon near Jackea's palace; it had lived there now undisturbed for nearly a year. Sun was coming bright through twenty or thirty feet of shallow water, painting the coral garden with the light that is never seen on the surface of ocean or of earth.

The sting ray did not love light; it loved the dark, because its deeds were evil. It slipped, buglike, into a twenty-foot-long horizontal crack beneath a ledge and waited. In a while the light would die. The sting ray was intelligent; it waited.

When, from above, something bright green and white shot down into the blue-lighted depths of the inner reef, the sting ray did not move. In its brute brain it sensed the harmlessness of the creature, and at the moment it felt no temptation toward the strange fits of unaccountable berserk fury that sometimes attack this, the most terrible of a diver's enemies. Scratching its back against the comfortable rocks above, it remained in a daydream.

The green-and-white fish was a curious thing; it had long fins, and a head with round, dark, projecting eyes. It fumbled about head downward, in a kind of methodical hurry, turning its head with the great glassy eyes here and there, here and there, and feeling about the ivory-colored rocks with its long fins. Once it disappeared, shooting upward, so that one could just see its lower half moving about, cut off by a glimmering mirror sheet; then it turned, came back and began cruising about again, so near to the great sting ray that he drew up his dagger tail, scorpion fashion, against the rock, ready to dart out and strike.

Helen Elizabeth had taken but two dives before finding what she sought. The bearings given her by the Jester had led across the shallows to a point a long way removed from the former site of the beacon; which latter, as she shrewdly guessed, Tongia had removed in order to confuse the Queen and induce her to lay the blame of the loss upon herself. Tongia had made his plans nicely. There was a spot underwater where somebody had dropped a ballast stone, and right to the neighborhood of that spot the bearings led. The stone, standing out dull gray against the vivid coloring of live corals, was not very big; not impossible, with a good pull, to shift. And underneath it, in a little hole, all slimy and green with weed, was a tiny oblong steel box.

Helen Elizabeth had just managed to drag out the box from its nest among growing coral and drop it into the diver's bag she carried at her waist, when the passing of a shadow overhead rang an automatic alarm bell in her experienced brain and made her turn, swift as an eel, sideways and up.

"Shark?" she thought—not much perturbed, for it was well known that the Pentecost white chiefs had the mastery of sharks, but feeling, nevertheless, for her diver's knife. Perhaps it might be a devilfish.

And then she saw. It was not a shark, not a devilfish; it was worse than either. The brown limbs of Tongia were winnowing down from the surface, making straight for her.

She had time to note that he, like herself, wore diving glasses strapped on his eyes, and could therefore see clearly under water; no dodging possible. She saw that he, too, had a diver's knife, and that he held it in his hand. In one racing instant she foreknew what would happen; what secret the reef was meant forever to hide.

"I shouldn't have come," was the last thought in her mind. "Rob—Rob, you were ——"

After that she did not think; she held her breath for dear life, and fought. Seconds, underwater, are as hours. She had slipped away once from the knife; he was following her, fresher by far than she. In the wild struggle they swept quite close past huge white eyes that stared—one had not time even to think about it. For all she could do, she knew she could not save herself; yet, with cracking lungs and heart pumping to the last slow strokes, she fought on. A second time a shadow passed above; then, with a crashing plunge, something fell down upon the pair and consciousness for the moment ceased.

Seconds like years passed, and the girl, three-quarters dead, felt air upon her face. She did not know how she had reached the top; she could not, for minutes, think. When sight cleared, the first thing she saw was her own wet hand holding on to the gunwale of a canoe; then the face of a man, with closed eyes, floating in the water beside her.

Instinctively she felt for her knife, as a wasp, half drowned, might desperately try to sting. The face washed nearer—it was Rob Telford's! She found strength to pull up his head and hold him to the canoe. Frightful noises seemed to be thrashing in her ears; she was swaying oddly in the water. Had the dive made her giddy and deaf?

Then she saw, and even the stout heart of Helen Elizabeth quailed.

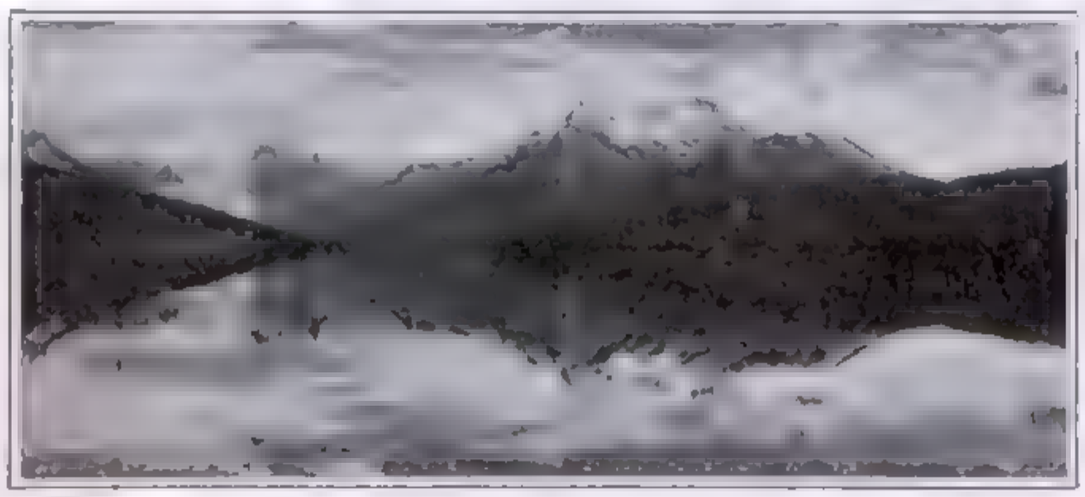
The giant ray—ah, those white eyes below!—had come to the surface and, after the manner of its kind, gone mad. Something, no doubt the unaccustomed disturbance made by the struggle down below, had roused it from its sluggish rest; it had flashed into fury, and was crazily slapping and thrashing the lagoon, just as a hand slaps down on the water in a basin. Only in this case the basin was a mile long and the hand big enough to cover a parlor floor.

Every now and then it sprang clean out into air, showing the whole extent of the wicked black tail, armed with a poisoned rapier at the end. Helen, driven to those last reserves of strength that the human body keeps for the worst pinch of all, managed to drag herself and, after her, Telford, into the canoe, just as the whip tail snapped almost over her, and the sneering curved mouth, with pale teeth showing, swept past her through the air. There was a dark body out in the water; the tail, as it fell, lashed across it. Helen gave a frantic stroke with her paddle, shooting herself out of range as the ray leaped and fell once more with a shock that sent foam and green water wallowing over the gunwale. . . . Green? But that water was red!

The sharks knew it as soon as she did. While she paddled toward the shore they came gliding, fast and fast, from all points of the compass, all headed—black shadow and leaping back and sharp skimming fin—toward one center, where the sea, in the midst of the smother raised by the furious sting ray, was flushed with spreading blood.

"You've had as much first aid as anybody wants who isn't dead, so please sit up," said Helen Elizabeth.

(Continued on Page 63)



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It's So Good *we eat it every day*

TO do the most good, bran must be eaten regularly. It should be included in your diet every day, to supply the bulk which is so essential to your health.

To eat bran every day, you have to like it. Its flavor must tempt you. It must not tire your palate.

Post's Bran Flakes provides bran in its best-liked form. Millions of people have formed a new health habit since Postum Cereal Company made bran so good to eat. Millions of people now get this important bulk every day because in Post's Bran Flakes they have found a bulk food they really like.

And, no mistaking it, Post's Bran Flakes *is* delicious. It has a tempting flavor that has made it the world's most popular bran food. As a cereal, with milk or cream, it is a real treat that you will look forward to every morning.

And it's so easy to serve. Just pour the crisp, brown flakes into a bowl right from the package, add milk or cream and eat it with genuine relish. Or try it baked into muffins, cookies or bread.

Post's Bran Flakes gives you bulk you need and at the same time supplies such vital health essentials as: phosphorus, iron, protein, carbohydrates and vitamin-B.

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At your request we will gladly send you a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and a booklet that has important bearing on health.

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Try "Now you'll like Bran"

everybody—every day

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

(Continued from Page 61)

Rob Telford, convicted, allowed himself to revive in appearance, as he had, some minutes past, revived in fact. Over his head an avava tree was swaying long cedar-like branches; grass was beneath his body; cool airs of sundown crept from the still lagoon, where not a ripple told of the tragedy so lately ended. Helen Elizabeth, sitting very upright on the grass, was looking at him—kindly? Well, he had thought so, but when he rubbed his eyes ——

"I should like to know," said her clear, clipped voice, "what good you or anybody could have thought it was possible to do by jumping feet foremost into the water, when you couldn't swim for—coconuts."

"I didn't think of doing any good," Rob answered meekly. He was sitting up now, as he had been told; his drenched shirt lay on the ground beside him. A sudden memory struck Helen Elizabeth of another day, when he had taken off his coat in a tearing wind to wrap it round her own seaweed-clad form. Perhaps the thought made her voice kinder when she said, "You might tell me what you were doing."

"I got the canoe and followed," he explained. "Something or other made me. You had just dived in when I started to paddle across, and then I saw that beast come after you. My God, I did go some! I got over to where one could see the bubbles coming up and the sea all shaky, and I put my head under water to look, and when I saw—when I saw—well, I thought I might—if I jumped straight—break his blasted neck for him before I got drowned. And the next thing I knew for certain was that you had me ashore. I suppose I did nothing."

"You couldn't break anybody's neck for him with twenty feet of water to soften the fall," she told him. "But you did do something; coming down like that, you started the sting ray out, and broke up everything, and saved the pearls—and me," she added as an afterthought. "Come, let's get back and change, and then I'll go up to the palace to collect the reward."

"Queen Jackea," said the calm voice of Helen Elizabeth, "I have brought your pearls."

Jackea, sitting on the great gilt throne, turned her head slowly. The lamp had, by her orders, been placed behind the dais. In spite of cold water and eau de Cologne, she knew her face was swollen with many tears. Tongia was a traitor; but she had, in her own fierce way, been fond of him.

The thought of the pearls was balm to a wound. When she had done weeping over the news her ready spies brought in, she had consoled herself with the hope of feeling, soon, about her neck the gems that she loved almost better than herself. As to her promise of giving half the necklace as a reward—well, she chuckled when she thought of it. It seemed to Jackea that she was very clever.

Helen Elizabeth, not asked to sit down, fetched herself a chair from the other side of the hall and deliberately took a seat near the dais. The island Queen frowned, then recollected that this white woman, too, was a sort of queen in her way, and decided to pass it over. She decided also to pass over everything that had led to the recovery of the pearls. That would not bear discussion—yet.

The lamp behind the throne left Jackea in shadow, but cast full light upon the little slim figure of Helen Elizabeth. Jackea watched as a dog watches for its dinner, while Helen drew a silk handkerchief from her pocket, unfolded it and let a glistening string of pearls slip dangling down into the glare of the acetylene flame.

If the necklace had been sick when the Queen had planted it, it was assuredly not sick now. Jackea had never seen her gems so beautiful.

"Give them to me!" she cried, jumping to her feet. Helen Elizabeth, a little smile upon her lips, gave them. The Queen made a clutch.

"But this is not the necklace!" she cried, in a high angry voice. One big pearl, backed by a string of graduated gems that ended in the half of a small gold snap, coiled itself brightly in her palm. "This," she said, trembling with rage, "is half a necklace. Where—what ——"

"I'm so sorry," replied Helen Elizabeth evenly. "There are a great many oysters in the lagoon, and I dare say they were hungry; I think they must have eaten the other half. I can go and look again if you like, but perhaps I shouldn't find them." She rose to her feet, and had politely bowed herself out before Jackea could think what to do next.

"I'll have them back tomorrow," the Queen told herself furiously. She rang the bell and gave orders to the Second Equerry—now promoted to permanent trousers, and First. He was to call at the Jester's house the first thing in the morning, she told him, and take no refusal as to the return of the missing pearls. He could make any excuse he liked—between them they would think of something—but ——

"If you want them, Your Majesty," said the new First Equerry, "I had better go now. Who knows what that devil with the red hair may be up to? Let me get into my official uniform and I will visit them at once. I believe that Jester is at the bottom of it. Your Majesty has been too soft-hearted about him. Of course, with Fiji so near, one can't behead white people—but there are plenty of other ways. Can I wear my cocked hat?"

"Yes," said the Queen, a little curtly—the hat had been Tongia's till that afternoon. She turned her face from the light.

The equerry was slow in dressing and getting away, but he came back quickly.

"Oi, oi, Your Majesty!" he lamented, stumbling into the throne room. "The red-haired little devil and the rest are gone! They sailed just now on the Fiji schooner!"

"Get me the Jester then," ordered Jackea grimly. "We shall see what can be done with him."

"Oi, oi, alas, he went with them too!"

"Went too!"

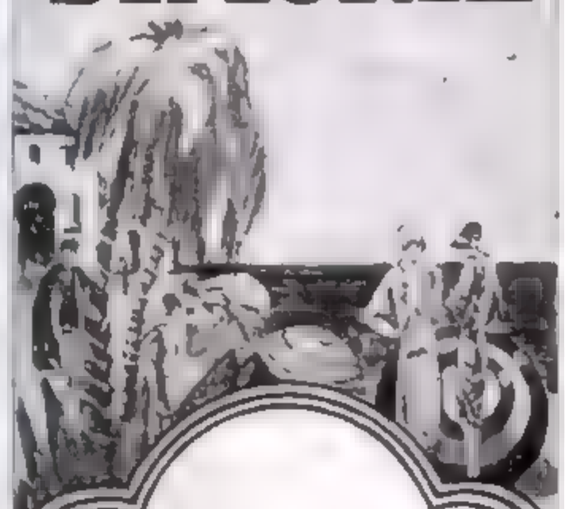
"Yes, Your Majesty, and I heard that a woman who was on the wharf when they embarked heard them speaking of him, and saying—do not blame me, I could not help anything—that half was his, and that he was to go home to Beritania and buy a new—a new tie."

"Equerry, you are mad!" said the angry Queen. "And I shall give your cocked hat tomorrow to another."

One can live on a very small annuity, when one is old, and very, very glad to be back in England at last.

I'll say Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ



"How does it happen your car always looks so bright and new?"

"That's easy, we keep it SIMONIZED.

"I use a little SIMONIZ KLEENER on a soft cloth which removes all smudge, dirt and stains—then SIMONIZ gives a lasting luster and keeps the car looking like new. SIMONIZ and SIMONIZ KLEENER are pure vegetable compounds which protect all fine finishes and lessen depreciation."

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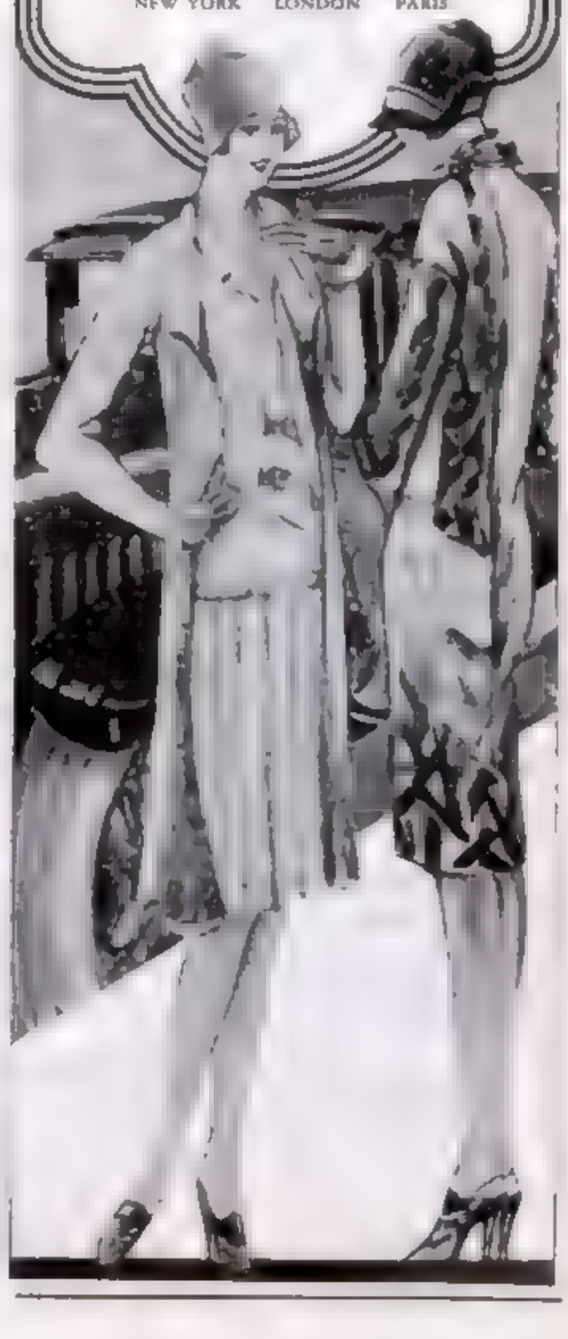

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 26

is a blot on American business conduct is the way the office force acts up when Mrs. Boss brings the children in for a while after the matinée.

You'd think the alarm had just sounded for a fire drill the way everybody rushes up to be the first to pat the kiddies on the head.

They murmur complimentary remarks about the way Willie has grown and how well Gladys is looking since she got a shingle like her mother's.

It's simply impossible to get any work done while the boss' kids are around. They come into every office, and are the signal for a general suspension of all business activity and a vacation for every stenographer and file clerk in the place.

Of course they don't come in very often, thank the Lord, but when they do I can't see why they must break up the system of a well-organized business. Why should the boss' children get more attention than any other visitors to the plant? They aren't any better. In fact, my personal opinion is that they are all meddlesome rascals and aren't entitled to more than a moment's passing attention.

If I could get any cooperation from the rest of the office force or keep the kids away from my desk, I'd keep right on with my own work and not let them interrupt me at all.

It's my personal opinion that this business of giving sole attention to the boss' children when they visit the office is wrong from a theoretical, as well as a practical, standpoint, and will eventually undermine our economic system. I'm wholeheartedly against this patronizing attitude, and I don't mind saying so either.

And what's more, I ought to know what I'm talking about. Haven't I held five different jobs in five different offices, all within the past two years?

—*Richard S. Wallace.*

From Payroll ——

IT WON'T BE LONG

—— to Parole

As you women know

Most men are easy to manage—except before breakfast

TRY THIS RECIPE

Man's "contrariness" in the morning before breakfast is one of the mysteries of nature. Unsolved as to cause, it continues to exist. But now, happily, an antidote has been discovered.

Here it is. Pancakes with Log Cabin Syrup. A magical combination. For it quickly turns early morning frowns into cheery smiles. Makes the most grumpy individual (particularly irate husbands) really "fit to live with" before breakfast.

So, if you have an "early morning lion" in your home, try this recipe tomorrow morning. But don't take chances on merely a sweet syrup. For after all, the finest pancake or waffle is still "flat as a pancake" without the *right kind* of syrup.

Why millions prefer

Log Cabin Syrup just naturally makes pancakes and waffles delicious. For it has the luscious flavor of pure maple. An enticing maple flavor that *permeates* every bite with rich goodness. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world.

We use only the two choicest kinds of maple—New England and Canadian. These are blended with purest granulated sugar. By the famous 40-year-old Towle process. Nothing else is used. Hence, the delicious maple flavor—rare and melting.

Fried Mush—*another delightful and economical dish when served with Log Cabin Syrup. One of the 24 ways to vary the menu*

On Grapefruit—*Log Cabin Syrup. Pour on a generous amount and let it soak before serving. Improves the flavor wonderfully.*

Make this test

We are so sure that you will be delighted with Log Cabin Syrup that we make you this offer. Order a can from your grocer today. Then have pancakes or waffles. If you do not agree that Log Cabin is the most delicious syrup you have ever used—that with it your pancakes or waffles taste better than any you have ever eaten—return the unused portion of the can to us. We will refund the *full* purchase price, including postage.

Log Cabin Syrup comes in three sizes. Order from your grocer today and make this test—*at our risk*. If he can't supply you, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied at once.

Free Offer: "24 ways to vary the menu." Write today for these new, delightful Log Cabin recipes. Send name and address. A postcard will do.

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THE CENTER OF NORTH AMERICA

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Towle's **LOG CABIN** *Syrup*

Cousin Benjamin

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK L. SPRADLING

Coming Up Almost Every Saturday, Lonnie Was—and Doing Mighty Well, by All Reports—in His Father's Lakeport Bank

THE beatitude of spring enveloped Tom Lattimer—a contentment measurably deepened by the lively memories of other springtimes, not remote, in which, for the Lattimer family, very little indeed had been right with the world.

He contemplated these recollections now with an agreeable sense of superiority to that Thomas Lattimer who had never taken pleasure in the mild airs and reviving earth of May. To that Lattimer spring had been the leanest, meanest season of the year, a time of empty bins and pockets, with notes and mortgage yammering for money just when he must contrive, somehow, to finance new-planted crops. He had looked forward to the heat and haste of summer, too, with helpless dread. Even the knowledge that, by twos and threes and half dozens, his city relatives would presently invite themselves to their annual vacations in the roomy farmhouse that had once been Joseph Lattimer's pleasant tavern in the stagecoach days, had been overshadowed by the unworthy thought of bigger bills at the grocery and mysteriously lessened sales of eggs and cream and butter and chickens.

Those had been evil years for all the Lattimers; for Tom himself, trying to do two men's work in his fields to save a farm hand's wage; for Chrissie, placid and tireless in the big kitchen, but going to church in a dress and bonnet whose origin was veiled in venerable mystery; for the two girls, Annie and Dora, singing and chattering as they made beds and washed interminable parades of dishes, but looking wistfully at their city cousins' clothes and listening gravely to their sprightly talk of theaters and dances.

Bad times, thought Lattimer comfortably, those days before Jud Armstead came to Willow Fields. He watched Jud coming up the slant from the barns, his heavy shoulders swung a little forward, a dim reminder, in his walk, of the hitch and shuffle of the lock step. Vividly the memory rose in Lattimer's mind of that morning when, on thoughtless impulse, he had given bed and board and wage and welcome to a sullen jailbird with the bleach of Stillburn Prison still sallowing the cheeks that sucked in tight above those lantern jaws.

Loyally he gave Armstead all the credit for what had happened since, but in the back of his mind he found himself entitled to a mild approval, too, for having given Jud his chance. He chuckled softly at random memories. Even in that first summer Jud had hated those swarming city aunts and cousins, had done his best to get rid of them. Hattie Marsh and her two hellion boys; Lem and his mother and that missionary friend they'd brought along; Eddie Salmon and his brand-new bride—quite a while since any of them had been at Willow Fields, Lattimer realized; but in the old days they'd been as regular and certain as the swallows and the interest on the mortgage.

It had been Jud who'd found a way to get shut of them, just as he'd managed, somehow, to buy in that mortgage; it had been Jud's notion to reopen Willow Fields as a roadside tavern for the reviving traffic of the new-paved post road; it had been Jud who'd recognized in Tom Lattimer's unquenchable passion for filling up his great house with company some inheritance of Great-grandfather Joseph Lattimer's tavern-keeping instinct; it had been Jud who'd relieved him of the farm management and somehow sweated a profit, every year, out of the acres that had always widened the hole in Tom Lattimer's pocket. It was all Jud's doing, this change from debt and worry and hopelessness to the prosperous, contented state of mind with which Tom Lattimer could sit on his side porch and contemplate another spring.

The thought somehow stirred a dim uneasiness in the background of Lattimer's mind. It had all been Jud, right from his first day on the place. It was still Jud—Jud who ran the farm, Jud who cannily superintended the conduct of the inn, Jud, even, who managed the affairs of all the family. A sudden realization of his dependence frightened Lattimer. Suppose he had to get along alone! Suppose something happened to Jud! Suppose he should take it into his head to quit!

He lulled the disturbing fancy easily enough. Jud couldn't quit; he owned a half share in the farm and inn; he was tied to them both as fast as Lattimer himself. He, Lattimer, dismissed the silly notion as a car whirred in the drive and he moved blithely down to greet his guests at the retaining wall, honestly rejoiced at their arrival quite regardless of the knowledge that there would be a money profit in their entertainment.

They had stopped once before and, Great-grandfather Joseph's talent serving him, he greeted them accurately by name. They gave him back his friendliness, shaking hands and making jocular inquiries about the supply of whipped cream and canned elderberries. One of them exhibited a cased fishing rod and demanded information as to its employment. Gravely Tom Lattimer announced that there were lots of suckers in the brook and maybe a few more outside of it. They slapped him cheerfully between his shoulder blades at the time-honored answer.

"Staying a week this time," said the angler, his chin recessed in affable red jowls. "Been promising ourselves another whack at that elderberry pie ever since last year."

Lattimer settled them in the two best rooms and descended. Before the cracked and peeling portrait of Great-grandfather Joseph, painted, according to tradition, by a strapped strolling artist whose later work hung in a dozen galleries, he paused and rubbed his hands—the selfsame gesture in which the artist had depicted old Joseph. He bore needless word of the arrivals to Chrissie. The kitchen was already an active scene and the voice of an unhappy cockerel came mournfully from the poultry run. Again Lattimer rubbed his hands.

"First-rate company," he said. "Liked 'em both when they were here before."

Chrissie's deliberate smile answered him above the big yellow bowl in which she stirred her cake. Annie, sifting flour, continued to chant under her breath about somebody who was Tony the Greek for six days in the week, but on Sunday for one day was Spanish. Lattimer identified the tune as that which young Lonnie Parlow had whistled indefatigably on his last visit. His eye softened at something it detected about Annie's look. Coming up almost every Saturday, Lonnie was—and doing mighty well, by all reports—in his father's Lakeport bank.

Again it occurred to him that if it hadn't been for Jud and his Stillburn fashion of collecting board bills, young Lonnie would probably have turned out to be a rather unsuccessful crook; certainly he wouldn't be spending his week-ends at Willow Fields, putting that curiously misty look into Annie's face. Jud again, and again Lattimer rebuffed a vague, uneasy thought of what would happen if they ever had to get along without him.

The telephone in the restored taproom embarked upon the formidable code signals of the party line. Mechanically Lattimer's ear counted the rings—five long, four short, three long. He moved as if to answer; but Chrissie, dusting her hands on her aproned hips, stepped quickly past him.

"I'll tend to this, Tom." Her voice held a baffling quality for Lattimer's ear, a voice wholly unlike Chrissie's normal round, smooth note. He saw that her lips were firm and that her head moved in a funny, determined sort of diagonal nod. Dora and Annie, under his puzzled masculine eye, exchanged glances in which he recognized an esoterically feminine significance. Chrissie was audible at the telephone.

"Yes, Nellie? . . . No, he isn't. . . . No, not till after six, anyway. . . . No, I'm afraid I couldn't—he's up on the hill. . . . Yes, I'll tell him."

Lattimer seemed to detect a certain hostility in the brief jangle of the bell with which Chrissie rang off. She came back, her lips slightly more firmly set than before.

"That's the third time today," said Annie.

"Fourth." Dora's tone had the same flatness. "I answered her once while you were gathering eggs."

Twenty-two years of female society had not been altogether wasted on Tom Lattimer. Conversations of this

type were dimly intelligible to him. He was again disturbed by the discovery that even Chrissie and the girls could on occasion show a touch of something very much like spite.

"Nellie Finn, was it?" Three pairs of eyes regarded him with affectionate disrespect. His question, which he inwardly admitted had been needless, was not otherwise answered. He was constrained, however, to stand firmly to his guns.

"Called up Jud, eh?" Again the converging eyes bore with him. He moved toward the taproom door. "If she's rung up four times, it's apt to be something important," he said. "Maybe I'd better call up and see what Nellie wants."

Under inspection still more contemptuously amused, he was prompted to rebuttal of an unspoken suggestion.

"Mighty hard for Nellie to run that farm," he said. "Hard enough for Jim to make it pay, and now he's dead it's only neighborly to help Nellie out when she needs advice."

"Advice!" Annie laughed shortly. "Nellie Finn!"

Vaguely Tom Lattimer interpreted. As long as Jim Finn had been alive, Nellie had been—well, sort of independent. He remembered that occasion when Jim had agreed to indorse one of his notes, and afterward, with Nellie beside him in the buckboard, had driven over to say that he couldn't. There'd been that fuss in the church, too; old Mr. Gilbreth would still be preaching if Nellie hadn't been so set about it. But Jim's death had changed her. Lattimer had noticed it right away—liked Nellie better because sorrow had softened her voice and her look till they were almost like Chrissie's sometimes.

"Never knew anybody that was any quicker to take good advice than Nellie's been lately," he said stoutly. "Only last Sunday she asked me whether she'd better plow under that poor stand of corn and put in buckwheat."

"She'd ask advice of anybody." Chrissie's emphasis on the final word was dimly uncomplimentary. Lattimer was hurt.

"Well, she couldn't get it from anybody better than Jud," he declared. "And I'm glad she realizes that. It's about time people around here got it through their heads what Jud's made of himself. There's a lot of 'em who aren't big enough to see over their boot tops, but think they've got a right to look down on Jud."

"Nellie Finn doesn't look down on him," said Dora briefly.

Her father resented the tone; he raised his voice a little: "No, she doesn't, and if she's got sense enough to see what he amounts to and to be—to be decently friendly toward him, I'm glad of it." He shook his head. "You don't seem to realize that Jud's been here going on six years and outside of us he's hardly got a friend in the valley. Just because he keeps his mouth shut, we've all taken it for granted that he doesn't care, but I'll bet he does. The first thing we know he'll get sick of being treated like a leper and leave—go where he'll be taken for what he is instead of being called a jailbird! If Nellie Finn's decided to be nice to him it may make a lot of difference. She's always held her head up pretty high and there's plenty of people that'll copy her." The tide of his eloquence carried him as near to anger as it was possible for him to come. "I know what you're all hinting at and it makes me mad. I'm ashamed! Jim Finn's been dead less'n two years, and Nellie—why, she'd no more —— If she shows sense enough to get advice from Jud about her farm, and treats him decently for giving it to her, we ought to be mighty glad of it instead of looking down our noses and ——"

The telephone clattered again—five, four, three. Three singularly identical expressions met Lattimer's aggrieved eyes. He strode to the taproom door.

"I'll answer her this time," he declared.

But it wasn't Nellie's voice that came over the buzzing wire. Lattimer listened to the businesslike drone of the telegraph operator at the station; he came back to the kitchen wearing a flag of truce in his look.

"It's a telegram from Cousin Benjamin Pennyfeather," he announced. "He's coming on tonight's train."

In the face of catastrophe the family spirit of unity swiftly overwhelmed the recent discord. Cousin Benjamin Pennyfeather had always been the one exception in Tom Lattimer's inclusive rule of hospitality. Even in the old days before Jud had taught him that cream and eggs and chickens devoured by visiting kinsfolk represented hard cash, he had endured Cousin Benjamin's society rather than enjoyed it. Even Chrissie had sighed sometimes during those visits; and the two girls, under Cousin Benjamin's enlightening admonitions as to grammar and decorum, had been openly wanting in respect.

"I suppose I'd better hitch up," said Lattimer. "I'll have to go meet him."

"No!" Dora spoke with abrupt decision. "You'd never have the heart to tell him outright that we've quit keeping a free hotel here. If you go to meet him we'll have him on our hands for two solid weeks—telling us what's wrong with our cooking and teaching Jud to run a farm."

"It does seem as if I couldn't put up with Cousin Benjamin again," said Chrissie. "Maybe if Jud would go up to meet the train——"

"He will!" Annie laughed. "I've told him enough about Cousin Benjamin to fill a book. Jud'll fix him. Leave it to Jud!"

Lattimer, distressed by the prospect of that interview, acquiesced with a grateful sense of safety. Not even Cousin Benjamin would be a match for Jud—especially after a twelve-hour day of farm work and a four-mile drive.

"I guess that might be better," he said. "I'll go hitch up."

(Continued on Page 68)

Jud's Patient Endurance of Cousin Benjamin's Sage Counsels Seemed, Under Review, to Conflict With the Fundamental Laws of Nature

ENDURING BEAUTY IN HOME AND CAR.

THE most desirable closed cars are smart inside as well as outside, and remain so. To make sure of a permanently attractive interior the majority of the fine car makers are using CA-VEL for the upholstery, just as interior decorators specify it for drapes, curtains and furniture coverings.

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CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 66)

Jud, nested milk pails swung from his elbow, discovered him thus employed. His expression told Tom Lattimer that he had already been apprised of Cousin Benjamin's imminence.

"Guess you'll have to drive up, Tom," he said harshly. "I can't." His lower jaw exhibited a slightly increased prominence. "All you got to do is stand right up to him. Put it all on me if you ain't got spunk enough to tell him you're all through feedin' him free vittles. Let on I got the say of it. If he's anywheres near as close-fisted as Annie says, he'll never hear to payin' no such rates as ourn."

"No," said Tom Lattimer, listlessly fastening a trace; "no, maybe he won't."

"Might h'ist 'em some, to be on the safe side," said Jud. "An' tell him I hold out f'r spot cash in advance."

"It'd be safer if you went." Lattimer wagged his head. "You've never met Cousin Benjamin. He ——"

"Can't," said Jud briefly. "Got to go over to Mis' Finn's right after supper."

"What for?" Against his will, Lattimer remembered with forebodings the look and tone unanimously adopted by Chrissie and the girls.

"Got herself into a fuss with that Swede she's got workin' her flats on sheers—wants I should help her handle him."

Jud spoke, as always, with a sullen rasp in his voice, and Lattimer was comforted. Women, he informed himself, were great hands at finding mare's-nests. He was even heartened by the sulky frown and snarl against his coming interview with Cousin Benjamin.

II

ALTHOUGH he had not beheld it for some six or seven years, the wispy figure that scuttled down from the forward coach of Number Six was forbiddingly familiar to Tom Lattimer. Cousin Benjamin Pennyfeather had lost none of the skipping agility which had always made Lattimer think of horseflies and mosquitoes. Encumbered though he was by a dismaying quantity of luggage, he seemed to dart instead of walk; and Lattimer, awaiting his approach with a sudden sense of helplessness, saw that his lips were already in swift motion.

Notwithstanding the distance and the roar of exhaust steam from the locomotive, Cousin Benjamin had begun to talk. He retained his clutch upon the strings and handles of his packages and satchels.

"Feel in my vest pocket and get my trunk checks, Tom," he said. His voice, Lattimer decided, was more than ever like the tireless buzz of a bluebottle. For an instant the old feeling of futility in the face of that resistless flow of speech possessed him; he wished, forlornly, that he had insisted on Jud's coming. The thought seemed to lend him something of Jud's strength of character. He found a voice that was almost like Jud's.

"Don't guess you'll need your trunks, Cousin Benjamin," he said. "Guess you haven't heard ——"

"Left-hand pocket," said Cousin Benjamin, with his old impatience of opposition. "Hurry up; these things are heavy and ——"

"Turned the place into a hotel since you were here," persisted Lattimer. "Taken in a partner and can't have company without it pays board, same as everybody else." He was pleasantly astonished to hear the uncompromising quality of his voice; not even Jud could have sounded any more businesslike. Cousin Benjamin moved his head impatiently.

"Heard all about it from Hattie Marsh," he said. "Get those checks and show me which is your rig. Plenty of time to talk while we're driving down."

"Have to charge you fifteen a week," said Lattimer. "You see, my partner ——"

"Ought to get more than that if you set as good a table as you used to," snapped Cousin Benjamin. "Left-hand pocket."

Lattimer stared. "Mean—mean you're willing to pay it?"

Cousin Benjamin lowered the three bags and two bundles which had preoccupied his right hand; he sighed as he thrust the checks to Charlie Greider, the station agent, who chose this moment to pass.

"Help Tom hustle them into his rig, will you, Greider?" he said. "We're in kind of a hurry to get started. Those two right there—no, better upend it—that handle isn't any too strong. Swing it around, Tom, so you miss that wheel. Now—that's it." Volubly he superintended the transfer of the second trunk. Over his shoulder Charlie Greider bestowed on Lattimer a wink of understanding and compassion. The hand baggage was scientifically stowed in the limited remnant of space left in the rear of the democrat wagon. Cousin Benjamin, skipping nimbly to the seat, inhaled deep and audibly before giving Lattimer instructions as to the technic of turning his team. The dismal screak of the brake shoe as the wagon jolted down the long grade gave a fitting background to Cousin Benjamin's unwearying discourse:

"Made up my mind to come straight out and see you the minute Hattie told me you'd started running a hotel." He wagged his head and again drew in an audible breath. "Too bad you didn't let me know sooner. I always liked you first rate, Tom, and I'd have been glad to give you some help. Farming's one thing and running a hotel's something else. It's a business, Tom, and you'd have showed better judgment if you'd got a business man in to advise you right from the start. Saved a lot of trouble and money if you'd consulted me sooner, but I guess it's not too late."

Tom Lattimer, reflecting on the history of Cousin Benjamin's nine or ten successive adventures in the field of commerce, was astounded to find himself prompted to unkind reference to their remarkably unfortunate conclusions. Withholding this ungracious comment, of course, he permitted himself a certain defiance of tone in his response. "We've made out first-rate so far anyhow. Jud Armstead—that's my partner—Jud's got a pretty good head for business."

Cousin Benjamin laughed. "Must be judging it by yours, Tom. Hattie Marsh told me about him. Never been anything but a farmer, has he?—except while he was in state prison." He laughed again, indulgently. "That's just about the kind of a partner you'd pick, Tom. I always liked you, but your best friend wouldn't claim you were a business man. Taking in a jailbird for a partner! Hattie says he's already cheated you out of about everything except your eyeteeth."

"Hattie doesn't know what she's talking about." Lattimer was angry. "Jud's earned every cent he owns, and if it hadn't been for him I'd be working by the day right now. He ——"

"Expected you'd stick up for him," said Cousin Benjamin. "It's high time I started looking after your interests. He'll find out mighty quick that he's got a business man to deal with now."

Lattimer stopped the team. "Look here, Cousin Benjamin, if you've got any notion that you're going to make trouble between me and Jud ——"

"Drive ahead—drive ahead!" Cousin Benjamin spoke sharply. "It's just like you, Tom, to stand up for anybody that's cheating you and get mad at your own blood kin when they try to help you, but I'm not one to let that influence me."

"If you're going to bother Jud, I don't feel you'd be welcome in my house," said Lattimer. The words, for all his anger, cost him a sharp effort; it was the first time in his life that he had ever come so near to shutting the door of Willow Fields to anyone who knocked upon it.

"According to what you say, it isn't your house any more," snapped Cousin Benjamin. "It's a public hotel and you own only a half interest in it. Don't matter whether I'm welcome or not, long as I pay my bills and don't act disorderly." He clicked to the horses—an old habit of his. "Get up, there!"

Lattimer relaxed his hold on the lines. After all, Jud could handle even Cousin Benjamin. There wouldn't be another train till morning, and it wasn't conceivable, whatever the provocation, to let his father's second cousin sleep on a station platform.

"You'll find out about Jud for yourself," he said philosophically. "I suppose it's no wonder you've got a wrong notion about him, after listening to Hattie Marsh."

Cousin Benjamin laughed skeptically. He beguiled the long, deliberate drive down the twilight valley with the detailed history of his latest essay in business. He had, it appeared, shrewdly forevisioned the possibility of profit in Binchester real estate; his capital, reduced by wholly unmerited disaster in the shoe-findings trade, had sufficed for the purchase of only a fraction of the acreage for which his penetrating eye beheld a golden prospect, and he had been obliged to buy it on terms which, he frankly admitted, involved an element of speculative risk.

Lattimer had listened to several narratives of much the same tenor; Cousin Benjamin's tone did not mislead him. He could relate the preliminaries of a disaster in the identical tone of a Cæsar reporting to the Roman senate.

"I see." Lattimer took advantage of a pause for breath. "And then, just when you had this chance to sell out, they foreclosed on you, did they?"

Cousin Benjamin seemed not to hear. "Tom," he said, "I always had a soft spot for you and Chrissie. Always felt sort of as if Willow Fields was home; figured, no matter what happened to me, I could always come and stay with you and feel I was welcome."

Lattimer moved uneasily on the seat. "You see, since we've been running this hotel—well, it's different. Chrissie and I ——"

Cousin Benjamin exploded in a sudden laugh, a high, shrilling titter. He slapped Lattimer resoundingly on his shoulder. "Tom, they didn't foreclose on me. I sold out two days before that mortgage was due and cleaned up a cold thirty thousand, net cash! I got every cent of it in the safest bonds that money can buy. Pay me over fourteen hundred dollars a year without having to lift a finger as long as I live."

Lattimer, a premonition of evil tidings heavy on his spirit, mumbled vague congratulations. Cousin Benjamin's voice lowered to confidential benevolence.

"You and Chrissie always made me welcome," he said. "Always figured on doing something for you when my turn came. Well, it's come, Tom. You didn't act so very glad to see me just now, but I'm not holding that against you. No, sir! Long as you keep running this hotel you can count on one boarder anyhow. I've come to stay, I have."

III

THE approaching footsteps identified themselves to Lattimer's unhappy ear—brisk, staccato, aggressive sounds that could proceed from no heels except Cousin Benjamin Pennyfeather's. Lattimer lost the thread of the anecdote he was telling for the hundredth time. He was aware, too, of a certain uneasy inattention on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Pomyea. In the twilight which had settled over the porch he could see that their heads had turned in the direction of those steps.

"So then Sim Randall got hold of this secondhand hearse," he continued mechanically.

Cousin Benjamin's voice overbore the sentence. "Mean to say you're still telling that story, Tom?" He clicked his tongue against his false teeth. "Good thing I came out before you had these folks asleep in their chairs. And speaking of chairs, Mrs. Pomyea, take my advice and sit in this one. You'll find it's a lot more comfortable for a lady your size than that one you've got."

Mrs. Pomyea, under his insistence, made the change, but something in her submission disturbed Tom Lattimer.

Cousin Benjamin, selecting his favorite seat, crossed his legs and cleared his throat. "Speaking of chairs, Mr. Pomyea, did I tell you about the time I was in the furniture line, back in 1888?"

After his third futile effort to trespass on the narrative Tom Lattimer retreated to the kitchen. Chrissie, hanging up dishcloths, was alone there.

"Where's Jud?" Lattimer was disappointed. Dismally as Jud had fallen short of his expectations in the matter of Cousin Benjamin, he had been able on several occasions to interrupt that furniture oration. Chrissie moved her head in a familiar gesture, her lips compressed in the look that Tom Lattimer had learned to associate with any mention of Nellie Finn.

"Called him up right after supper," she said. "Had to see him right away about her potatoes. Seems they're starting to blight."

It was impossible even for Tom Lattimer to pretend not to understand her intonation. He shook his head. "Now, Chrissie, if Jud wants to tell Nellie Finn how to handle potato blight, it's nothing to fret about. It's none of our business anyway."

Chrissie faced him in one of her rare self-assertions, her hands on her hips. "None of our business! As if it wouldn't make any difference if Nellie Finn owned a half interest in our place! As if ——"

"Now, Chrissie, even if you've got the right notion about Nellie, it'd be Jud that owned the half interest here, just the same as now."

Chrissie's sniff was almost treasonable. "That woman! Why, she'd twist Jud around her little finger! He wouldn't even own a half interest in himself! She'd ——"

Lattimer laughed. It was funny to imagine Nellie Finn or anybody else controlling Jud Armstead. He said so.

Chrissie sighed wearily. "Why, she's doing it now, isn't she? Why do you suppose Jud's over there this minute if she can't manage him? Why did he get all dressed up and traipse over there after working all day in the wheat if she can't run him? Hasn't he been over there three or four times a week all spring? Didn't she make him drive her over to Conesus Lake only last Sunday?"

"Maybe he wanted to," said Lattimer.

"She could make him want to if she tried," Chrissie declared. "And if he goes over there of his own accord, it's all the worse—all the easier for her to ——"

"Well, we've got something else to worry about, anyway," said Lattimer. "The Pomyeas are leaving the first thing in the morning. Meant to stay a week too. It's getting so nobody stays more'n one night any more. Don't blame 'em either. There's times when I wouldn't stay myself if I didn't have to. Cousin Benjamin gets worse and worse right along. He's out there now telling the Pomyeas about when he was in the furniture business."

Chrissie spread her hands. "He's your cousin," she said—an ignoble evasion for Chrissie. "If you can't get rid of him, I'm sure I don't know how I can." Her lips tightened. "I know he's going to stay out of my kitchen though. I've settled that, once and for all."

Lattimer's curiosity stirred and a dim hope woke in him. If Chrissie could keep Benjamin Pennyfeather out of the kitchen, there might be some way, after all, of excluding him from other places.

"How?" he demanded.

"I just ask him to carry in an armful of wood every time he pokes his nose past the door," said Chrissie. "He hasn't been out here for a whole week."

Lattimer regretfully admitted the impossibility of employing the method on a larger scale. Invited to collaborate in chores, Cousin Benjamin confined his operations to purely advisory fields.

"I counted on Jud to handle him," said Lattimer. "Figured he'd make short work of anybody 't told him he wasn't running his farm right, but he'll sit and listen to Cousin Benjamin telling him he ought to plant ginseng in the woodlot and never say a word back. Something's got into Jud, lately—he doesn't act natural."

(Continued on Page 70)

The Most Luxurious Flying Cloud

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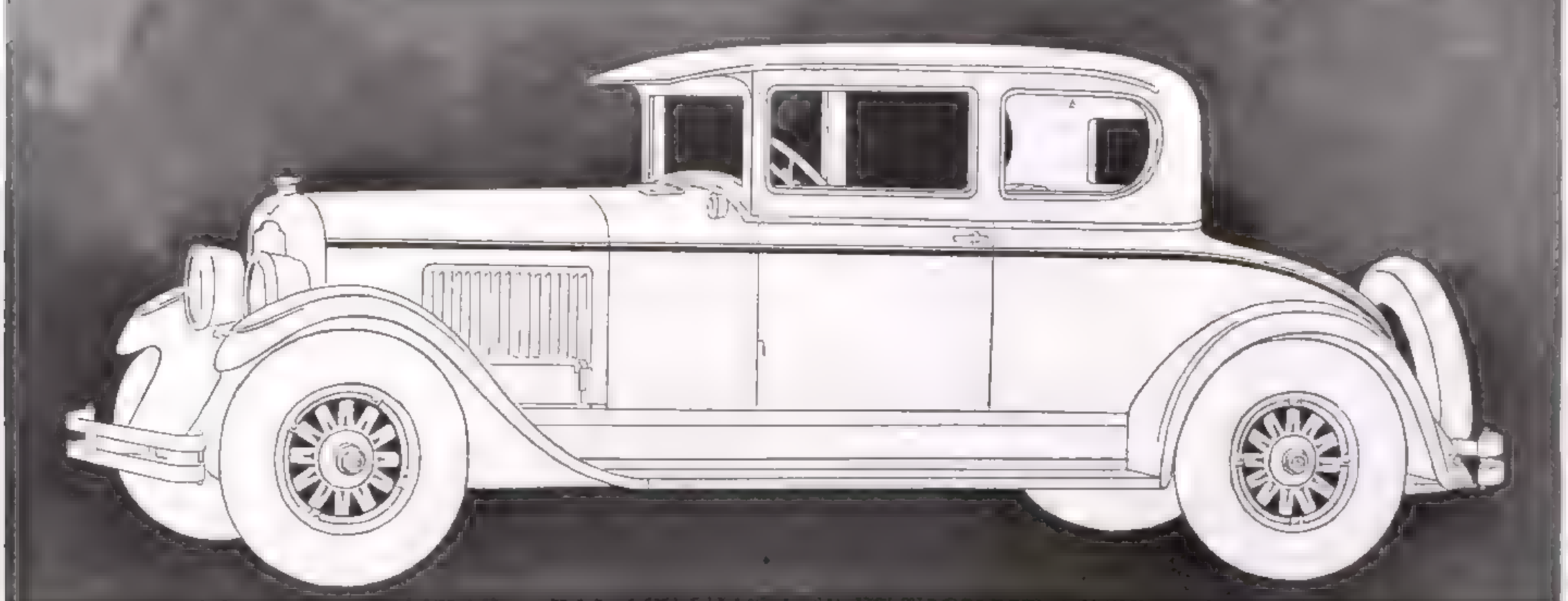


The REO FLYING CLOUD—*Victoria*

Continued from Page 68

"H'm!" Chrissie's ejaculation was eloquent. In spite of himself, Lattimer found its innuendo uncomfortably plausible. Jud certainly hadn't been himself; his patient endurance of Cousin Benjamin's sage counsels seemed, under review, to conflict with the fundamental laws of Nature. Maybe —— Lattimer retreated from an unwelcome vision of Nellie Finn, no longer the present Nellie of the butter-smooth voice and the appealing dependence on male intellect, but the original Nellie, who had made poor Jim Finn back out of that promise to indorse the note, who had tirelessly hounded poor old Mr. Gilbreth out of his pulpit—that former Nellie, lawfully endowed with a half-interest in Willow Fields and half a voice, at least, in its affairs!

Choosing the actual discomfort as a refuge from the graver one that was as yet wholly imaginary, Tom Lattimer went back to the porch. The Pomyeas had somehow managed to escape, although that furniture episode required a full half hour for its adequate recital; but Cousin Benjamin had found another listener.

"Yes, sir," he was saying, "thirty thousand, net, cold cash, and every cent of it in bonds as safe as the United States Government. Pay me fourteen hundred dollars a year without lifting a finger, long as I live!"

"Smart." The voice, unmistakably, was Jud's, but to Tom Lattimer it sounded less familiar than if he had never heard it till this moment. It was respectful, admiring, touched with envy. "I was tellin' Mis' Finn about it—much as I c'd remember, anyhow—and she kind of wondered if you'd mind givin' her some advice. More in your line 'n mine, I guess. Seems she's got some money out on mortgage 't ain't payin' her what it'd ought to and she was sort of figurin' on puttin' it into bonds or stocks or somethin'."

Cousin Benjamin was on his feet. "Think she'd be up if I went over there right now?" he demanded. Jud's ungainly length unfolded itself.

"Wouldn't wonder but what she would," he said. "Quite a hand to set up late, Mis' Finn is."

The gravel of the walk spurted under Cousin Benjamin's departing tread. Jud stretched his huge arms and clumped heavily up to bed.

Lattimer dangled one foot over the side of the wagon that creaked townward under its load of wheat. There was no need of his presence on the spring seat that rode the piled grain sacks; he had elected to ride beside Jud Armstead purely for the pleasure of the long, plodding drive through the tempered affability of the October morning. He whistled cheerfully; Jud, holding the loose lines, leaned forward, elbows on knees, dourly silent, and therefore, to Tom Lattimer, wholly himself again.

Even as they drew abreast of the pleasant farmstead that had been Jim Finn's, and Lattimer straightened with a certain stir of interest, Jud's aspect underwent no change. He kept his eyes doggedly on the road and looked up only at the sound of Lattimer's chuckle.

In the dooryard beside the kitchen porch a small man labored at the handle of a washing machine. Beyond him, fluttering in the gentle stir of air, the tokens of his earlier endeavors swung from propped clotheslines. He paused and straightened at the sound of wheels and lifted a hand in salute. A woman's voice issued from the kitchen, and with some show of haste Cousin Benjamin resumed his task.

The wagon clacked on. It had gone a dozen rods before Jud Armstead spoke. "Funny thing about advice," he said, his eye fixed on the nodding heads of the team. "Ain't nothin' harder to refuse when a lady asks you f'r it, and ain't nothin', so far's I know, 't's readier to give." He paused. "Looked to me like it was too resky f'r an old jailbird that didn't own only a half share in a hotel," he went on thoughtfully. "Guess it's a sight reskier f'r a able-talkin' business man with thirty thousand salted down in high-grade bonds."

Lattimer laughed. It was easy enough now to regard Cousin Benjamin without rancor.

"Ought to be cured, anyhow," he suggested, remembering other instances in which, contrary to his frequently declared intention, Cousin Benjamin had been induced to lift a finger. Jud shook his head.

"Ain't no cure f'r it," he said. "Bet you he give her some advice this mornin' about how to run that there washin' machine."

WHY GO WEST?

Continued from Page 42

"No, I do not think there are any more opportunities out here," said a bank president. "But in the East people all say, 'Oh, I knew Jim when he was three years old. I knew his father.' You can't get away from your classification in the East. You are ticketed there. Out here you are taken on your own assumption."

I have often thought of writing an article entitled, Businesses Men Do Not Go Into, But Should Go Into. In a rather scornful article, which I once read in a very disdainful magazine, on the state of Colorado, the author said that the first generation had wrested wealth from the hills and were strong, virile pioneers, but that the second generation had "sunk into small business, caring for tourists."

Well, if there is any more important work in the West than caring for tourists I would like to know of it. The tourist industry takes nothing away which cannot be replaced, like a mine or oil well; in fact, it always adds something.

As conducted by the transcontinental railroads and the national-park utilities, the tourist business is one of the great educational institutions of the country. As in other parts of the country, the railroads must enter the motor field increasingly, thereby providing a new game, without precedent, for the young man with vision and imagination. The development of the railroads and their affiliated industries in the West in the next ten years will provide an outlet for many a talented youth.

The Lure of Fleshpots

I asked the manager of a railroad-owned scenic-bus service in one of the mountain states whether he would give a job to a likely young man from the East if one such applied.

"I've already brought three or four young fellows out from the East," he replied, "but after a few months they said they couldn't live in such a slow place."

"Suppose a graduate of a big Eastern university, or any Easterner of promising type, applied at your office this morning for a job, would you give him one?" I asked the owner of a big new factory situated in Mexico, but just below the line and owned by American capital.

"Sure," was the reply, "provided he doesn't want all the fleshpots. We are always eliminating the soft and unfit. This work needs a pioneer type."

The Easterner who goes West and finds himself up against it is often recreated by the very effort he must make. He takes his coat off and goes to work in a sense that is new to him.

Except for a few cities on the Coast, the West is no place for that fast-growing army which must have fleshpots at all costs. There is the type of young man who refuses to stay in a mining or lumber camp at $175 a month, even though he cannot possibly spend more than $100 a month, and goes to the city, where there are movies and girls, to accept a $100 job.

The West was made by men with the pioneering instinct, willing to endure hardship, at least while they were young. If that type of man is feathering out, the West naturally holds less allure than of old.

I asked the governor of a Rocky Mountain state what he thought of the relative opportunities in East and West. Until he was elected governor he had lived in a little mining town.

"I came from the East only thirteen years ago," he replied, "I had three law books, a secondhand typewriter and $7.50 in cash. Moreover, I didn't like the looks of the country at all. But now I am governor."

There is danger in an article like this of sliding off into broad easy generalities. It is necessary that the facts presented here should be fairly specific to be of any value.

No subject is more discussed in the West than the extent to which manufacturing has taken hold on the Pacific Coast and what its future will be. Local enthusiasts may have exaggerated the possibilities. It is difficult to compete in Eastern centers of population. Other things being equal, the manufacturer on the Pacific side has a smaller market within easy radius of distribution than his Eastern competitor.

But now the population has grown to equal that of Canada, and the economic units for manufacturing begin to appear. The West has grown rapidly and is still growing rapidly. Opportunity comes with development. There is never an opportunity for the man who cannot visualize growth. If growth continues in some parts of the West for the next ten years at the present rate, whole new cities must be built and supplied.

Many a small local concern in these areas is able to compete with the big national industries in supplying local needs. To the extent that manufacturing is developing in the West, it is not so much a shifting from the East as it is a caring for local growth or Oriental trade. The real opportunity is to fill the niches created by this growth.

"The question you raise," said a leading authority on the Western manufacturing situation, "is where can I capitalize on what I have. Take the man of thirty-five or forty who has worked up to be superintendent or manager of a factory in the East which he does not own. It may be only one of dozens controlled by a big corporation. He may have started as office boy, laborer, stenographer, clerk, or as an engineer, or in some other college-trained capacity. It does not matter.

"He can start out here in a small way, and put on overalls if desirable. There is no tradition of pride, no cramped social conditions to keep him from doing so. If in the East, for any reason, he ceases to make money for his company, off goes his head, though it may not be his fault. I know a man who was manager of a factory making more than 300,000 tires a day at the height of inflation, and who lost his job when deflation came. He is making only 20,000 a day at his own plant out here, but it belongs to him."

A Different Type Needed

"I know five key men who were in the ceramics industry in the East, but all employes, who now have five plants of their own out here.

There is not a day that ex-managers from the East do not come in to see me about starting something. The most interesting things in business life on this coast to me are the men who built up other men's businesses in the East and are now making good on their own.

"Yes, the big national companies do come in; but this particular city, big as it is, is only an incident to them. One of their former employes can start in a small way and build the beginnings of a solid competence before they bother to get in the game.

"But the fellow who keeps one leg back East, who cannot cut loose, is not the one to succeed out here. I was connected with one of the largest of Eastern corporations, and I thought I had left colossus, indeed, when I came away. But it made no difference to me after I had once reconciled myself to building a new career for myself in a new place.

"You ask if the West does not lack the business brains of the East. We have not the need of big business brains of the kind that fit into a highly organized situation. What we need and can use here is the individual brainy man who can fit into the little gaps in our situation. For the Easterner to come out here and, after spending a week, pompously remark that we have no brains, just because he doesn't see the big organizations he is accustomed to in the East, is like the Englishman who sixty or seventy years ago pooh-poohed the idea that New York would ever amount to anything.

"Leadership in the East and West are separate and distinct things. Many a representative of big business in the East is a failure here because he doesn't catch the spirit of the country. Those who regard it a sign of being bughouse to talk about empires do not catch our spirit. I just came back this morning from a conference in another city as the result of which a steamship line to Japan and China will include this place in its schedule of regular stops. Any city on the Atlantic Coast capable of being a stopping point for a great steamship line is already supplied.

"It may not be so bad a thing as you suggest for our youth to stay East a while after their college courses. Many of the best of them will come back after they have had experience. The East is always educating the best class of business men for us—virile young executives of thirty-five and forty who have had experience and, with their ambition and some competence, want to strike out for themselves in a new country."

Early in this article it was suggested that many young men go West not because of cool calculation as to opportunities and openings, but rather in response to lure and inclination. It was suggested that the West contains its full share of birds of passage.

But restlessness has its useful and constructive side. It may be that more men will make money in the long run by staying put. It may be undesirable for penniless individuals or families to seek their fortunes in distant parts. But perhaps it is just as well that every fellow down on his luck cannot be prevented from making a new start in a new place. It may be a useful investment in citizenship, even if a community has to support a lot of sick and down-and-out people from other states.

A young man was studying law in an Eastern college. He had spent three years at it and became very restless, which no doubt was most reprehensible of him. His parents urged him to keep on, but he announced he was going to throw it all up and go West.

"And what part of the West have you decided to favor with your presence?" was the sarcastic question of one of his parents.

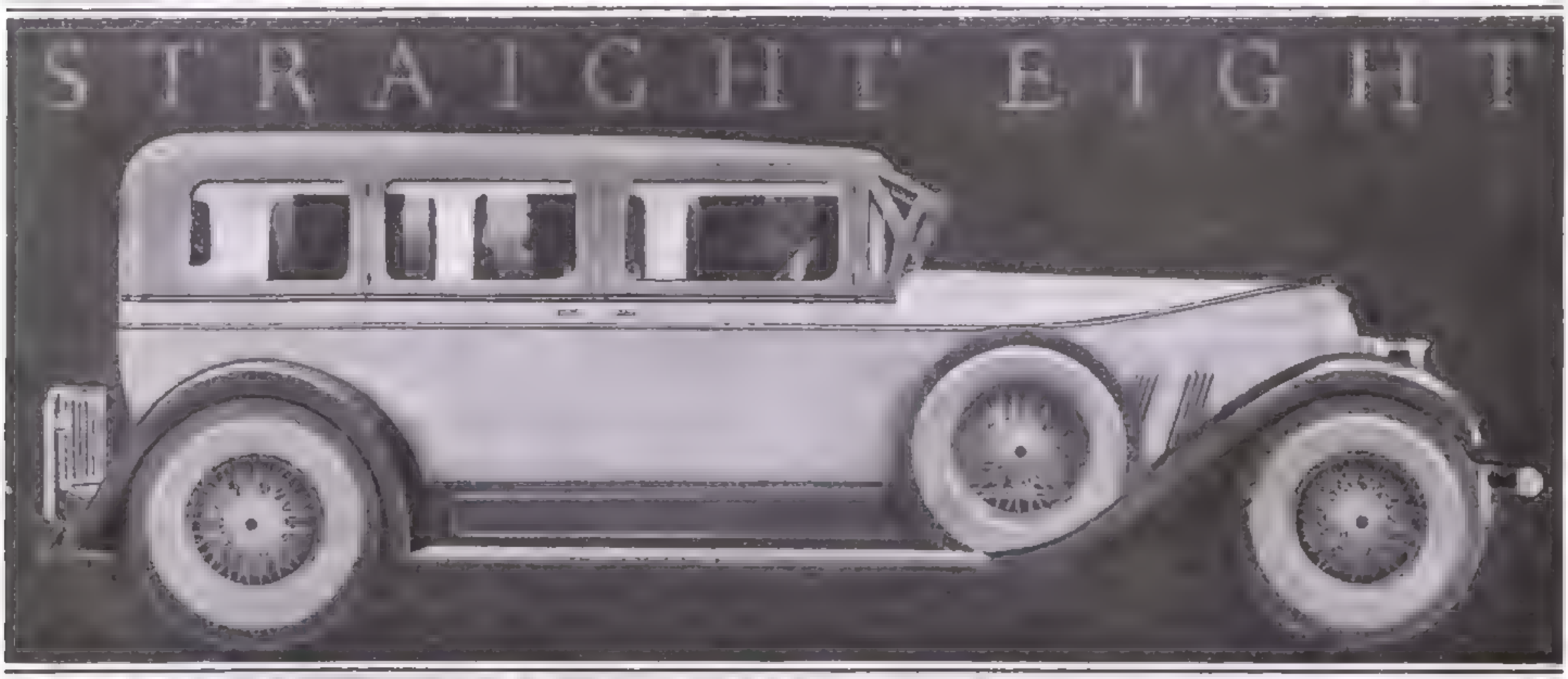
"Santa Fé, New Mexico," he replied.

"And why Santa Fé?"

"Well, because that's as far West as any place I ever heard of."

This does not seem an auspicious beginning, but it so happens that the same man has long been and is now one of the most successful, useful and honored citizens within the state of New Mexico.

(Continued on Page 72)



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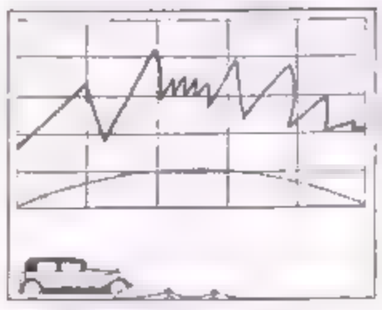
Comparison is necessary to appreciate what vast progress has been made in every way; seemingly limitless power; responsiveness with a minimum of effort; almost unbelievable ease of handling; a smoothness at all speeds that is a distinct revelation; a totally new standard of comfort and sense of safety that not only saves your body from fatigue but equally desirable, relieves your mind from anxiety. Add to those pronounced achievements a structural strength and inherent stamina that enables the Auburn to maintain its peak of efficiency over a longer period of time, free from ordinary troubles, rattles and annoyances and keeps it a stranger from repair shops. No wonder Auburn owners feel they enjoy advantages years ahead of others. No wonder Auburn dealers are content to simply let you drive the car and if it does not sell itself you will not be asked to buy.



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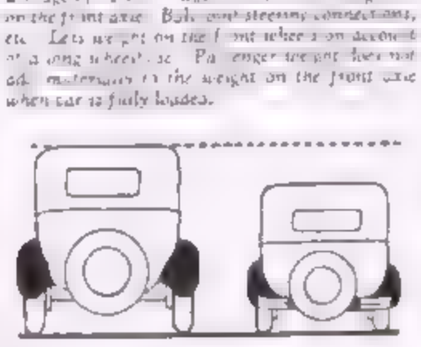


Lower

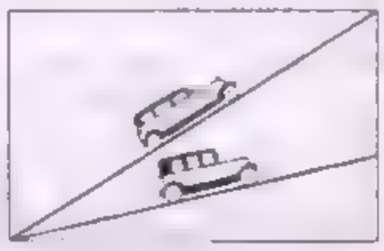
Our car has been lowered without sacrifice of head room on account of lengthening the wheelbase and the widening of the tread. Also on account of lowering the seats.

Hugs the Road and Why

The Auburn Car hugs the road due to lower design and lower center of gravity, for the same reason that the [illegible] is much more easily balanced and holds the road better than the old high wheeled type.

Sit Lower–More Head Room

Still have more head-room; advantages of the low driving position. Lower driving position gives sense of security both from the ability of the car to hold the road at high speed, and the ability to turn corners at high speed.



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AUBURN

Your Next Car

(Continued from Page 70)

So you can never quite tell. What are called restless people now may be looked upon as respected pioneers fifty years hence. It may be that those who push on carry within them a concentrated essence of Americanism and superior initiative. Perhaps a Massachusetts mill town is a surer place to make $1,000,000 than anything the West has to offer. Certainly it would seem as if Detroit or North Carolina or factory towns in Ohio and other industrial states have the West beaten in this respect.

But there is a type of man—and a valuable one, at that—who is not satisfied to make $1,000,000 in an Eastern industrial center. On the other hand, it is wise to take with a grain of salt the statement so often heard in the West that the East is money mad.

"I don't like the East," many a Westerner has said to me, "because all they want to know there is how much money you have. Here we only ask what kind of a man you are, whether you are clean."

The truth behind this statement is that many people prefer the West or are forced to live there because of health, irrespective of money. In other words, there can be no such thing as a coldly analytical study of the relative opportunities or openings East and West. Too many imponderable but just as real factors as money intrude themselves.

Some years ago a passenger was dumped off the train, so to speak, at Raton, New Mexico, presumably because of the high altitude.

"You might better die here than on the train," remarked the conductor.

A few months ago I had a long talk with this same man, apparently in fair health, and now an Indian trader, enthusiastic over the Indians and their possibilities.

Land of Health and Hope

In every walk of life in the Southwest one finds former health seekers, thousands of them, ranging from governors, senators and financial-industrial magnates down to the humblest ranks of manual labor. In a rough little Rocky Mountain town a newspaper man was telling me about his fellow citizens:

"You see that cow-puncher out there in the red necktie and the boots—that tall fellow leaning against the corner? He came here for his health and he wasn't worth five cents for dog meat."

One man, now nearing sixty and robust, possessing great wealth and wielding literally enormous political, financial, industrial and journalistic power in several states and two countries, first sought the Southwest a mere lad and for months tramped the hills in search of health. When he improved a little his first work was of a very humble nature.

For the health seekers are not of necessity part of the restless, migratory Western invasion. They may be the very flower of the East, from the point of mentality and character, if not of physique. They furnish the West with much of its brains. What is more, they are partly responsible for giving it such a peculiar distinctive spirit of hope, optimism and buoyancy. The health seeker always hopes until the end, no matter how sad that end may be.

And if by chance the health seeker secures an arrest of his trouble he becomes most enthusiastic in praise of the country. Quite naturally so.

"I never met anyone who is so sold on this Western country," I remarked in rather puzzled tones to my wife, after returning from a visit with a representative of a Western railroad company. "I suppose that's the railroad connection."

"Not at all," was the more sensitive feminine reaction. "He recovered his health out here."

I once spent an entire day with a Western representative of the Federal Department of Agriculture, discussing the pros and cons of a certain great farming industry. After explaining the elements of success and failure in minute detail, often in technical terms which I could barely understand, the specialist finally remarked, "When these ranchers get their health back they feel friendly to the country no matter what happens to the crop."

Tons of newspaper and magazine articles have been written about the booster spirit of Southern California in particular and the whole Far West in general. This spirit is not new; it has always gone with the love of bigness, the optimism, and perhaps the initiative and idealism of the West.

What the cause of this is no one knows exactly. It is compounded of newness, size and sunshine. Also I believe it is due partly to the presence of the health seeker, or rather to the fanatical devotion of the former invalid who has been cured or his malady arrested.

A Matter of Opinion

One can direct a thousand sneers at the booster spirit, all the way from the most refined and subtle gibes to that oldest and crudest gag of all, to the effect that Los Angeles would secure a harbor fast enough if its citizens could only suck as hard as they blow.

But unfortunately for the after-dinner orator who still persists in springing this aged chestnut, Los Angeles has a harbor. Which illustrates the point I wish to make—that boastfulness may prove a real commercial asset.

In other words, success in life, business opportunity, openings, promotion, getting ahead—all these have their mental side. Self-confidence may not be half the battle, but it is surely a tenth of the battle, and the last tenth counts. The community that believes in itself goes ahead faster than the one which lacks self-assurance. The same is true of a business concern and of an individual.

Not to labor the point too hard, I feel that the spirit of confidence which goes with Western boosterism, though not always in the best of taste, is of real help in giving a man confidence in his ability to make a career.

The chief executive of a Western railroad once remarked that no man has any excuse living east of the Rockies if he can make a living west of them or in them. Tens of millions of people will heartily disagree with this statement. But there are some millions who will agree.

It is a matter of opinion and preference, just as gentlemen are said to prefer blondes. There are many young men who would rather be bank clerks in New York City on $3750 a year than own a bank in the West at $10,000 a year, provided they had to live there. It is a matter of personal preference.

Now the point is that you cannot dissect a whole region, as you would take a beetle apart in a laboratory, for the purpose of finding out what business or employment opportunities exist there, without considering whether people care to live in that sort of country. Inclination is just as real a factor as downright opportunity.

A young man may feel that managing a ranch in Wyoming or Arizona provides a more wholesome and interesting life than working in a law office or bond house in New York, or he may take the opposite viewpoint.

"If a man is ambitious to accumulate millions, let him stay East," Gov. A. T. Hannett of New Mexico said to me. "If he is content with a fair degree of prosperity he will find greater opportunity in the West. He will get closer to people and find himself in a friendlier atmosphere."

I do not know. Perhaps Governor Hannett is right, perhaps not. It cannot be proved one way or the other—even the assertion about friendliness.

"The feature of this country," said one Westerner, "is that all the people here are trying to better themselves. In the East they are satisfied with what they already have. We are not. When I visit my relatives in New England, I feel like kicking over a dry-goods box and yelling."

This is not the place to be too specific. The Westerner feels that more is done for the individual, for the average man, in his section. There is a larger relative investment in high schools and in the publicly supported universities. He thinks, too, that small cities and towns in the East are more backward than his own. On the other hand, the East has all manner of advantages, financial and cultural—the obvious superiorities that go with age and dominance.

Where Men are Square Men

It is no idle quip to paraphrase an old saying by remarking that for those who like the West, the West is the sort of place they are sure to like, and incidentally prosper in. The essence of it all is an attitude of mind. If a young man likes what the West has to offer, it is the place for him to go.

Of course, men have always mistaken the lure of the West and their own inclinations for opportunity. The talk in every westward migration has been of opportunity; the reality has been that people were being driven on by a rosy dream. Indeed, it is this very mistake of inclination for opportunity that has made the West what it is.

With the exception of Denver, Portland, Seattle and a very few other places, together, of course, with the large San Francisco and Los Angeles areas, the Far West as a whole has a very sparse population. Even California, populous as it is in spots, has vast unoccupied stretches of mountains, deserts and forests.

"Do you mind living in a state that has such a small population?" I asked James G. Scrugham, who is governor of Nevada, a state which has a total population less than that of any one of eighty-five cities in this country.

"Not a bit," he replied. "There is a certain type of mind, a type of person who needs a small population. He is better off where he can know most of the people. You are a writer, you can express the idea better than I can."

No, I cannot express the idea any better. But I would add that not only a certain type of mind but all types of bodies, minds and souls need the spaces of the West, if not for permanent residence, then as a reserve to go to if necessary.

An enthusiastic resident of one of these states once remarked that though it stood very low on the table of statistics for the number of men per square mile, it had more square men than any other state. That may not be so; in sober fact, it probably is not so. But it is true that the spaces of the West are essential to any American civilization that has for its end the making of men as well as the making of dollars.

Benefits of Solitude

I cannot conclude these articles more effectively than by quoting at some length, not from the paid secretary of a scenic-preservation society or from some wealthy Eastern esthete, but from one of the greatest founders of the science of political economy, John Stuart Mill, who says in his monumental work on that subject, written more than eighty years ago:

"A population may be too crowded, although all be amply supplied with food and raiment. It is not good for man to be kept perforce at all times in the presence of his species. A world from which solitude is extirpated is a very poor ideal. Solitude, in the sense of being often alone, is essential to any depth of meditation or of character; and solitude in the presence of natural beauty and grandeur is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations which are not only good for the individual but which society could ill do without.

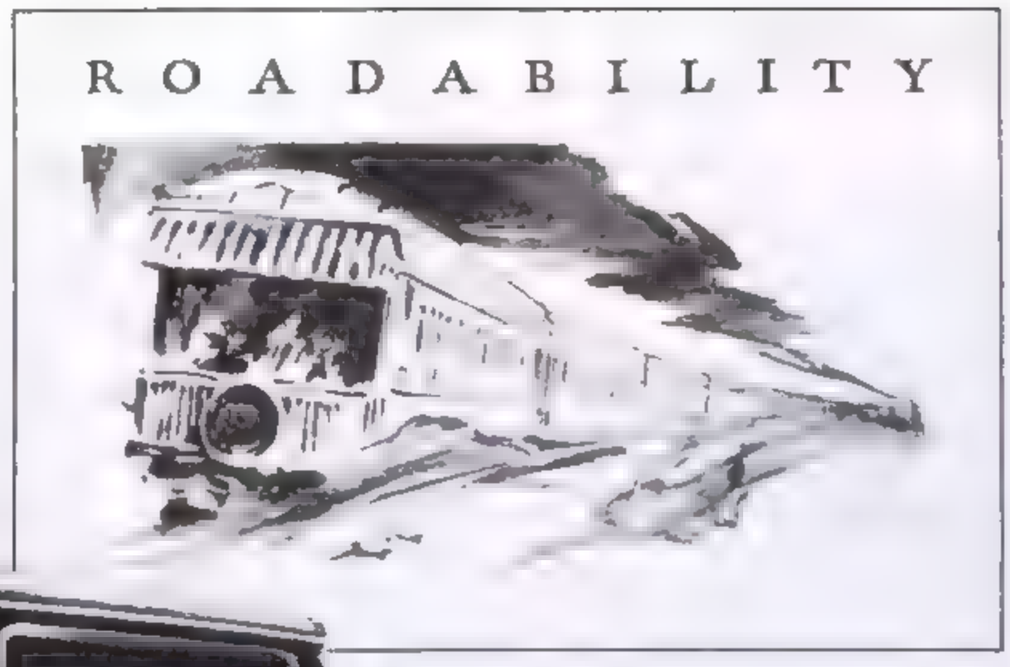
"Nor is there much satisfaction in contemplating the world with nothing left to the spontaneous activity of Nature; with every rood of land brought into cultivation which is capable of growing food for human beings, every flowery waste or natural pasture plowed up, all quadrupeds or birds which are not domesticated for man's use exterminated as his rivals for food, every hedgerow or superfluous tree rooted out and scarcely a place left where a wild shrub or flower could grow without being eradicated as a weed in the name of improved agriculture.

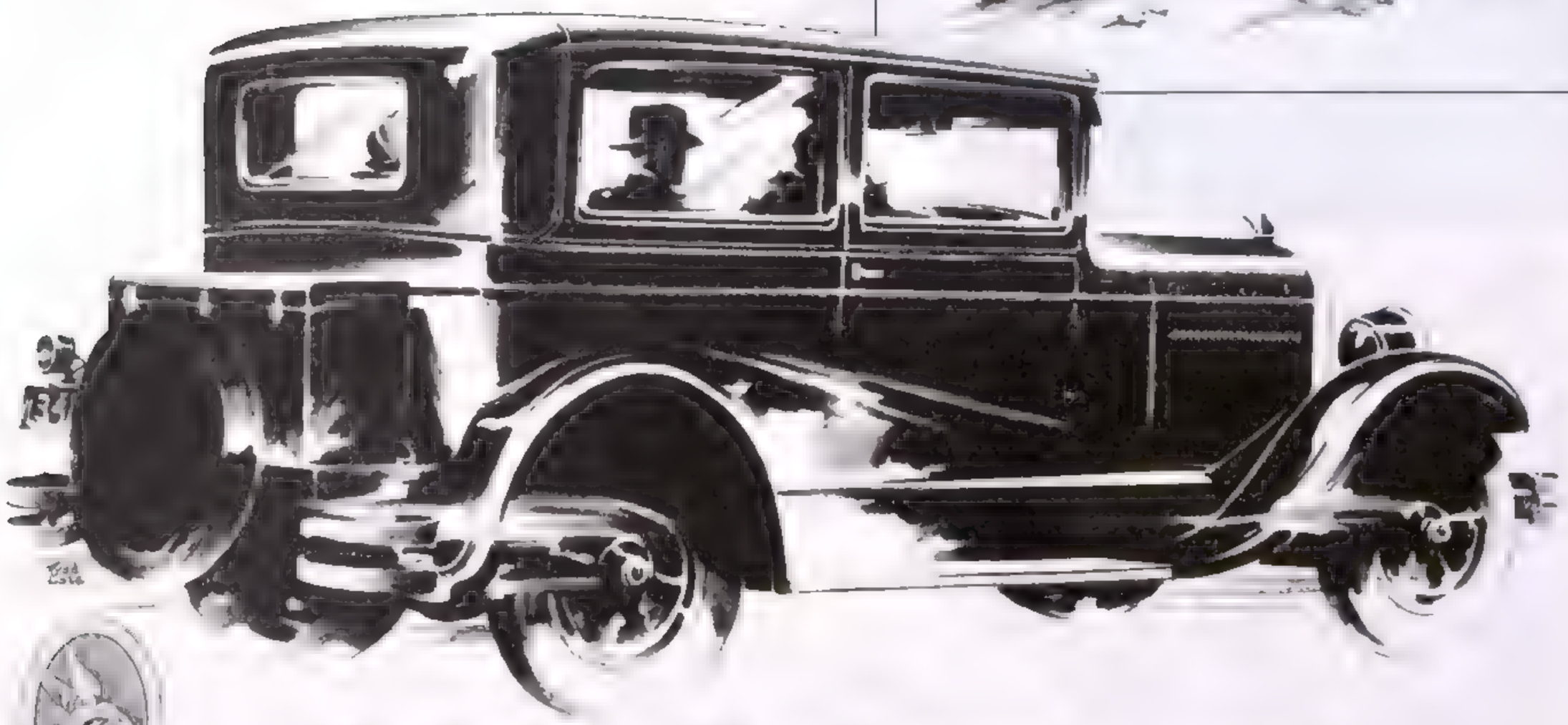
"If the earth must lose the great portion of its pleasantness which it owes to things that the unlimited increase of wealth and population would extirpate from it, for the mere purpose of enabling it to support a larger but not a better or a happier population, I sincerely hope, for the sake of posterity, that they will be content to be stationary long before the necessity compels them to it."

DRAWN BY NEIL COLLIER

The File in Which the Modern Business Man Files the Names and Addresses of Applicants So He Can Let Them Know as Soon as an Opening Occurs

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of three articles by Mr. Atwood.





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It can only mean, of course, that people have found in the Chrysler "70" from its beginning, and have continued to find in ever-increasing numbers, qualities and values that they did not and do not find elsewhere. No other explanation is even remotely possible.

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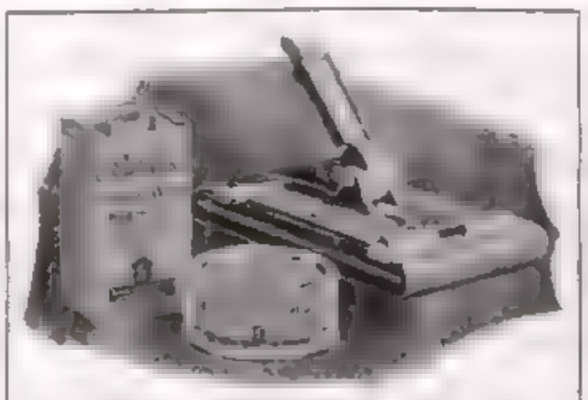

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Pershing at the Front

THE General came in a new tin hat
To the shell-torn front where the war was at;
With a faithful Aide at his good right hand
He made his way toward No Man's Land,
And a tough Top Sergeant there they found,
And a Captain, too, to show them round.

Threading the ditch, their heads bent low,
Toward the lines of the watchful foe,
They came through the murk and the powder stench,
Till the Sergeant whispered, "Third-line trench!"
And the Captain whispered, "Third-line trench!"
And the Aide repeated, "Third-line trench!"
And Pershing answered—not in French—
"Yes, I see it. Third-line trench."

Again they marched with wary tread,
Following on where the Sergeant led,
Through the wet, and the muck as well,
Till they came to another parallel.
They halted there in the mud and drench,
And the Sergeant whispered, "Second-line trench!"
And the Captain whispered, "Second-line trench!"
And the Aide repeated, "Second-line trench!"
And Pershing nodded: "Second-line trench."

Yet on they went through mire like pitch,
Till they came to a fine and spacious ditch,
Well camouflaged from planes and Zepe,
Where soldiers stood on firing steps
And a Major sat on a wooden bench;
And the Sergeant whispered, "First-line trench!"
And the Captain whispered, "First-line trench!"
And the Aide repeated, "First-line trench!"
And Pershing whispered, "Yes. I see.
How far off is the enemy?"
And the faithful Aide he asked, asked he,
"How far off is the enemy?"
And the Captain breathed in a softer key,
"How far off is the enemy?"
The silence lay in heaps and piles
As the Sergeant whispered, "Just three miles."
And the Captain whispered, "Just three miles."
And the Aide repeated, "Just three miles."
"Just three miles!" the General swore,
"What in hell are we whispering for?"
And the faithful Aide the message bore,
"What in hell are we whispering for?"
And the Captain said in a gentle roar,
"What in hell are we whispering for?"
"Whispering for?" the echo rolled;
And the Sergeant whispered, "I have a cold."

—Arthur Guiterman.

THE STITCH IN TIME

(Continued from Page 7)

that the United States may never wish to intervene in any other near-by state, even to keep that state clean, none the less the United States will intervene to keep other outsiders from entering to make it dirty. That has become a decided implication of the Monroe Doctrine when the method of aggression on states in this hemisphere by outsiders changes from open violation to inside jobs.

Such are the really significant considerations which the Nicaraguan situation has thrust into our faces. Of course there is the technical and legal case. President Coolidge, with his usual canny insight, preferred to stand on that from the moment when the marines who had been in Nicaragua by Nicaragua's consent returned to Nicaragua with Nicaragua's consent, including the consent of the Sacasa faction.

Such a clatter and clamor about intervention! What a noise! Telegrams of protest to the State Department by innocent country clericals who smelled war, and who were still sophomoric enough to believe that revolutions are always the expression of the righteous seeking liberty, that propaganda is to be swallowed without even reading the label on the bottle, and that to be taken in by the shell-game sharpers is a kind of compliment to the victim's virtue.

We have had interviews in the press from a few representatives of the people on Capitol Hill, based upon private letters from weasel minds below our southern boundary, which show full well that the best asset anti-American and antipeace forces can boast is the willingness of our elected orators to champion our enemies and seek the facts afterward. Cries of protest come from political opposition corners which want us to stick our nose into every European quarrel in the name of self-aggrandizement, but are shocked if we have to do the least thing nearer home in the name of self-protection, obligation to others or self-respect. The same voices wailing to get us into Europe to increase our prestige, as they say, are willing to howl away our prestige in our own half of the world. And then every communist faction in South America and Central America goes into action to prove our unpopularity and our "imperialism." The word goes forth from the Communist International to whang the United States in chorus formation. See this Associated Press dispatch! It is typical of many situations truthfully reported:

> After a brief discussion, the Chilean Chamber of Deputies last night rejected the motion of Deputy Enrique Matta Figueroa, Liberal, calling for adherence to the slogan "Latin America for the Latin Americans," as a mark of protest against the policy of the United States in Nicaragua.
>
> The chamber also rejected a modified motion by the communists whereby it would be placed on record as denouncing "United States imperialism generally and the intervention in Nicaragua specifically."
>
> Representatives of the Students' Club and labor unions and various other bodies today constituted themselves into the Committee for the Defense of the Rights of Latin Americans.

This clamor and the answers of the almost too patient State Department and the almost too patient President go into the minds of the American people in the form of daily chicken feed. It is time to ask this:

What have we done in Nicaragua? Why did we do it?

Of course these questions interlock, because acts cannot be considered apart from

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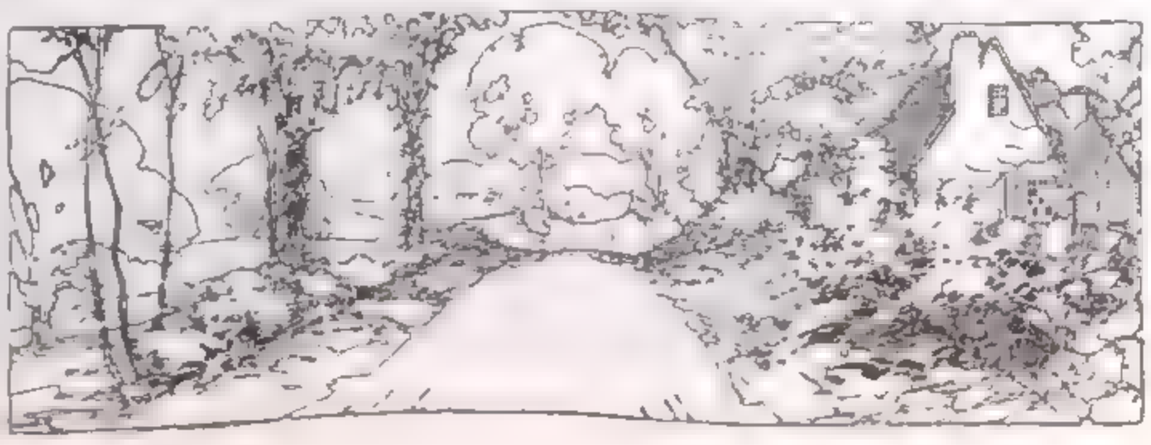

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And let a tiny speck of this dirt or a bubble of water lodge in the delicate needle valve of your carburetor. Your engine coughs and sputters. You use the choke. Or adjust your carburetor for a richer mixture. This feeds raw gasoline into your cylinders. It pits valves. It forms carbon. It seeps past pistons to dilute crank case oil. Usually this is the beginning of burned-out bearings and scored cylinders.

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If you are willing to part with it after this trial just return your Gas-co-lator to the dealer and full purchase price ($5) will be cheerfully refunded No questions. No red tape. You are the sole judge. If you think that is a fair offer, write today for dealer's name near you.

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Checker Motor Corp. of Chicago	Kelly-Springfield Truck & Bus Corp.
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John Deere Harvester Works	M. P. Moller Motor Car Co.
Durant Motors, Inc. (Model L Truck)	Menominee Motor Truck Co. of Wisconsin
Elcar Motor Co.	National Motors Mfg. Co.
Fageol Motors Co.	Republic Motor Truck Co.
Federal Motor Truck Co.	Stewart Motor Corporation
Garford Motor Truck Co.	Valley Motor Truck Company
Gotfredson Truck Corp.	Wisconsin Tractor Company
Gray Marine Motors Company	Yellow Truck & Coach Mfg. Co.
Guilder Engineering Co.	
Healy Aeromarine Bus Co.	

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ALEMITE Reg U S Pat Off

Gas-co-lator

Filters your gas as you drive

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intent; the act of a friend crossing the threshold—let us not forget—is an act quite different from the act of a burglar in crossing a threshold.

This is what we did in Nicaragua up to the time of writing this report: In 1912 the United States assisted in putting down a revolution in Nicaragua. As a result, there were left in Nicaragua, without irritation, a company of marines until 1925. Whatever one wishes to deduce from the facts, it is true that the presence of this legation guard coincided with a period of peace and prosperity.

Nicaragua, through its industries, in which Americans have considerable investments, made great progress in paying off its debts. No American bankers were interested and there is no oil in Nicaragua.

The talk about Wall Street and the oil interests fomenting trouble in Nicaragua is on a par with a story that Lenine while he was King of the Hottentots picked strawberries off the bottom of Lake Michigan.

The financial plan under which the interest of the debt was reduced from 6 to 5 per cent provided in return that in case the government collections of internal revenue were below a certain figure, then an American collector was to act for Nicaragua in a limited capacity. He never had to act. Assuming that in both cases the country assisted agreed to the assistance, our "interference" in the affairs of Nicaragua at the time the present revolution started was a mere fraction of a per cent compared with the "interference" made by the League of Nations in the successful administration of Austria and Hungary.

In December, 1922, Secretary Hughes had succeeded in bringing the five Central American countries, Costa Rica, Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras and Nicaragua, to a conference in Washington. It resulted in five-nation treaties of amity, provisions for the creation of a tribunal, promises of limitation of armaments. This was our Colossus of the North, that evil-minded imperialist, engaged in its horrid work of exploitation, trouble making and tyranny! A friend of all, we were attempting to assist in their cooperation for peace and order and united strength. What evidence of our wicked design!

A Question of Recognition

Now what happened in Nicaragua? If anyone wishes to engage in long-distance opinion as to the tangle into which politics in Nicaragua went as soon as we withdrew our handful of legation guards, it is possible to argue for a year and a day. There was a Liberal government elected and we recognized it. A Conservative revolution was started in October, 1925, and it took control, jockeyed eighteen Liberals out of their seats in the congress and the congress then voted that Vice President Sacasa had conspired against the government, and banished him. The Liberal president resigned, the leader of the Conservatives got into the saddle, and the United States, keeping to agreements made with the five nations that no government would be recognized which had come into power through revolutions, refused to recognize his government. So he thought he, too, had better step down. The Liberals were starting a revolution.

Congress met, this time with all its duly elected members and no stuffing. It voted quite in line with its constitution to designate Diaz, the man whose government we recognize, as president.

Krassin, the Russian envoy at the Conference of Genoa, once came to me informally to argue for our recognition of Russia. There was much discussion about recognition in international law and custom and precedent, but finally we laughingly agreed that recognition of governments could be based on three considerations.

First, the hen must be on the nest; second, it is preferable that the hen should have a right to nest, and that the nest should not be the nest of any other hen; third, we must like the hen.

This is a rough definition of good law and practice.

Now in Nicaragua, Diaz was on the nest. Sacasa was not. Diaz had been put there legally by the Nicaraguan Congress, and even if Sacasa had been torn off illegally by a former congress, when this one put Diaz on the nest it said Sacasa was out. Certainly the Nicaraguan Congress and not the Foreign Relations Committee of our Senate is the proper body to pass on that. And there cannot be two hens on the nest. Nicaragua legally, constitutionally, clearly said Diaz. Presidents of Central American countries should be chosen by those countries and not by American editorial writers. Anyone who says that Sacasa had as much right to be on the nest as Diaz is proposing to interfere in the affairs of Nicaragua much more violently and willfully than the State Department would dare to interfere. Furthermore, Sacasa had been up in Mexico City talking with Mr. Morones, Mexican Minister of Labor; he had plotted and prepared a revolution in Nicaragua; he had arranged for arms; he had arranged for Mexico to recognize his nonexistent government which proposed to come into existence through revolution.

Those Who Ought to Know

Behold. The five Central American republics had agreed not to recognize governments based on revolution, and Mr. Sacasa —— Oh, well, how tiresome! The United States—the wicked imperialist—recognized Diaz. Although Mexican threats to create a revolution in Honduras also if it recognized Diaz were made, that wicked imperialistic Honduras also had recognized Diaz. And such conspirators against the peace of the world as Great Britain, Italy, France, Spain and Germany also recognized Diaz. And neighbor Salvador also recognized Diaz. The whole civilized world apparently had been engaged in a conspiracy to spoil the chances of our intellectuals and for-heaven-sakers to make out a case against their own native land.

Then we sent marines. Mr. Sacasa says that none of our Americans in Nicaragua were endangered by his revolution. Some of our loyal editorial writers agree with Mr. Sacasa. Alas, the difficulty with that conclusion is that it was not the conclusion of the Americans in Nicaragua! Nor was it the conclusion of the British Government, nor of the Italian Government, which asked us to protect their nationals. Too bad for Mr. Sacasa and the gentle fiction writers of the provocative press! They were all right except for the facts, and except for that uncomforting argument which recommends to our nationals abroad that the best policy is to wait until their heads are shot off and let the executors and assigns ask for protection—for the funeral cortège.

We sent marines. Latimer, representing us, had engaged in the wicked and perverse imperialistic business of trying to bring the two parties into a peace bargain at Corinto. The United States—that horrid influence for war and discord—was doing whatever it could do to quiet things down. What prevented the success of that attempt? Only the benign and pure effulgence of influence from Mexico, which made the Sacasa delegates say as they left the conference that if they stayed on to agree on any compromise which would eliminate Doctor Sacasa as the king pin it would be "a breach of faith with our Mexican allies!"

We sent marines—four hundred—and we arranged neutral zones to protect American interests. We did not even say, "Come now, stop your fighting." We proposed certain places where fighting should not go on. And we were so considerate! We not only asked the recognized government forces to agree to those zones but—bless us all—we, the Colossus of the North, that black devil of imperialism, asked the rebels please to agree too.

Never has wicked intervention to protect one's own nationals been carried on with such consideration, such solicitude for the sensitive feelings and for the wishes of everyone. We said, "We have come to protect our rights. We do hope that none of you will mind. Just a corner, gentlemen, where you won't inadvertently shoot the innocent bystanders. That is all your Uncle Sam asks, and may the propagandists forgive the old gentleman for that, beggin' your pardons."

The Lifting of the Arms Embargo

We sent marines. Before we did, as a part of our iniquitous designs upon the welfare of Central America, we proposed to Costa Rica, Honduras, Salvador and Guatemala that none of us should send arms to Nicaragua. They agreed, and no doubt kept the agreement. Oh, yes, we proposed this to Mexico also. Well, Mexico rather shrugged the shoulders. Mexican officials told Ambassador Sheffield that since there were no factories of arms in Mexico, really why bother? No, Mexico, that stalwart defender of the welfare of Central America, was above all that kind of thing!

Noccalula Falls, Gadsden, Alabama

But read again what President Coolidge, who has not told the story as fully as might be, has to say of this Mexican helpfulness:

> As a matter of fact, I have the most conclusive evidence that arms and munitions in large quantities have been on several occasions since August, 1926, shipped to the revolutionists in Nicaragua. Boats carrying these munitions have been fitted out in Mexican ports and some of the munitions bear evidence of having belonged to the Mexican Government. It also appears that the ships were fitted out with the full knowledge of and, in some cases, with the encouragement of Mexican officials, and were, in one instance at least, commanded by a Mexican naval reserve officer.
>
> At the end of November, after spending some time in Mexico City, Doctor Sacasa went back to Nicaragua, landing at Puerto Cubezas, near Bragmans Bluff. He immediately placed himself at the head of the insurrection and declared himself president of Nicaragua. He has never been recognized by any of the Central American republics nor by any other government, with the exception of Mexico, which recognized him immediately. As arms and munitions in large quantities were reaching the revolutionists, I deemed it unfair to prevent the recognized government from purchasing arms abroad, and accordingly the Secretary of State has notified the Diaz government that licenses would be issued for the export of arms and munitions purchased in this country. It would be thoroughly inconsistent for this country not to support the government recognized by it while the revolutionists were receiving arms and munitions from abroad.

Where Nicaragua Gets Its Arms

In brief, the situation presented these elements: The government in Nicaragua, recognized not only by the United States but by neighboring states and the European nations, was being attacked. Mexico had recognized the government—really the revolution—of Doctor Sacasa, who had prepared the attack in Mexico City and was using arms from Mexico, including bugles with the official stamp of Mexico on them. We, with our war-provoking habit, propose to cut off all supplies of arms for either side in Nicaragua. Everyone else agrees. Mexico tells us not to worry.

But Mexican arms and ammunition and aid still flow furtively to Doctor Sacasa's forces! We, with our base imperialism and trouble-making character, bring the warring factions together, hoping that they will make peace. It is in the name of Mexico that this conference is broken up. We send marines to neutral zones agreed to by both factions in Nicaragua, and lo, it is Mexico City which becomes the center of propaganda to paint the United States as the Colossus of the North opening its maw to gobble up Central America. We, the villainous imperialists, having done about everything known to man to prevent the distraught territory from getting more weapons, having begged and pleaded for arbitration and conciliation, having made agreements with everyone concerned—Diaz, Sacasa, Central America and European powers—to protect lives and property in agreed zones, are now counseled by the amateur advisers, who rush in covered with foam at the last minute, to stand for peace and conciliation! One might as well rush in upon Wayne B. Wheeler and tell him he should join the prohibition movement.

As to the relaxation of our embargo of arms, as President Coolidge says, there was nothing else to do. It would be ridiculous while we were keeping our hands off to allow Mexico to pour arms out to Sacasa while the rest of the civilized world refused Diaz anything with which to defend his government.

See the situation! We were not intervening to help one side or the other. The sure winner in Nicaragua would have been the Mexican conspiracy to seize Nicaraguan power and run the country. All we had to do was to withhold the flow of arms from the government of Nicaragua while Mexico supplied the revolutionaries, and the deed was done. Fine neutrality, that!

That is the kind of neutrality and noninterference that the peace shouters and the amateur advisers of our foreign policy are advocating. It leads directly to disorder, to support of revolution, to prolonged fighting, to the overthrow of a

(Continued on Page 79)

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(Continued from Page 76)

government recognized by numerous powers but attacked with Mexican assistance. But the meddlers among us fill the press with accusations that we are putting dangerous weapons into warring hands. Secretary Hughes, in 1923, lifted the embargo of arms to allow the Obregón government of Mexico to retain its place; Calles, the successor and legatee of the Obregón government, is astounded that the same principle is applied in Nicaragua!

At every corner of the Nicaraguan controversy, and others like it in the future, we are certain to have a head-on collision. It will always be between two currents of thought. One is the green, uninformed, see-the-surface group whose good will and noble intentions are guided by propagandists. The other is made up of an equal amount of good will, of noble intentions, of desire for peace, of reluctance to stick our noses into other people's business, but brings in addition the practical knowledge of the way things go in this wicked world, of the forces and intrigues and practices which make fools of those who cannot see that a legitimate stitch in time saves ninety and nine; that a folding of soft hands, a willful closing of the gentle eyes and a murmuring of "Peace, peace," often accumulate an ultimate mountain of disorder, war and suffering, merely from neglect of the molehill. Let those who object to sending a few companies of marines on a legal and peaceful errand satisfy themselves in the depths of their hearts and in their intelligence—that their meddling does not lead in a practical world to situations calling upon their sons to march in armies and die in regiments.

No one fails to esteem the dove, but, oh, how much more efficient is that bird when it knows the wicked wisdom of the serpent!

Evil Rampant, Good Dormant

For example, in Washington there dwells a political philosopher whose sentiments compelled him to discourse to me as follows:

"We should keep out of every foreign situation. In the long run it is economy. We should keep out of Nicaragua. I will go the length of that thought. We should allow Nicaragua to conduct her own affairs without any action whatever on our part. If Americans do not like the way Nicaragua conducts her affairs, they may go where affairs are better conducted. There is one sound policy; every nation should be allowed to be the whole master of its own soul and destiny."

I asked him, "Is this to benefit the nation which is allowed to be the whole master of its soul and destiny, or is it to benefit the nation which allows it to do as it pleases?"

He said, "Both."

"Suppose the case," I went on, "where that policy obtains and then a third nation steps in and interferes with the nation which is being allowed to be the master of its own soul and destinies. Has the world advanced? The nation which wishes to have complete freedom, to be master of its own soul and destinies, is no longer the master. The nation which, because of good will, has refrained from interfering with this extremity of freedom has gained not even the establishment of a principle. Lo, the one force now paramount is the evil force of the nation which has acted upon a totally different philosophy."

He said, "You mean that the good must take the field against the evil."

I answered him: "So it appears. As the world stands, the good cannot sit musing in the chimney corner. It must fare forth first with persuasion and reason, and if that fails, with a good right arm."

He said, "How does one know when one represents the good?"

And I suppose the answer to that is the inevitable answer that the best we can do under any circumstances is to make an educated guess.

On that basis our Government in Washington can probably conclude that in the old history of our dealings with Nicaragua, and with others, there were missteps. They were far away and long ago. The international morals of the world have changed since then; so have ours. We may be the Colossus of the North, but we now regard our size as an obligation, our power as being held in trust and our duty as willing to bend the knee a little at the shrine of patience.

It is true that we are under a storm of criticism. If we hold our course we shall sail out from under it. If we veer and tack we go nowhere. Much of the criticism is based on untruth; untruth crumbles in the end. From abroad we have such expressions as this:

"The United States started years ago in its conquest of the world. In 1847 she dismembered Mexico, and in 1850 organized the expedition to annex Cuba. In 1899, by the Spanish-American War, she liberated Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, only to convert Cuba into a protectorate under the Platt amendment and to make colonies of Porto Rico and the Philippines."

As Europe Sees Us

"In 1903 she liberated Panama from Colombia, but Panama paid for her liberty with the Panama Canal, and later lost her sovereignty in favor of the military security of Wall Street.

"In 1912 she showed in Nicaragua the diplomacy of the dollar, and Adolfo Diaz, a humble employe of an American mining company, financed a revolution with North American funds in order to sell the country to the bankers.

"Then the United States intervened in the World War to liberate Europe from German imperialism, but only to convert Europe into an economic colony through the Dawes Plan and the war debts.

"In the Versailles Treaty the Monroe Doctrine was recognized, which signified the delivery of the entire continent into the hands of the North Americans.

"Mexico, which had been invaded by the pacifist Wilson, now sees the constitution laughed at and her own sovereignty threatened by the interests of the industrial oligarchy.

"In 1926, behind the mask of a paternal mediator, the United States intervened in Tacna Arica. This intervention will cost Peru the delivery of her fleet, army and industrial life into the hands of the Americans.

"Recently they aspired to control also the mineral production of Bolivia and Chile through a dictatorship, but Latin America reacted against that policy.

"Argentina declared a boycott against Yankee production, which all Latin-American countries should follow.

"Nicaragua upholds the constitutional government with arms, facing the traitor Diaz.

"Mexico has begun an action which will be imitated by other countries on this continent, in nationalizing her riches in spite of the protests."

No end of lies go a-flying. In France the story rushes through the press that the United States never recognized any but conservative governments. It is our weakness to recognize liberal governments. But the untruth gallops on. In Germany, where there was always an element which, having an eye on South America, bitterly resented the Monroe Doctrine, the course we have taken is as completely misrepresented as if it were said we had dug up Nicaragua and moved it into the Arctic Ocean. Everywhere the communistic press is busy proving by what it alleges against us that we and communism have different plans for Central America. Some statesmen in Europe who have not enjoyed their troubled waters at home have a slight and very human attack of that disease which makes the subconscious hope that thorny paths will greet our feet.

Most of this kind of hue and cry is nonsense. It is too bad that it is being erupted.

It may be unfortunate that there were British and Italians in Nicaragua; if there had not been, we would not have been asked to protect them under the implied obligations of our Monroe Doctrine.

Who would have refused? Let him hold up his hand.

It may be unfortunate that there were American citizens and property in Nicaragua; if there had not been, we would not have been asked to protect them.

Well, who would have refused them? Let him stand up.

It may be unfortunate that for our own defense and for the convenience of the world we built the Panama Canal.

Who is sorry? Let him go on record.

It may be unfortunate that to provide for future traffic between Atlantic and Pacific we bought the right to make a second canal in Nicaragua.

Who regrets it? Let him be candid in his regret.

It may be unfortunate that the Panama Canal and the Nicaraguan project require us to keep a close watch upon any attempt by interlopers to get control of Central American countries from within so that they may dominate and exploit any Central American people and blackmail us and thwart our plans.

Who asks us to abandon the canal? Who asks us and the Central Americans to tolerate an alien plot to seize the governments of Central America and corrupt them? Let him get up and be counted.

These are the questions involved. We may as well deal with a world as it is—with facts and realities. When our band of wailers join the foreign propagandists and hold out hopes and cheer to the enemies of the United States, and to the enemies of orderly governments and to the enemies of international square dealing and to the enemies of peace, they should be asked the questions I have asked. Nothing is easier for those who have no responsibility, and who do not have to say how far they are willing to go, than to go abroad with a lot of talk about imperialism and morality.

Let us ask them how far they are willing to go in abandoning citizens. How far in abandoning property. How far in abandoning the Panama and Nicaraguan canals. We have done almost nothing so far. Would they have us do less? Above all, let us take counsel with ourselves as to how far we may wish to abandon some of our neighbors to the control of outside forces.

That question will be a growing one. It will need an answer from American public opinion.

No one doubts that it is our duty not to interfere with the internal affairs of our neighbors or of anyone else, even Europe—Senator Borah says so. So say we all.

The Family Next Door

But what happens when next door to us the forces we consider evil and destructive and dangerous and contagious and menacing do interfere and seek to do by inside jobs what the Monroe Doctrine and good principle forbid when done openly?

What shall we do then?

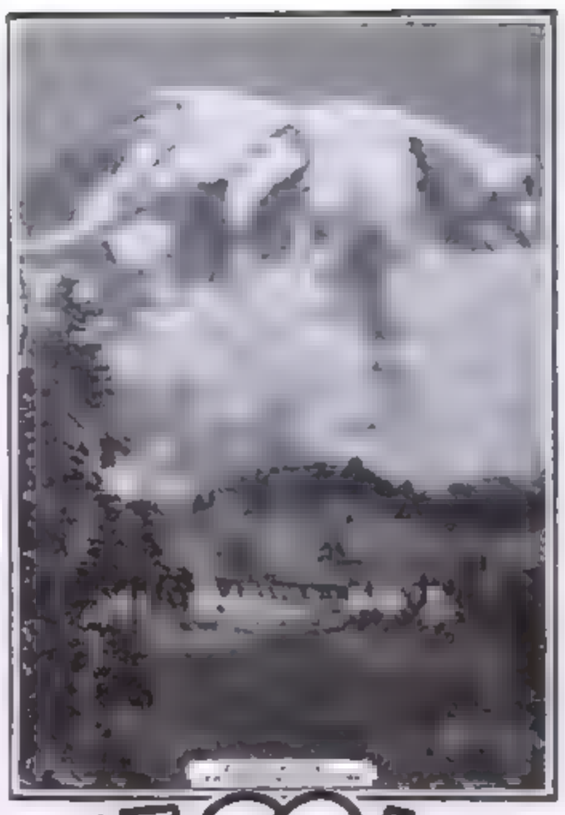
Not wishing to dictate to any peoples what kind of government they shall have, are we going to retire into the long grass and let someone else do it?

Is our pledge not to commit burglary to be also a pledge not to interfere with burglars in the house next door?

The Nicaraguan situation has not quite raised that question. It came very near to it.

The Colossus of the North wants to do right about that question. Its public opinion guides it, and its public opinion, as the people of Central and South America will learn if they will be patient, is a public opinion of conscience and is profoundly sentimental and against imperialism.

To give the right answer to that question, public opinion must also be intelligent—intelligent enough to prepare a definite answer before the clamors and confusions of an emergency, and candid enough to answer without dodging.



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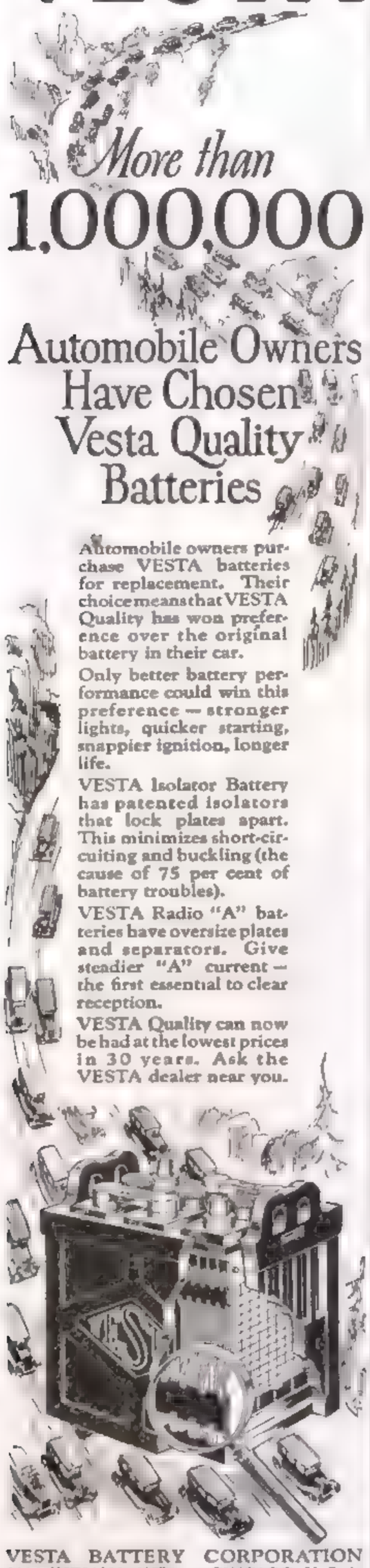

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SOME DAY

(Continued from Page 33)

would still be alive. The man responsible for the papers had kept secret their loss, confiding only in Constant and the other, to whom he had no doubt offered a large reward for their recovery.

And now Constant and that other were forever silenced, and most probably their employer was likewise in a position to tell no tales, make no further trouble, be no source of future danger to Aliste. Clive had heard no shot. Man and dog must have gone over the cliff's edge together, a sheer drop onto jagged rock.

As Clive viewed the situation it was good. Aliste might emerge safely from her presumable watery tomb. Explanations would be in order as to how she had managed her disappearance, where and how she had spent the time elapsed. The best course, Clive decided, would be for her to say that she had traveled constantly and under an incognito. If anybody took the trouble to check up her movements, which was unlikely, she might claim amnesia, a loss of memory as to her identity or whereabouts, and let people think what they liked. In these busy days of world-wide confusion and the movements of the individual strictly his or her affair, a young woman who had lived for years in seclusion, then lost herself for a space, was most apt to be dismissed with a figurative Latin shrug.

Clive himself had no intention of dismissing her with any shrug. He had always from boyhood known what he wanted, and what this was when he found it. Guiding Aliste through the misty darkness he knew that he had found it now.

XV

THE café terrace of the hotel was still busy as Clive strolled up casually after parting from Aliste on the outskirts of the town. The pretty girl with whom he had talked on his arrival gave him a nod and a smile as he seated himself at a table.

"Monsieur has amused himself at Belle Isle?" She made no mention of not having seen him at dinner. Her service was only for the café, Clive correctly judged. He had been prepared to explain his late appearance by a mild misadventure, starting to walk across the island, taking what he meant to be a short cut across the moor and getting lost in the fog. But this was not necessary. He answered merely that he found the place charming, admirable for a dilettant painter who was actually a hard-working business man now taking a vacation by his doctor's orders to cure insomnia and loss of appetite. Lately, he explained, he had been placed on diet—could not take regular meals.

The girl nodded a little absently, her interest centered on a pair of young Englishmen who did not look or act dyspeptic, and who returned it warmly. She served Clive his order for *café au lait* and a *brioche*. That, Clive decided, had better be his meager supper. But he had told no lie in saying that his appetite was lacking. He was not of the trenchant type to find hunger stimulated by slaying a pair of malefactors with a hatchet. He wanted his bed and, if possible, sleep. Temporary oblivion was what his soul most craved.

Being young and healthy, and with no conscientious qualms about the slaying of slayers, Clive suffered no nervous reaction. The world, he decided, was well rid of three sources of friction in its rolling gear, three grains of sand in the bearings of one of its myriad tiny wheels. Stretched out on his comfortable bed, Clive permitted his well-disciplined mind to waste none of its energy on ugly dead men when there was a lovely, live woman to think about. He dismissed the former to the limbo provided for the accommodation of such destructive forces and let his own constructive imagination soar to the heights.

There is only one thing worth a man's dreaming about, and that is a woman. This is because the thought of one's beloved is both objective and subjective, so that the hiatus between fancy and fact may be bridged by a light, strong gossamer span on which the mind may pass from sleeping imagery to waking reality. Other objectives, whether visionary or actual, belong more exclusively to their separate planes, with no means of crossing the gulf between, so that one flops into it and crawls out with effort.

That which now soothingly astonished Clive was a sense of exactness in this sudden renewal of his contact with Aliste, as if after straying round for a while away from her he had wandered back to his destined position at her side. For all the hideousness of this affair, there had yet been a sort of naturalness about it; as if, though such an episode had never happened before so far as he was aware, still it had always been ordained that he was sooner or later to rescue Aliste in a crisis and thenceforth make it his business to keep her out of trouble. Clive felt that he had merely filled an appointment, responded to her call, a little late perhaps, but still, as things turned out, in time enough.

The psychology of this would not be difficult for the tiresome mind that insists on explanations. All boys for the first time in love are wont to dream of the rescue of the object of their affections from a dreadful danger that is most often physical. Only as we grow older and wiser do we dream of the rescue of the soul. So that though Clive's adolescent imaginings had never built up any structure quite so violent as what had really happened, yet the matrix of it had been there. Its elaboration had been merely circumstantial.

But these dreams had held their aftermath, and that now was yet ahead, to be lived thrillingly or disappointingly, as the sequel had yet to show. Clive scarcely dared attempt to preconstruct this, the real active principle that determines the value of the compound. Discarding now the waste products of the raw smelting process he had labored through before a sort of infernal blast furnace, Clive examined what had finally been drawn off from it.

The process was something of this sort: Mix up a lovely, harassed girl with a capable young man whose first and only grand passion she had been, with three thugs of murderous determination, stable compounds of hell, and a dog of supreme courage and devotion; stir thoroughly, adding blood and gunpowder and other spices; permit to boil for several hours, then cool suddenly and filter off the precipitate. What are you apt to have?

At least, Clive hoped, the residue ought to be a new fresh compound of fixed and distinctly determined character; one that would resist a lot of analysis, breaking up. He reflected that even before the resolving process he had been aware of the same subtle character in Aliste's reception of himself, dropped down out of some invisible container, as he had experienced in joining up with her. She had seemed to take his presence there almost for granted, as if that was precisely where he by all rights belonged, which was in fact precisely the case. There had been a kind of well-here-you-are-at-last atmosphere about their forgathering, as if they had kept some involuntary tryst arranged without their knowledge, but not at all to their surprise.

Clive's mind went back to their summer at Greenwich, eleven years before. He remembered the perfect accord of his comradeship with a girl whom others had found difficult to know, impossible to understand. He recalled Aliste's mother having said one day smilingly, "You seem to have found the open sesame to my daughter's treasure cave, Clive. Aliste's father was the only other person she ever admitted to the private office of her mind."

Looking back, Clive believed that this was true. It occurred to him also that perhaps the very reason for his never having felt the necessity of telling Aliste how much he cared for her was because the need of such a declaration had never entered his head. They seemed to have passed easily beyond that point where avowals are or appear to be in order. Such, at least, had been his own case, and he wondered now if possibly the same might not have been Aliste's. He remembered her as a girl so perfectly fashioned for love, so plastic to its reactions were the reagent exact, that any information as to what was going on would have seemed as superfluous as to tell a peach that it was ripening in the sunshine and that he was the atmosphere through which these solar rays were tempered and diffused.

But what of the peach that had then been subjected to some process of preservation, or, as Porthieu had rather aptly put it, suspended animation? It was not as if Aliste had been merely a sleeping beauty. She had suffered rough awakening by a clumsy and dishonest gardener whose tending had been abruptly transferred to a more exotic fruit. What changes might not this have wrought in the delicacy of her fiber and to its infused sweetness?

None that were deleterious to either, Clive's soul answered staunchly. Otherwise there must have been some physical correspondence to such damage, and of that there was no evidence at all. She was lovelier than ever, merely more tempered, firmer in the tissues of her body and of her mind, like all women who have suffered but not been crushed. She would be more resistant to rough contacts, tried and polished and rounded to a symmetry more perfect because more even of balance and proportion. She would be, Clive thought, more accessible to him than before, less shrinking and aloof, more appreciative of the value of happiness, less a treader of rosy clouds, than the girl idealist that he remembered fondly.

Having arrived at this satisfactory ultimate, Clive fell asleep. And so soothing was the mental hypnotic he had imbibed at the end of his contemplation that the sun was high when he awoke. Another day, and a slightly anxious one until the local excitement to be expected should have boiled down to the official finding on the mystery at the Château de Guerveur; also as to how Aliste might have reacted to the frightful ordeal.

Clive bathed and dressed and went down to the terrace, where he was brightly greeted by the pretty girl, who inquired after his repose and general state of cheer. He had expected an immediate and voluble account of the affair at the château, with trimmings and elaborations. But it appeared that nothing had as yet been discovered to disturb the tranquillity of Belle-Ile-en-Mer. Clive had counted on Aliste's report to the *curé* that there were prowlers about the farm being enough to prompt some sort of investigation, but evidently the good priest had discounted her fears. This was annoying to Clive, who wished to have the business over with. But he realized that Aliste had felt the advisability of giving no positive evidence that might lead to her close questioning.

For similar reasons Clive thought it better to make no effort at seeing her. There was no plausible pretext for his going to the house of the *curé*, and there was also the danger lest Aliste in some way might betray that he was not entirely a stranger to her. Aliste was an excellent painter and Porthieu had said that she could write good verse, but Clive doubted that her talents included acting. Her personality was too individual, too natural and self-inspired. It was on this account that he had so strongly urged her answering all inquiries by saying only that she had been frightened by the loneliness and the savage baying of the dog, slipped out and gone to town, making a detour of the road near the farm.

(Continued on Page 82)

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(Continued from Page 80)

He reflected now that Aliste's companion, Tante Colette, was to return from Quiberon this afternoon. Aliste would wish to spare the good woman the shock of walking in unawares upon the horrid spectacle in the big room, and so would meet her at the quay on the boat's arrival and tell her what had happened. Thus prepared, Tante Colette could be the one first to report the affair. They might go to the farm together, Aliste remaining outside. Or possibly somebody might find the bodies of the man and dog on the rocks at the foot of the cliffs.

Clive decided, therefore, to let matters take their course, with no prying on his part. He loitered about the place, bought some pressed sea-fern post cards and scribbled a few lines to friends, the best he could manage in the way of letter writing. Then, at about half-past ten, the urge to stroll out past the farm became imperative. There seemed no reason why he should not indulge it, provided he kept clear of the immediate premises, so he took his color box and little easel, a perfectly good badge of vocational intent, and set out with a little quiver of the diaphragm.

This was better than idle waiting in tense expectation. The fog had cleared and the day was bright and warm and drenched in soft colorful atmosphere. Larks sprang from the *fougère*, and mounting straight, with a quivering of wings, sang themselves clear out of sight in the swimming blue of the zenith; until, the song and flight simultaneously exhausted, they dropped like plummets to earth again.

It was hard for Clive to believe that only the night before he had played so violent a part in such a frightful drama, and that the grisly testimony must still be weltering in the semiruined and picturesque group of walls ahead, and down there at the foot of the cliffs. As he approached the farm it presented the same aspect of serene if lonely tranquillity as it had done the day before. Then, as his road reached that part of the wall that had been removed, permitting a view of the front door, with the flagged terrace in front of it, Clive stopped short and stared with a sudden bounding impulse of his heart.

For the similarity of aspect appeared too exact to be true. His vision, Clive for an instant feared, must be playing him false. The soft sunshine and melting shadows were the same, the pervading air of peace the same, and there on the wide doorstep crouched the watchdog, Loup, likewise the same. The only difference was that as Clive stood there staring, the dog merely raised its great head slowly and gave him stare for stare. It did not rise and bay.

Perhaps it may have growled, inaudible to Clive at the distance; for as he watched, the front door swung open and a man stepped out in the creamy sunshine, stood on the threshold and looked at Clive. It was a fine figure of a man, powerfully proportioned, the head well set on broad shoulders, and with a shock of bright, wavy, corn-colored hair which the melting sun turned to gold. He was in fisherman's blouse, the sleeves rolled back to show bulging muscles under a very white skin that was not tanned as one might expect of a seafarer.

Clive knew instantly that here was Fanch. Aliste had not expected him back for another ten days, but evidently his boat had crept in sometime during the night and Fanch had come directly to the farm. Clive perceived that his well-conceived plan must instantly be reconstructed. Also, he was unable to understand Fanch's standing there observing him in that calm, unruffled way, with the dog, Loup, crouching immobile at his feet. Loup had dropped his head again, like an animal exhausted from the chase.

Clive made a gesture of salutation. Fanch acknowledged it in the casual fashion of one returning the courtesy of a foreign visitor. Clive started to walk toward the front door. Fanch did not move a muscle. Neither did the dog; though as Clive drew nearer, he caught the gleam of a tawny eye fixed on him steadily. Also, on coming close, he perceived that Fanch's eyes were of a blue so intense that they made the striking note of his broad but handsome and well-featured face.

"Good morning," Clive said in French. "Are you not Monsieur François de Guerveur?"

Fanch nodded. "At the service of monsieur. But I am known generally as Fanch Kerodec."

"You returned last night?" Clive asked.

Fanch raised his thick eyebrows, which were a deeper gold than the color of his hair. "Monsieur wishes something of me?" he asked; and then, to Clive's amazement, added courteously, "Will monsieur take the trouble to come in?"

He stepped out of the doorway, making a slight gesture for Clive to enter. In changing his position Fanch stepped partly over Loup, the dog not so much as raising his head. Glancing down at the animal, which was almost directly in his path, Clive observed a crease in the thick fur of its head between and over the eyes that were half closed. Fanch said apologetically: "The poor beast is sick. I am afraid that in my absence somebody may have tried to poison it. Some of my neighbors object to my keeping such a formidable animal, though Loup would not molest anybody who respects the privacy of my property."

Clive said politely, "It is a shame." He stepped round the dog and across the threshold, then stood looking over the room with a good deal of astonishment. There was not the slightest trace of any disturbance at all. The square red tiles had been washed and mopped dry, though some few were still damp. The windows and iron *volets* were wide open, to let in the air and sunshine. The big oak door that had been forced in was back in its place, its lock apparently undamaged and the hinges cemented smoothly where the stone had been burst out. The square aperture looked as if it had been there always, its edges trimmed smooth and their fresh surfaces oiled or stained. Two iron bars secured by heavy staples were added, to make a grille like that with which old-fashioned doors are furnished, so that the householder may inspect the person outside before opening. The heavy center table also had been wiped with oil, and the old blunderbuss was back in its place over the chimney.

Fanch had stepped in after Clive, and now motioned his visitor to a chair. Clive turned and gave him a curious if steady look. Fanch impressed him as precisely in character, a splendid specimen of Breton lesser nobility, now obliged to seek his livelihood on the sea. Though tremendously powerful of physique, there was yet a redeeming lightness and grace to Fanch's person, and a fineness to his skin, while his mere bearing removed him immediately to a caste above that of the ordinary strong, simple and stolid Breton fisherman. It was not surprising that Aliste, carelessly mistaking him for the latter as he came from his boat in *béret*, blouse and sabots, gurry-smeared perhaps, had perceived immediately a striking, splendid model.

He now looked with polite and a sort of guarded inquiry at Clive, who promptly decided that further delay in coming to an understanding was not only futile but might lead to complications if interrupted. Clive therefore said briefly, "You have worked fast and thoroughly, monsieur. I would not have thought it possible."

Fanch received this statement in silence, but his intensely blue eyes seemed to darken a little.

"That is to say ——"

"This room," said Clive, "looks very different to what it did when I left it last evening at about nine o'clock. Also, I am delighted to find your splendid dog still alive. Evidently you have not talked to mademoiselle, but I presume you know that she is safe."

Fanch's deep lungs filled, then he blew the breath out in a long expiration. "Sit down, please," he said and sank himself into a chair. "I was a fool to leave her. I thought that the danger no longer existed. Yes, as I was coming up from my boat last night at about ten o'clock, a friend told me that he had seen her going into the house of the *curé*. I passed by there, but as the lights were out I did not care to disturb anybody. So I came on here."

"You must have received a shock," Clive said.

Fanch nodded. "That is true, though I am not easily shocked. If you will tell me what you know about the affair, then I will tell you why it seemed better to me immediately to remove all traces of it."

"Tell me that first, please," Clive said. "My part of it is a long story, and I must know what measures you have taken to cover up the evidence of what happened, so that we may decide what stand to take if questioned. I am very much afraid, monsieur, that your work has not been complete."

"What do you mean?" For the first time Fanch's set features showed disturbance.

"There was, I think, a third body at the foot of the cliffs, directly under the spot where the path turns down to the beach."

Fanch nodded. "I found it—with the dog a few paces away. Was that all?"

"That is all, to my knowledge," Clive said, infinitely relieved. "I am convinced in fact that there was nothing else. Only three were concerned in this attack. Now tell me your part from the beginning."

Fanch passed his strong, well-shaped hands through his thick hair. "I heard something over on the mainland that made me disquieted about mam'selle. It led me to think she might be exposed to danger. So I sailed immediately for Le Palais and drifted in through the fog last night, landing at about ten. A friend told me that he had met mam'selle just outside the *curé's* house, and that she had said she had been frightened because Loup barked so savagely. She thought some *voyous* might be lurking about the premises, so she slipped out and made a detour from the road and came to the town. Tante Colette was in Quiberon, for the pardon. I came here, as I have said, and found the two dead men and the door burst in. Shots had also been fired through the iron *volet*."

"Did you find a pistol?" Clive interrupted. "Not mademoiselle's, but another."

Fanch shook his head. "I found no weapon at all but the old one there on the chimney, loaded for a bomb. Evidently they had been besieged in here and made powder from the materials at hand. It looked like a quarrel between assassins. Since I knew that the women were safe I was not much upset. But I was convinced that it all had to do with mam'selle, though occurring after she had left, as otherwise she would have given an alarm."

"Possibly not," Clive said, "for reasons known to us three."

Fanch nodded. "I thought of that also. In any case, it seemed best to hide all the traces, for a number of reasons. Not to expose mam'selle to police examination; to avoid embarrassment to myself, since I arrived here immediately after the thing had happened, and also to protect mam'selle from the possible vengeance of this band of conspirators, though I had reason to doubt it was actually the life of mam'selle they had come to get."

"But the memoirs written by your wife and given mademoiselle to deliver in America," Clive said quietly. "Please continue."

Fanch shot him an astonished look. "You are well informed. An American inspector of secret service?"

"No; an American naval officer on detached service, and an old friend of Mademoiselle O'Day. My name is Clive Pierpont."

Fanch gave him a look of eager interest. "I know. She has often spoken of you. *Eh bien*, I hoisted those two *voyous* on my shoulders and carried them to the top of the cliffs and pitched them over, then went down the path. I have an old fishing skiff hauled up on the beach, and it was my idea to tie a big stone to their feet and row them out and sink them. I know of a deep spot where a big octopus has lived for many years. Then, to my astonishment, I found not two bodies, but three. The last was immediately explained, however, on finding also my brave dog Loup close by."

"Is he badly hurt?"

"He could not walk and he had got a bullet that glanced off his head, but no bones appear to be broken. I think that he is terribly bruised and perhaps injured internally. But I hope that he will live."

"You shall hear of how he saved us," Clive said. "Go on."

"I sank the bodies with a heavy stone to the feet of each. They will not come ashore. Then I carried Loup back here and got to work. I cleaned the tiles and repaired the door, as you see, not wanting mam'selle to know anything at all of what had happened here, as otherwise she would have wished to leave."

"Your work was good," Clive said. "I had planned it a little differently—that these men be considered traitors or renegades of some secret band who had fled to Belle Isle, but had been followed and destroyed. But what you have done is better, because it ought to save us any questioning at all."

"More than that, monsieur," Fanch said; "those who sent them here with orders to obtain the document at any cost, the maltreatment or death of mam'selle, will never know what happened to them. They will reason that their plans and movements must be known to the legitimate authorities, and that is bound to terrify them. They are sure to suspect either that this document has found its way to the hands of the secret police or else that there is treachery in their ranks. At any rate, the total disappearance of these three wretches will give them a dreadful *frousse* and undermine their confidence. Nothing frightens the dealers in mystery so much as mystery, to find their own sinister weapon turned against them. This idea was what led me principally to act as I have done, to remove all traces of what happened here."

Clive nodded. "Your logic was good, Monsieur de Guerveur. I have reason to believe, however, that nobody but these three men suspected Mademoiselle O'Day of being still alive and in hiding here. One of them was responsible for the custody of that document, and he lived in hourly fear of the discovery that it had been stolen from him. I think that this attempt was on his part alone. However, that does not matter greatly now, and if you are right, then so much the better. Tell me, in cleaning up this place, did you examine thoroughly every corner of it? I can't imagine what became of that other pistol. There were two shots fired in quick succession, and this weapon"—he took from his pocket the automatic pistol that had been struck by the bullet through the *volets*—"has not been fired at all."

Fanch shook his head. "There was no other pistol, and as you can see, there are no places in this room where it could be hidden. Only the table and chairs and that buffet that you can see under, and these pieces of furniture that are built in or solid to the floor. If you will tell me your story perhaps between us we may be able to hit on some explanation. At least, the pistol you mention was not on the person of either of these men, because I searched them all and found only their pocketbooks and other articles which I hid in a cleft of the rocks without examining."

Clive leaned forward in his chair, rested his elbows on the table, and with a clean-cut brevity that was yet detailed, described his part in the affair, beginning with his talk with Mr Portmeu before sailing on the ship from which Aliste had disappeared. Fanch, opposite him, listened without once interrupting. His blue eyes shone like sapphires as Clive told of the fight in the

(Continued on Page 87)

BESTWALL
stands alone
among plaster wall boards
for *six* reasons

1 EXPERIENCE Bestwall is made by a company which has had more years of experience in producing wall board than anybody else in the business.

2 STRENGTH Bestwall is stronger than the ordinary plaster wall board. The solid rock core is powerfully reinforced with a special Beaver-made fibre cover.

3 DECORATIVENESS Bestwall decorates more economically and with more pleasing effects because of its specially prepared surface.

4 WON'T BURN Rock plaster won't burn; therefore, Bestwall won't burn. Rock plaster is a non-conductor of heat and cold; therefore, Bestwall is an excellent insulator. *Approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.*

5 CREAM COLOR Bestwall is the only plaster wall board with a CREAM-colored surface. It is the easy way to tell Bestwall on sight.

6 COSTS NO MORE No expense has been spared to make Bestwall "the superior plaster wall board." Yet for all its advantages it costs you no more. For sample and literature address our Dept. 1002. The Beaver Products Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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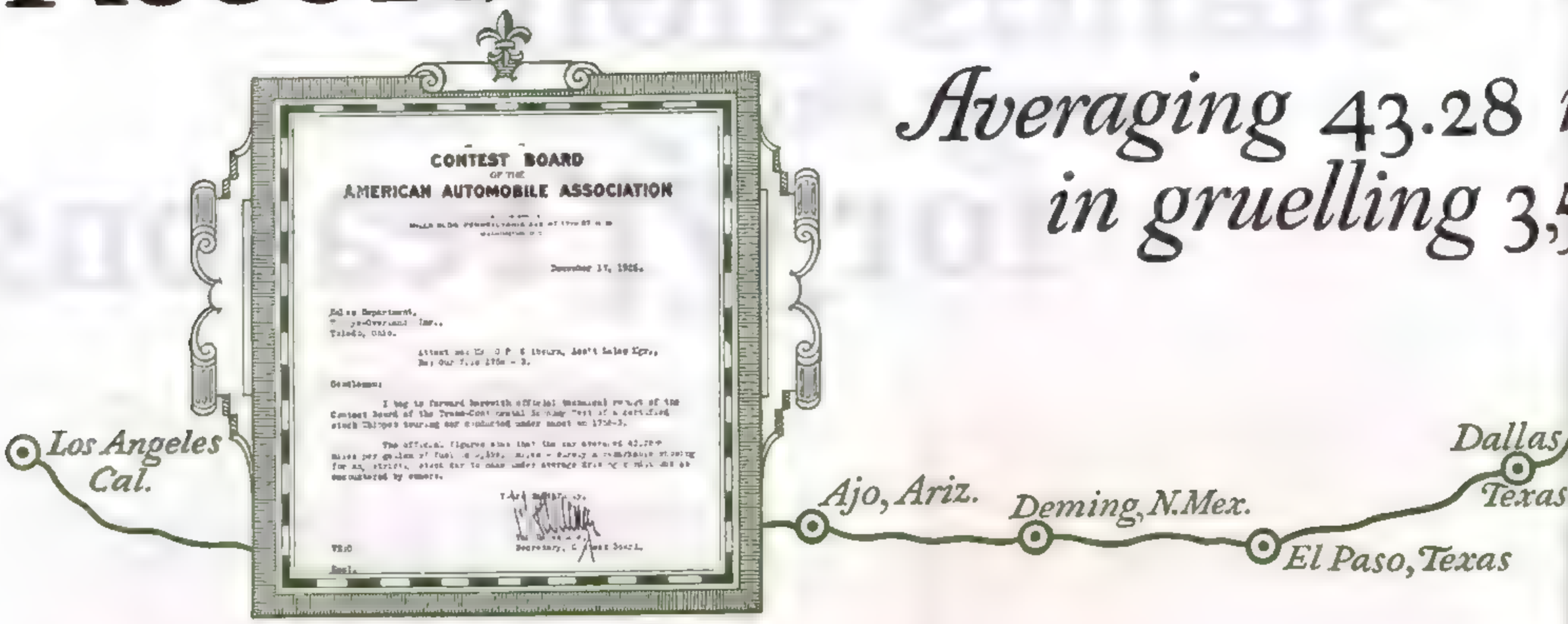
THE SUPERIOR PLASTER WALL BOARD

Manufacturers also of Beaver Board, Beaver American Plaster, Gypsum Lath, Gypsum Block, Beaver Varnishes and Enamels, Beaver Vulcanite Asphalt Shingles, Slate and Smooth Surfaced Roll Roofings, Roof Paints and Cements

Whippet Sets Na Record in Dramatic C

Averaging 43.28 m in gruelling 3,5



Facsimile of letter received from American Automobile Association certifying every detail of this remarkable record.

CAR DRIVEN UNDER AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION SANCTION AND OBSERVATION

LOS ANGELES to New York on 82¼ gallons of gasoline . . . averaging 43.28 miles per gallon. This is the sensational economy record recently achieved by a stock Overland Whippet in a gruelling 3,559 mile coast-to-coast trip.

This spectacular run shatters all previous records. It sets a new high mark for fuel economy. Never before has any car so dramatically, so convincingly demonstrated outstanding performance ability.

Under Official Observation

The entire test was conducted under the official observation of the American Automobile Association.

The car was completely examined for stock status at Los Angeles, California, by George F. Stephenson, western member of the National Technical Committee, Contest Board, A. A. A.

An Official Technical Observer remained with the Whippet throughout the trip.

At Los Angeles the gasoline tank was filled to overflowing. The entire fuel system was then sealed, the seal being carried by the observer. An accurate log of the trip was kept by the observer, including the faithful entry of all fuel and oil added. At the completion of the trip a report was prepared by the American Automobile Association certifying every detail of this remarkable record.

This amazing result, accomplished through careful driving by an expert, shows that extraordinary economy can be obtained from the Whippet and that even in ordinary driving it will render much higher gasoline mileage than any other light car built.

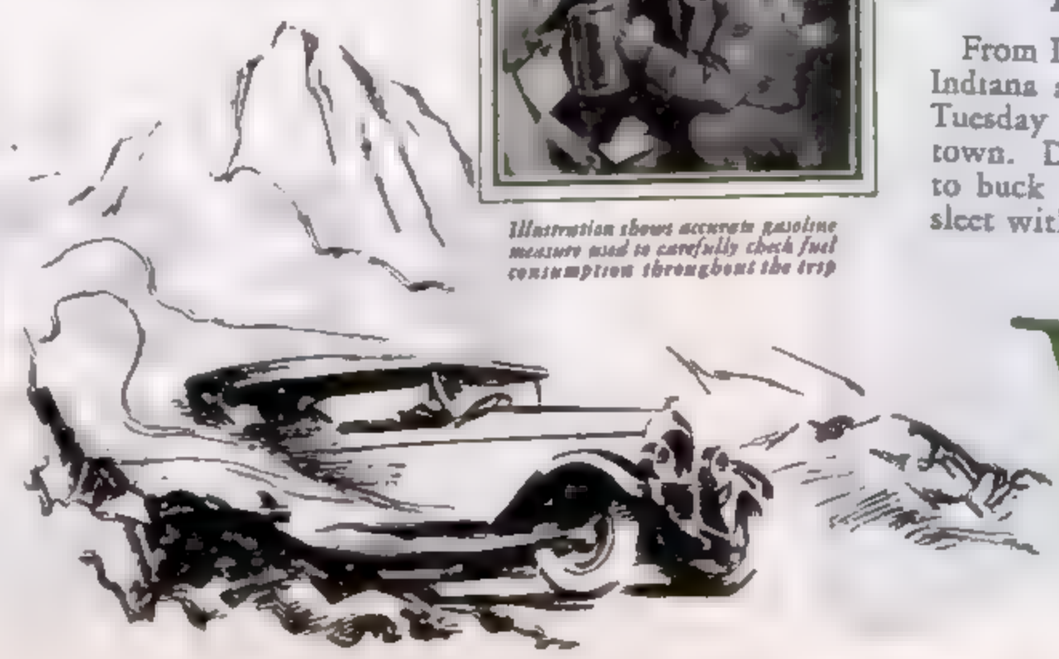
Log of Famous Coast-to-Coast Trip

The route followed the southern transcontinental highways passing through Ajo, Arizona; Deming, New Mexico; El Paso, Texas; Dallas, Texas; and thence north to Memphis, Tennessee; Indianapolis, Philadelphia and New York.

The first day of the run, three hundred and twenty-two miles were covered and the stop was at Aztec, Arizona. The average for the day was 41.33 miles to the gallon of fuel despite the fact that the mountains between Los Angeles and Yuma, Arizona, were crossed.

Tucson, Arizona, was reached on the second day. The distance traveled being 224 miles. The fuel consumption, 40.9 miles to the gallon. At Deming, New Mexico, on November 29th, the total distance covered was 836 miles. Fuel consumption was at the rate of 40.78 miles to the gallon. Up to this point no oil had been added.

Illustration shows accurate gasoline measure used to carefully check fuel consumption throughout the trip



At Sweetwater, Texas, on November 30th, with a total mileage of 1,382, the average fuel consumption was 43.87 miles to the gallon. Clear weather and dry but dusty roads were encountered across Texas.

The stop for December 1st was at Dallas, Texas. *On the run from Sweetwater to Dallas the record average of 53.6 miles to the gallon was established.*

On December 2nd, the distance covered was 307 miles to Arkadelphia, Arkansas. The fuel consumption was 7.5 gallons, giving an average for the day of 40.9 miles to the gallon. At this point the grand average for the trip was 44.47 miles to the gallon . . .

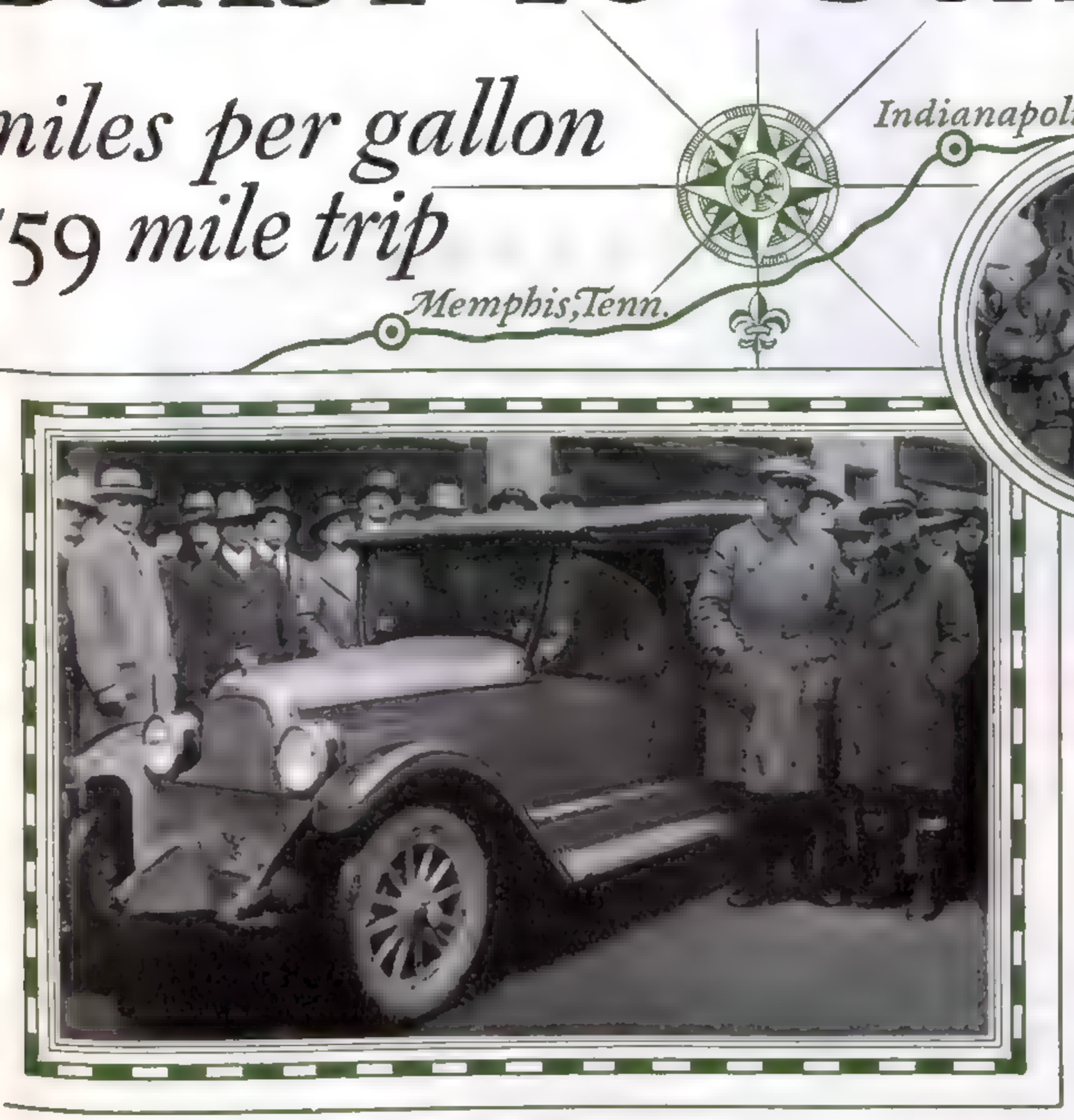
Through Blinding Storm

From Indianapolis, the route lay across Indiana and Ohio into Pennsylvania and Tuesday the Whippet arrived at Uniontown. During the day the car was forced to buck a heavy storm of rain, hail and sleet with the roads slippery from the ice

Wh

ational Economy
Coast-to-Coast Run

miles per gallon
59 mile trip



At the finish of the trip—crowds thronged around the famous Coast-to-Coast Whippet as it finished the run in front of the Willys-Overland Branch at 50th Street and Broadway, New York City

Micrometer checking of carburetor dimensions at finish of trip.

nd with the rain freezing to the windshield and obstructing the vision. It was necessary to use chains or 100 miles.

251 miles were covered and at Uniontown the otal mileage from Los Angeles was 3,121 with an verage per gallon of gasoline since the start of 43.55.

On Wednesday the run was continued into Gettys-urg, over roads that were covered with ice from he storm which had raged the day before.

On Thursday the final lap was covered and the car reached New York, establishing the amazing record of 43.78 miles per gallon . . . Once again emphasizing Willys-Overland's Engineering Leadership in the light car field.

Remarkable Proof of Whippet Economy

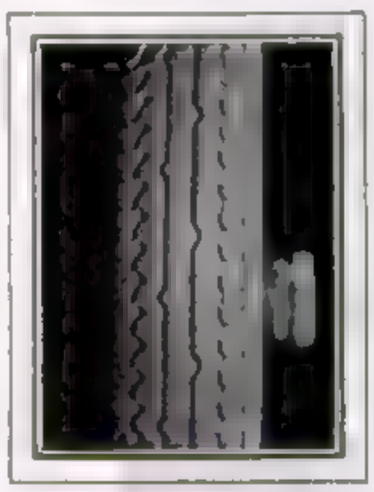
This test was made under ordinary driving conditions such as encountered by average owners. Thousands of Whippet drivers are constantly reporting comparable results. 30 miles and more to the gallon of gasoline. 1,000 miles on a quart of oil. With remarkably low upkeep expense.

Outstanding economy is only one of many Whippet advantages you have never found in any car of this type before.

New Performance! Above and beyond anything you have learned to expect in a four-cylinder car. 55 miles an hour in comfort and safety. 5 to 30 miles an hour in 13 seconds. Stop-watch tests show that the Whippet accelerates 18% faster than other light 4-cylinder cars. Power! You feel it the minute your foot presses the accelerator closer to the floor

No hill is too high for a Whippet. No road too rough. In countless gruelling tests . . . from Canada to Mexico . . . from the lowest point in Death Valley to the snow capped peak of White Mountain . . . up Pike's Peak without boiling . . . the Whippet has broken records and world's records in the most impressive way. This car has stamina. It has engine smoothness and flexibility formerly found only in the highest priced cars.

In addition it gives you the extra safety of 4-wheel brakes, low gravity center and clear vision front corner posts . protection other light cars do not offer.



Remarkable photograph of the Fisk tire tread showing little wear after gruelling 3,559 mile trip

More Room—Greater Comfort

Step into a Whippet and you will be surprised to find so much spacious room and comfort. Due to its unique body and dash construction there is actually more leg room than any other car of this price class.

All seats are placed in a naturally restful position so that you have complete relaxation as you ride. No more sitting bolt-upright. You ride *in* this car, not *on* it.

These are the reasons why thousands of people are buying the Whippet . . . why it is the most popular, most talked about light car in America today.

Just drive the car . . . that's the only way to judge its remarkable value.

The Whippet is available in six distinctive body styles. Touring $625; Roadster $695; Coach $625; Coupe $625; Sedan $725; Landau $755; f.o.b. factory. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

OVERLAND
Whippet

STOP doing this to Your Gears!

For, as a matter of fact, you are practically doing just that. You are drilling, hammering and cutting the very life out of your rear axle and transmission gears.

How—you ask?

By failing to take out the old hard, gritty grease which is full of damaging steel chips.

True, you may have occasionally put in new grease—but the secret lies in first taking out the old destructive grease.

Now—for the first time the Fry Flusher makes this a simple, quick job. Flushing Oil or Kerosene is sprayed into the differential or other gear cases; the vacuum nozzle then removes the old gritty grease, filings and steel chips—the pressure nozzle cleans the gears.

New fresh grease is then put in. All in a few minutes!

Go to the nearest service station operator in your neighborhood. Ask him about the Fry Flusher. He will explain the ease and economy with which the Fry Flusher will permit a rapid change of the grease in all your gear cases.

Get the habit. Change your grease *regularly* and prolong the life of your car!

MARVEL EQUIPMENT COMPANY, ROCHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA. Factory at Cleveland, Ohio
MARVEL EQUIPMENT COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO, ONTARIO

FRY FLUSHER

(Continued from Page 82)

dark, and they kindled at his description of Loup stealing like a *loupgarou* through the bracken to head off and ambush the enemy that had previously shot down the valiant dog and left it on the road for dead.

When finally Clive had finished his narration Fanch sat for a moment in much the attitude of Maître Rodin's Penseur, which symbolic figure the Breton in some respects resembled. Fanch showed now in his relaxation the burden of fatigue resulting from the protracted physical duress of driving his boat short-handed to Belle Isle, consumed with anxiety for Aliste's safety, and culminating in his tremendous efforts of the past twelve hours. Clive could realize that it was no light task to carry those two bodies over the path to the cliff, drag down and launch a heavy fish-net skiff, row out and consign the corpses to the devil fish, then carry the big, sorely stricken Loup up the steep path and back to the farm.

On top of this prodigious toil had come the repair and resetting of the massive door and the scrubbing of the premises. Only a man of this Breton nobleman's massive frame and nervous energy could have accomplished it.

Yet Fanch now appeared less overborne by fatigue than profoundly thoughtful, even when under the load of body weariness, precisely the masterly depiction to make Rodin's Thinker so great a masterpiece.

And the Breton fisherman, by force of circumstance, proved now that there was nothing apathetic in his mental process, but that it contained the fineness combined with force in the chiseled marble, for he said slowly, "I think that I have solved the problem of the pistol, monsieur."

"What, then?" Clive asked.

Fanch smiled, showing a double row of his strong shell-white teeth. "My answer to your question was not exact. I failed to search everywhere in this room. For that matter, so did you, in your desperate haste. There is but one place where that pistol can be."

Clive looked around him impotently, then shook his head and smiled in return. "You've got me stumped, *mon ami*."

"You say you must have struck it with the hatchet, as you remember the clash of metal, followed by a clatter?"

"Such is my impression. But I was too wrought up to be very sure of any detail. All the same, there can be no mistake about the two shots fired, and the fact that this pistol has not been used since last cleaned and loaded."

"We're going to see if I am right." Fanch rose, crossed the room to the big fireplace, picked up the bellows and blew on the thin bed of flocculent wood ashes. They swirled upward in a gray cloud. A sheen of blue-black metal appeared. Clive smote his thigh a slap, gave a short laugh of self-disgust.

"As a fighting man," he said, "I managed to muddle through. But as a thinking one, I am what we call in America a bum bet. I have the honor to salute my superior."

He did so. Fanch laughed boyishly and picked up the pistol, then turned to Clive, drew himself to attention and returned the salute with the Gallic flourish. "I have reason to know that your other American naval officers are both fighters and thinkers, monsieur, because I had the honor to serve with you on your mine sweepers. My admiration for their resource and ingenuity at outwitting that sly devil of a boche mine planter who had his nest at the north end of this island, and whom they called Penmarch Pete, was equaled only by admiration for their daring aboard the deep-drafted little fish boats with which they worked. For every trick played by the enemy they quickly invented a counter ruse. Often they swept all day *en échelon*, with their keels deeper than the mines with which these waters were sown. But for daring resourcefulness I can think of nothing to surpass that wonderful bomb you made and tried to use." He laughed again. "I wonder if it would have worked."

"It will always be the disappointment of my life," Clive said smilingly, "that I was cheated out of the chance to try. That was my fault too. My waiting too long was another example of slow wits."

"At any rate you atoned for it," Fanch said consolingly. His face became grave again and he seemed to ponder for a moment, then said with a sort of boyish diffidence: "I also have tried to atone for a duty too long delayed, monsieur. On this last voyage my wife and I adjusted our estrangement of the past seven years. The war was responsible for a good deal besides bloodshed and loss of fortune."

"I am very glad to hear that you and Madame de Guerveur are reconciled," Clive said, and the words came from his heart. He had begun to wonder at Aliste's resistance to the attractions of this strong, simple nature with its boyish charm in the physical beauty of a demigod. The fineness of an old race, the dignity of birth, shone through Fanch's habit of Breton fisherman. Clive reflected that the chances were there had been no voluntary pressure on the part of this man for Aliste to resist. Love her he might, but respect their relations he must always have done. Fanch had, Clive felt convinced, asked no more than the quality of friend.

"When my wife and I parted," Fanch said, "the *mot de jour* for any sort of wrong behavior was: *'C'est la guerre.'* That false and feeble excuse for every fault made me furious. It should have been precisely the reverse. The sacrifices of war should ennoble rather than villainize one's thought and action. But I'm afraid"—he gave his boyish smile—"that human nature is not made that way."

The naïve statement touched Clive. "The war was an epoch of madness," he said, "and few natures were strong enough to resist their moments of folly. How did you come to a better understanding with your wife?"

"It was that document. I thought that it contained no more than Bella's memoirs, and decided to return the manuscript, telling her what was the truth—that mam'selle on sailing had mailed it to me here. Bella told me its true nature. When I learned that her intention was to place it in the hands of the proper authorities, not for any price but because she felt it to be her duty to the world's peace, my feeling for her changed. I saw that underneath all that had offended me her heart was good."

"So she impressed myself," Clive said. "And what have you done with the document?"

"It is here," Fanch said. "The officer to whom she wished mam'selle to deliver it has since died, and we do not know to whom it should be given to receive the best consideration."

"If you will intrust it to me," Clive said, "I shall see that it reaches the proper hands. I can have it sent to the highest personage in my country, our President, by special messenger in the diplomatic sack from our embassy in Paris. You say that it is here—in this house?"

"Yes, monsieur." Fanch smiled. "It is in the other room in the trunk of my wife, who is resting after her efforts of cleaning up these premises last night—while I was feeding the octopus," he added grimly.

XVI

CLIVE started back for the town with a heart which, though soaring like the larks—which, strictly speaking, do not soar, but fly straight upward—had yet the same quick, fluttering wings.

He had good news for Aliste, who must be waiting nervously for the discovery of the horror at the Château de Guerveur. The girl would rejoice to learn that Loup had not been killed, but was nursing his fearful hurts and bruises with canine stoicism. Aliste would be infinitely relieved to know that there was to be no official inquiry, no questions asked. She would be glad, Clive hoped and believed, to hear that Fanch and Marina were reconciled. The singer, Clive told himself, was more to be congratulated than was Fanch. Still, the measure might make him happy. Fanch, for all his boyish charm and deceptive coloring, was getting on—forty at least—and Marina, when relieved of the wear and tear of her vocation, would no doubt regain her beauty. She had something, Clive had been forced to admit, that was not ordinary, a distinction that could be turned to charm. She was accomplished, and had a mind. There were lots of worse chatelaines of grander seigniorial estates than the Château de Guerveur.

Marina had not told him much. She had cultivated too long a natural talent for driving her mind and tongue in tandem, mind the leader, to become voluble under emotion or after a crisis. Her life had seen many crises. But she had not from the first impressed Clive as a woman of bad heart or principles, but passionate, and at the same time cautious in a situation. He guessed that her rupture with Fanch had happened immediately on his learning that she was a spy. And he was a French navy pilot, and intensely patriotic. Marina's indiscretions had not been cause, but effect. Fanch now appeared to have forgiven her both faults, the former because there was much more Spanish than French in her Basque blood, the latter because she was so obviously not the sort to lead a loveless life when set aside. But like many such women who are natural rather than vicious, and whose hearts are not unkind, Marina, after having passed through her stormy epoch, would be fairly certain to settle down to a serene respectability, enjoy life and help her husband to enjoy his own. Clive by this time knew that Marina had not betrayed him to the enemy. The scout, keeping her under observation, had suspected and followed him to Paris, where his supposed character fitted in with suspicions already under examination.

But all this did not particularly interest Clive at the moment, because there was scant room in his thoughts for the affairs of other people. He was immersed in that epitome of dual absorption which is love. The leaven had been working fast, an active fermentation was now beginning to lift the lid. So that while his heart was light as he walked along the road toward the town, it was also fluttering from his uncertainty about how Aliste might receive the most important of his news—that from boyhood he had loved only herself of all the girls and women he had known, but that it had needed some sort of explosion to reveal this unsuspected vein of gold.

An expert feminist might say that the time for love-making was ill chosen, and that it would have been better to wait until Aliste should be recovered from the shocking ordeal through which she had just passed, or still was passing. Also, that Clive was lacking in finesse to present so quickly a bill for service rendered. Such a stickler might argue that he had better first renew his acquaintance with Aliste more thoroughly, that he had to do with a new and different Aliste than the girl who had been his playmate for one summer. But Clive was the type of man to apply strategy, tactics, only to war, or to business which is a sort of war. Even diplomacy had no place in love, if that love were real. You say what is in your heart and let it go at that.

He passed a number of people, peasants who gave him courteous greeting and well-dressed folk who merely stared. Then, halfway to the town, he saw approaching a young woman in a blue jersey which he had seen before, with an older woman in black and white. Aliste recognized him from the distance and seemed to pause, then came on with a face of which the mat pallor was remarkable from far away. Clive waved his hand with a gesture the good cheer of which must have struck her as assumed. They met; and Clive, with no preamble, no solicitous inquiries as to her general health and welfare, said reassuringly: "I have just come from the château. Fanch got back last night at ten o'clock. He brought Marina with him. They have made up their difference and seem very happy."

He spoke in French, not knowing how much Aliste might have confided in Tante Colette.

This was just as well, because from the woman's blank stare at him Clive guessed immediately that Aliste had not told her anything at all, no more than she had told the *curé*. Aliste's "aunt," Clive observed, was an elderly, wholesome-looking woman, with a strong, shrewd face. She did not look the sort to be knocked off her balance at sight of the spectacle Aliste had evidently decided that she must be the first to discover. Clive guessed instantly that Aliste had chosen the lesser of two evils, and that unable longer to endure the idea of leaving the château in the state she supposed it must still be, had preferred playing her rôle of ignorance with Tante Colette rather than to insist that the place be visited by the police, and so risk the suspicion that she knew more about the affair than she chose to admit.

Acting on this conviction Clive now said:

"Have you not told madame of how we met yesterday on the cliffs, and I recognized you as the girl whom I had known when a young man in America?"

"No," said Aliste; "but it does not matter." She made the presentation absently, then asked in her low-pitched, husky voice, "You say you have been to the château?"

"I have just come directly from there." Clive fixed his eyes intently on her peering, nearsighted ones. "Your fears that somebody might be prowling round the place with bad intentions appear to have been unfounded. Everything is in perfect order, with no sign of anybody having tried to break in."

The elder woman let out a little sniff. "There is no danger on Belle Isle," she said shortly.

It was evident to Clive that she resented Aliste's reticence about himself. Also, that she did not approve this recognition of Aliste, and was disturbed at the discovery of her secret.

Aliste was still peering at Clive with a baffled, questioning look. Her violet eyes, through the strong lenses, looked black and smaller than their actual long ellipse. She was mutely asking for a further and more detailed cue. Clive promptly furnished it.

"Your dog Loup has come home," he said. "He does not show any hurt, but appears to be sick. Fanch thinks that he may have got hold of some poison."

Tante Colette nodded. "That looks as if there might have been robbers, after all," she said. "Though I would not say that there are no neighbors who might not be capable of doing such a thing. Loup has a ferocious air, though he would not bite anybody minding his own business." She changed the topic abruptly. "So Fanch has taken back his wife. I was always afraid of something of the sort. He is too conscientious, too kind. She is not apt to find her life altogether agreeable on Belle Isle."

The good woman began to get on Clive's nerves. She was in the way. He said to Aliste: "Now that I have found you by mere accident, I shall, of course, respect your secret if you insist. But I want to talk to you about your position. Any day somebody else is apt to see and recognize you, just as I have done."

"Not if she follows my advice and does not go rambling about the place," Tante Colette interrupted acidly.

Aliste gave the woman a cold, impenetrable look. "Please go on to the farm, Tante Colette," she said. "I wish to hear what monsieur has to say."

The woman hesitated, then obeyed. A good duenna, Clive thought; but, after all, a well-paid servant who now saw her comfortable position jeopardized. There was

(Continued on Page 89)

Can Fire Grab Your Pay?

When Fire gets inside the door, he does more than burn the building and its contents. *He steals jobs and stops wages!*

Every year thousands of men and women suffer because their income is suddenly cut off by fires due to human carelessness and neglect.

Do everything you can to prevent fires where you work and in your home. For your own protection work in a place that is properly safeguarded and live in a fire-safe home. Know fire prevention methods. Observe fire prevention rules.

And be sure that all your own property is adequately covered by insurance so that if Fire does elude your vigilance you will be secure against direct financial loss. See the Hartford agent in your locality. He will furnish you with protection in the Hartford, a company which has served the public for more than one hundred years.

INSURE IN THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO. *HARTFORD, CONN.*

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life

(Continued from Page 87)

nothing for her but to obey, however. Aliste evidently was not a mistress to be bullied. Nobody had ever bullied her, Clive thought, or ever would. Her personality was as dominant and cleanly cut as the head of Liberty on a freshly minted coin, but far prettier. A present vitality that tilted the nose of the classic. A young woman who would have her way or none at all.

Tante Colette started on her way with a sort of whisking access of energy, as though impelled by a moral thrust *en arrière*.

Aliste stared at Clive. "Clive, what's happened? What's all this about? And is Loup really alive? Will he get well?"

"I believe so. He seems deeply bruised and shaken up inside, but dogs can stand a lot of mauling. Fanch thinks he will pull through."

"Then Fanch came home and found what was there?"

"And removed all the traces. Marina helped. There's nothing to fear, present or future. You may consider the whole fearful episode as closed. We don't think you need stay any longer in hiding. . . . Here come some people. Let's walk over to the top of the cliffs. There's quite a lot I want to say to you."

"And there's a good deal I want to say to you, too, Clive," Aliste interrupted. "But tell me one thing first: Did Marina put those men on my trail?"

"No. She was being watched, and they suspected me of being an American secret-service agent. I was never out of their sight, after talking to Marina. You have me to thank for all this."

Aliste nodded. "Yes," she said softly, "I have you to thank. And I've been wondering why."

"That's what I want to tell you," Clive said briefly. "Here come some people. Let's go."

XVII

THEY started across the moor. Coming presently to a great solitary stone not far from the cliff's edge, low and more sloping at this point, Clive motioned to a slab of rock so placed as to command a view of the blue shimmer of sea, with the stone flanking it to cut off observation from the road. A drowsy murmur of splashing waves came up from the beach and in the town a church bell was ringing, the sound softened by distance.

"A wedding," Aliste said, and the augury seemed good to Clive. They seated themselves in a flood of sunshine that was not too warm. Glancing at Aliste's face Clive saw a delicate tinge of color high on her cheeks. She took off her glasses, and the largeness of her eyes gave him the same little tinge of surprise that it used to do. One might have said that the concave lenses were needed to bring them down to the proportions of her other features. Without them, her face had an elfin look, particularly when she gave the smile that twisted her upper lip, which was very mobile, of an Irish sort inherited from her father.

"You ask me why I meddled in your affairs," Clive said slowly. "Well, I couldn't have said myself three days ago. I've never been a meddler, especially where a woman was concerned. So whatever it was that started me I don't know."

"I do," Aliste said calmly.

"You do? Well, what, then?"

"Because at last, after more years than I like to think about, you found time to think about me. My radio got through."

"Your radio?" He gave her a puzzled look. Metaphysics had never been Clive's forte. "You mean that you were sending all that time—thinking about me?"

"Yes. I never forgot that summer, and you, for very long. I always felt that we were going to meet again some day, when you weren't so tremendously busy. The Naval Academy took every minute of your time until you graduated, then the war, and then whatever it is that you've been doing since. You see, Clive, you are one of those men who never ease down in what they are driving at until they have to—illness or an ocean voyage with no duties to perform."

Clive nodded. "This last voyage may have done it. I was never merely a passenger before. And, of course, my being aboard the ship from which you had disappeared kept you constantly in my mind. That, and a growing hunch that you were not dead, after all."

"You never really believed that, deep down in your heart," Aliste said quietly.

Clive turned and stared at her. "Didn't I? Well, come to think of it, I don't believe I ever did, except theoretically. That must be the reason I wasn't more grieved. I've sometimes wondered about that."

"You felt me somewhere in the world, alive," Aliste stated tranquilly. "And I knew that sooner or later you would come."

Clive received this statement in silent wonder. Their interview seemed to be getting out of hand. He had brought Aliste here and planted her on that big flat stone to make love to her, and now it looked and sounded very much as if she were making love to him. Also, what she said did not check up with the fact of her having become engaged to a faithless hero and then retired from the world of life and motion for seven years on learning of his death. Mourned him until she had proof of his infidelity, then laughed and turned from the cathedral to the casino.

"When did you begin to think that way about me?" Clive asked.

"After I learned that my fiancé had scarcely set foot on French soil before he began making love to another woman. Marina had no idea I knew the man whom she was talking about when she told me of their affair."

"How did she happen to do that?" Marina had not impressed Clive as the sort of woman to confide immediately in a stranger.

"She said she was surprised that I had never married, and I told her why. Then she said that, after all, it was better to cherish an ideal than to ruin those of the man you loved and be put away by him, especially after one was married. I asked her what she meant and she told me that she had married a splendid man just before the war broke. Some months before that she had become a secret agent of the Germans, and was in their pay. Then, when the crash came, she was too deeply involved to get out. They let her understand that unless she continued her services they would send her correspondence to the French Conseil de Guerre. There was enough to get her court-martialed and imprisoned or deported. So she kept on, hoping to keep it a secret from her husband, who became a French naval pilot. But for some reason he suspected her, though he had no proof. They quarreled, and he would have nothing more to do with her. That made her bitter and reckless, she said, and a little later she met an American army officer who promptly fell in love with her. That was my gallant fiancé."

"Are you sure that it was serious?" Clive asked. "Lots of good men engaged to girls at home lost their heads temporarily. It seems to have been in the air."

"It was serious enough to show me what a fool I'd been," Aliste said shortly. "Not so much for keeping true to my ideals as for getting engaged to him at all, instead of waiting."

"Waiting for what?"

Aliste's head turned slowly and her peering vision, from resting on the sea, became fixed on Clive's inquiring eyes with intensity. "For you."

"For me? But I was only a kid, and I never told you how much I was in love with you."

She gave her twisted little smile. "Oh, yes, you had, though you may not have known it. You told me a good many times a day, with your eyes and the tone of your voice and the way you worked to make me have a good time and not be homesick for France or heartsick for my father, whom I adored. Every time you touched me it was as if some sort of a warm current poured out of you, like electricity, but soft and thrilling. You were as much in love with me as a strong, manly boy can be, Clive, and it wasn't very long before I was just as much in love with you."

Clive stared at her aghast. "Good grief, and I never guessed! Your part of it, I mean."

"That's because you were so generous and modest and manly. I've never known but two men like that, and the other is Fanch. Of course, I was in love with you. How could I help it? Even if I hadn't known how much you cared for me, or if I'd felt that you were just a good comrade, I'd have loved you all the same. A homesick girl in a strange foreign country, crying herself to sleep because the father she adored could never kiss her good night again, and mama excited and busy renewing old friends and acquaintances and already beginning to get interested in that fraud of a Porthieu. I could scarcely wait for morning to come to be with you again."

"If only I'd half guessed," Clive muttered.

"It seemed to me better that you shouldn't," Aliste continued. "You were full of your appointment to the Naval Academy and studying hard every night to take and hold a top place from the start, and I knew that you ought not to be upset. You got your high stand and held it and kept on holding it, through the academy and afterward. You never had an idle moment, nor time to think of me."

"Hold on," Clive interrupted. "I often thought that some day ——"

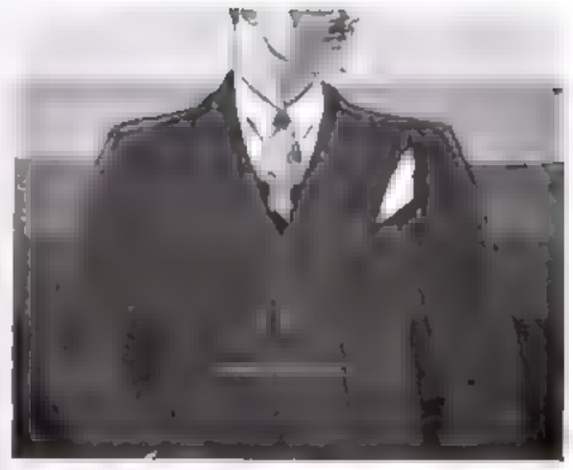
"Yes, that some day can keep on ahead right through a lifetime. As the years passed and I never saw you or heard from you, I got to believe that the some day was a rainbow end and that I should never, never catch up with it. I said to myself, 'After all, boy-and-girl love is the most helpless thing that can happen, because it's a sort of inoculation. Clive has got over it, and it will never come back again. Or if it does, it will be merely far-away and sweet, like an old childhood song one hums but does not sing.' The higher you went, the busier you got, and I stayed just where I was."

"What price advancement?" Clive muttered. "What's the cost of success in a profession? You're right, Aliste. All I thought about was getting on."

"Yes, and you did get on. I kept what I called my Clive Book and pasted in clippings and photographs about your success in the academy and out of it. I managed to get to almost every Navy game when you were tackle on the team and captain of it, and I saw most of your boat races. I had clippings about your inventions and the fuss raised when you were shoved up a number of files over your seniors and became the youngest full navy captain. To tell you the honest truth, I was almost sorry, because I couldn't see that I was developing at all. You were getting to be a distinguished person, and I was just the same girl I had been that summer. Then *maman* married Porthieu and I was lonelier than ever. I was trying to paint and write verses, desperately to do something to catch up with you a little. But it was no use. You had got too long a lead."

Clive reached out and took her hand. Aliste let it rest passively in his. "That's like you, Clive," she said toneleesly—"to want to help me through the hardest part of the story. Well, I gave up. By that time, when America went to war, I shouldn't have felt right about marrying you anyhow. It seemed to me that you ought not to marry any woman, but be a sort of Kitchener—a military force. I met Johnson and he praised my poetry and painting and wrote me verses of his own—good ones, really—and persuaded me that we were complementary parts, a little sun and star in the same system. You glowed distantly, like a big solitary planet, infinitely remote."

"My word!" Clive breathed softly. "And I feeling myself a rank misfire most of the time, thinking of you only in bright



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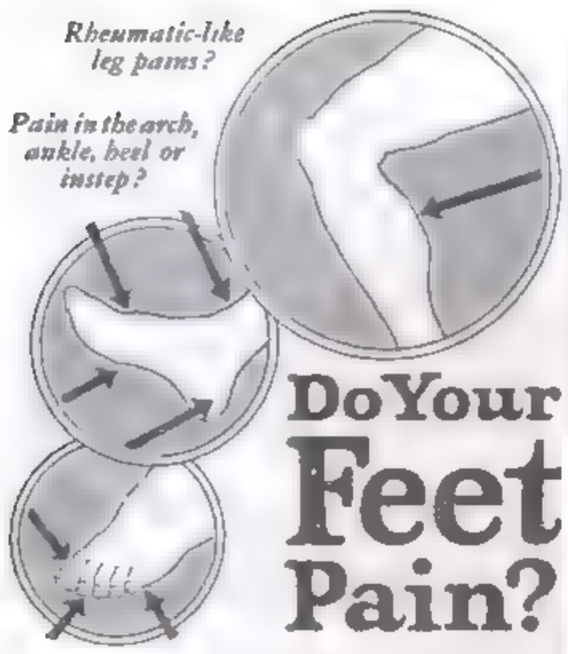

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spots, and the same as you were thinking about me—that you were *sui generis*, the only one of your kind; but that perhaps, maybe, possibly, somehow, some day——"

"There you go again with your beastly some day!" Aliste cried passionately.

Clive reached for and secured her other hand. "Well, what's the matter with it?" His voice had a dominant, triumphant ring. "It has come, hasn't it?"

Aliste gave a sudden wrench of her arms, but failed to disengage his tautened grip. "No, of course, it hasn't. Nothing between us has changed, unless it's for the worse. I haven't told you all this to make you sorry for me, take pity on the result of my rotten foolishness. Do you think I'd let you marry a woman who will be considered as feeble-minded or worse, when it's known that, after all, she wasn't a suicide? How am I to explain that I've been living for the past year under the same roof with a handsome Breton noble fisherman who fished me out and brought me to his home? A lot that would help your distinguished career!"

"My distinguished career can carry a lot more strain than that," Clive said calmly. "But it couldn't stand the strain of carrying on without you, now that I've found you at last."

"Well, it will have to," Aliste said hotly. "I shall never marry you, and that's that."

"Listen a minute, Aliste, and stop wriggling. Look at the situation as she sits. I'm here, aren't I? And I've got you, haven't I? Well, why am I here and how have I got you, and doing what? The memory of you was working in me always, like the work of a coral island, building up from underneath; or what's more finished in the end, the growth of a man. The physical and chemical processes go on more or less automatically, but there has got to be a soul *au fond*, in the depths, to direct these energies of growth. You have always been that soul—the thought of you, whether consciously or subconsciously. Back of the effort of every real man there is the thought of a woman."

"That's not true. You've been sufficient to yourself."

"What the deuce do you know about it?" Clive demanded. "There's the fact that I'm here. I didn't wash up on the beach. I came of my own free will and accord, letting all else wait, because I felt somewhere inside me that you were alive and in a tight jam and needing me to get you out. Well, I came and I've got you out. So here you are, my sweet, all clear and mine. My, but I'm hungry for you!"

He proceeded with that gentleness which is to be found in overwhelming strength against a resistance that is not wholehearted to assuage his appetite. Aliste struggled for a moment, then relaxed. Rather more than that, like a woman clinging to a big outlying rock and determined to hold fast against the rush of a big breaking wave, and who then finds the force of contact helpful in reaching the safety of the shore. Aliste suddenly transferred the strength of her energies to merging them with those of the caressing breaker, and strove with instead of against it to the solid land.

They walked back slowly to the ancestral home of the De Guerveurs, that picturesque semiruin that for centuries had been farm or fortress, as the exigencies of times peaceful or stormy had required. This last beleaguerment with its forced entry and sanguinary defense was not the first that its ancient walls had seen. No more were the softer sequels of robust action. Little wars had raged round and big loves been lived inside them.

Fanch received the pair with an understanding if somewhat wistful smile. His house was sedately in order. Marina welcomed them with poise and dignity. The past contacts of her multi-colored life had contained their values as well as their bruises. But Clive felt there had always been about the singer a sort of fastidiousness to hold her above the sordid. Her impulses, he thought, had been of passion, not of greed.

Perhaps the clearest solution of pure disinterested motive there was Loup. The great dog lifted its head as Aliste approached, then struggled to its feet and stood unsteadily. But there was brimming life in the tawny eyes. Nobody could look into those wells of devotion and not read the motto that animated affectionately or savagely that splendid canine soul. It was the same as had been emblazoned on banners, thrust forward on standards of war, gritted through clenched teeth and poured out in streams of voluntary gold. It referred to the enemies of France upon the battlefield and in the home, and lately it had gleamed from the molten eyes of Loup: "They shall not pass!"

(THE END)

THE POETS' CORNER

Roll Your Own

I LOVE to read of he men, of landsmen and of seamen—
Those lusty, gusty giants
Whose reliance
Is their strength.
I read with joy of tussles that strain the toughest muscles—
A bloody, muddy gory
Sort of story
Told at length.
I like the hard-boiled hero who bathes in snow at zero,
Who hews his way through jungles in the quest of love or pelf,
Who proves himself a master in triumph or disaster
And blithely does the sort of things I'd never do myself.

In tales I fairly revel about some reckless devil
Whose ready, heady daring
Sends him tearing
Into strife,
Who truculently swaggers through flocks of guns and daggers,
Who's gladly, madly quaffing
Of the laughing
Wine of life.
I trail him with emotion by earth and sky and ocean;
I thrill to his encounters with the Ghibelline or Guelph,
As dauntlessly he dances through riskiest of chances
And gayly does the sort of things I'd never do myself.

I'm just a dub civilian, a member of the billion
Who never sever any
Of their many
Binding ties.
I'm handcuffed to my labors, my home and prosy neighbors;
I couldn't, wouldn't change it
Or arrange it
Otherwise.
I love to read of he men, of landsmen and of seamen,
Whose yarns of high adventure line my libererry shelf.
But when it comes to sharing their doing and their daring
They're welcome to do all the things I'd never do myself. —*Berton Braley.*

Tides

THE sea comes rushing to the land
With gifts of sea shells in its hand.
Then hurries back to China for
A handful more.
—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

The Old Settler

THEY found a river bottom caked with clay,
Though here and yon there waved a patch of green;
They camped for rest throughout a night and day,
Digging for water for themselves and beasts—
Then left the campers' mess where they had been.

And moved on westward still, in search for gold.
Westward they moved, but there was one who stayed;
And not because he feared, or was grown old,
Although they laughed at him, and called him fool,
While some of them surmised he was afraid.

He said, "The gold you seek you'll never find,
Or if you do, it won't be worth the while;
But here lies gold for him who has a mind
To build, to sow the seed and wait its growth,
And work both for himself and for mankind."

At first it was a shanty built of sod
In which the settler lived and dared the drought,
Praying for rain upon his knees to God;
And others came, attracted by his faith,
As he toiled on, while nothing changed his thought.

An outpost rose, a point on the frontier;
Rains unexpected made the fat soil good;
Somehow the river rose in currents clear;
The locusts ceased to come in darkening flight—
As if the God of Nature understood,

And was determined, where men made their stand,
They should not trust in providence in vain.
Now miles of wheat make golden all the land;
That outpost is a city famous far
For wealth of men and women, corn and grain.

As for those who adventured farther on:
Some sank beneath the Indian's hostile darts;
Some found, and cursed, the gold they came upon;
Some got back East at last, cursing the West—
Too few survived the hope that broke their hearts.

Sometimes there's something in not moving on,
In standing by a person or a place,
As watchers in the night that wait for dawn,
Till Life, as if admiring steadfastness,
Lends iron Circumstance a gentler face!
—*Harry Kemp.*

Nocturne in Blue and Silver

'TIS the dark day's dim ending
In the old town,
And with the night descending
Snow drifts down.

The gray of the day surrenders
To gray of night;
Ah, seek no colored splendors
In this twilight.

See only the gray snow cover
With silken shroud
The city, the quiet lover,
Quiet, proud.

The night dreams long above it,
Snow falls slow.
"What of it?" you ask—"what of it?"
I don't know. —*Morris Bishop.*

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VANISHING MIGRATORY BIRDS

(Continued from Page 13)

than fifty dead or disabled birds on each linear rod for a distance of twenty-five miles. The birds counted were plainly visible, and the vast numbers lying hidden among the vegetation of the great marshes in the background were not taken into account. In a recent letter he states that he found approximately 10,000 dead ducks on a quarter section of land, where they had gathered about the discharge of a small stream during the summer of 1925.

Further observations concerning the duck sickness were made during the summer of 1926 by Mr. F. C. Lincoln, of the Biological Survey, who spent several weeks in the Utah Marshes banding wild fowl. On June twenty-ninth, in passing through a narrow channel on the grounds of the new State Gun Club near the mouth of the Jordan River, he saw at least 300 dead ducks and many sick ones. Fifty of these were gathered, and after being banded were transferred to an inclosure with fresh water, where nearly all soon recovered and flew away. Of this number twenty-six were pintails, eleven green-winged teals, five mallards, four cinnamon teals, two spoonbills, one a gadwall, and one a redhead. Near Duckville, on the Bear River Marshes, he found conditions vastly worse because of the greater area involved. There one day he found twenty-two dead Canada geese and captured four others that were helpless, but saved them by the fresh-water treatment. In addition to vast numbers of ducks, he found dead California gulls, great blue and snowy herons, avocets, black-necked stilts, sandpipers, Wilson phalaropes glossy ibises, coots and yellow-headed blackbirds.

In one area not more than five feet square Mr. Lincoln counted eight ducks that had recently died, and reports that the stench on this marsh from the decaying bodies of the birds was almost overpowering. Owing to the vegetation on the marshes he could see only a small part of the dead birds. He is confident, however, that tens of thousands of ducks and vast numbers of other birds had already perished there, although his observations were made only at the beginning of the season of the sickness and the most serious losses came later.

Mortality at Malheur

The destructive effect of the duck sickness on the supply of migratory wild fowl was emphasized by the finding of recently hatched downy young ducks dead on or near their nests, sometimes with the body of the mother bird lying where she had spent her last strength and perished trying to regain the nest. In other instances the parent had succumbed at a distance and the young perished from exposure, possibly from the poisonous waters about them. Mr. Ray C. Steele, a United States game warden of the Biological Survey, also reports finding the downy young ducklings dead as a result of this duck disease at Malheur Lake, Oregon. It is obvious that no supply of birds can stand such losses of both old and young.

Practically all observers of this mortality of ducks in the marshes in the several states where it occurs have mentioned the surprising rapidity with which the dead birds disappear. They report that on various occasions they found great numbers of dead birds lying scattered over the marsh within view, and on their visiting the same area a few weeks later, unless birds had continued to die, the marsh would show little trace of the tragedy that had occurred.

This may be accounted for, in part at least, by the fact that most of the recently dead birds examined by Mr. Lincoln were filled with a mass of the larvæ of a fly that was very abundant on the marshes. Through this means the birds might disintegrate very rapidly.

During the summer of 1926 United States Game Warden Steele visited Malheur Lake and gives a vivid account of the effect of the duck sickness there. He reports that on the morning of August third he made a trip by boat down the Blitzen River, and that immediately after leaving the landing near the border of the reservation he encountered large numbers of wild ducks, coots and avocets.

"Thousands of the birds," he reported, "were congregated in this shallow channel. Many took wing on our approach; numbers of them, however, owing to weakness, fell back into the water after flying a short distance, while thousands of others appeared to be paralyzed and unable to fly. Some of them were very weak and avoided drowning by resting their heads on their backs. Sick, dying and dead ducks and other birds were everywhere. Large numbers of them had taken refuge among the dense tules along the shore and on small islands, where they had died by thousands. It would have been impossible to walk along the shore without stepping on the birds' carcasses. Thousands were lying in the water and embedded in the soft mud along the shore line. Large numbers of little downy fellows were found dead only short distances from the nests in which they had been hatched. The stench on the marsh from the decaying carcasses of the birds was almost unbearable."

The Fresh-Water Cure

Mr. Steele's investigations at Malheur Lake in 1925, extending from the last days of June into early July, convinced him that during that period of two weeks at least 100,000 ducks had died, in addition to thousands of other marsh-frequenting birds. In this locality in 1926 the disease was reported on July ninth, when heavy losses again occurred. These were not so severe, however, as in 1925, since fewer birds were present in the marshes, their scarcity no doubt being brought about by the losses of the previous year. It is interesting to note that this observer at Malheur Lake found no trace of losses among Canada geese, although thousands of them were seen.

During the late summer and fall of 1925, United States Game Warden Tonkin found water fowl dying in great numbers at Tule Lake, where he estimated that not less than 50,000 of them had died.

In 1914 to 1923, while Buena Vista Lake, in the southern end of San Joaquin Valley, California, was becoming dry, the duck sickness occurred there yearly on a considerable scale. During the fall and winter of 1922 and the spring of 1923 the lake was nearly gone, and enormous numbers of birds of many kinds perished on the dry flats surrounding the insignificant area of water remaining at the bottom of the bed. The bare flats that were the former bottom of the lake were many square miles in extent and were so dotted with the dead birds that the total loss must have been enormous, probably numbering more than 1,000,000 individuals, among which were great numbers of ducks of eight different species.

Reports also have been received during different seasons of ducks dying from similar causes in the marsh areas bordering Snake River, in Southern Idaho, on other marshes in Montana and on the Cheyenne Flats along the Missouri River in Kansas, all adding to the appalling total loss of bird life.

Information has been received from Mr. Gene Howe, of Amarillo, Texas, that during the late summer and early fall of 1926 there was a loss of at least 10,000 ducks on half a dozen small lakes about twenty miles east of that place. On one of these lakes about 5000 birds are said to have perished. Mr. Howe stated that this sickness occurs there nearly every year and expresses the belief that it is due to overconcentration. Pintails are reported to come there the latter part of August by hundreds of thousands and to swarm in such masses on certain of the lakes, probably where some favorite food is abundant, that they actually hide the water.

When helpless birds were picked up there and placed in a fresh-water pen, Mr. Howe reports that 95 per cent of them recovered and flew away. Some of the farmers in this vicinity drive the birds away from the ponds where the sickness occurs by firing blank cartridges before the opening of the hunting season. When this is done no more sick birds are found. From the symptoms described by Mr. Howe, it appears to be almost a certainty that the birds dying on the lakes in the Panhandle of Texas are suffering from the same causes that affect the birds on the Bear River Marshes and other areas mentioned above.

During his investigation of migratory wild-fowl conditions in Central Mexico in the early part of 1926, Major E. A. Goldman, of the Biological Survey, visited a great depressed area known as Bolson de Mapimi, in Northeastern Durango and Southwestern Coahuila. There, among other smaller lakes, formerly existed the great Laguna de Meyran, a water area without outlet, more than thirty miles in length and fifteen in width, and forming the sink of the waters of the Nazas River and other streams.

Through the diversion of the waters of these tributaries to irrigate cotton and other fields, the lake has disappeared except for occasional ponds scattered in little basins over its bed. In these areas and in the flooded cotton fields enormous numbers of migratory wild fowl gather, including ducks, geese, sandhill cranes and others. Residents of this region state that ducks often cover the water so thickly over areas many acres in extent as to form an almost solid mass, and that the combined noise of their feeding resembles that of a drove of hogs. These flooded fields and the small ponds in the sinks scattered here and there form one of the great winter haunts of the migratory wild fowl that have passed southward through the United States.

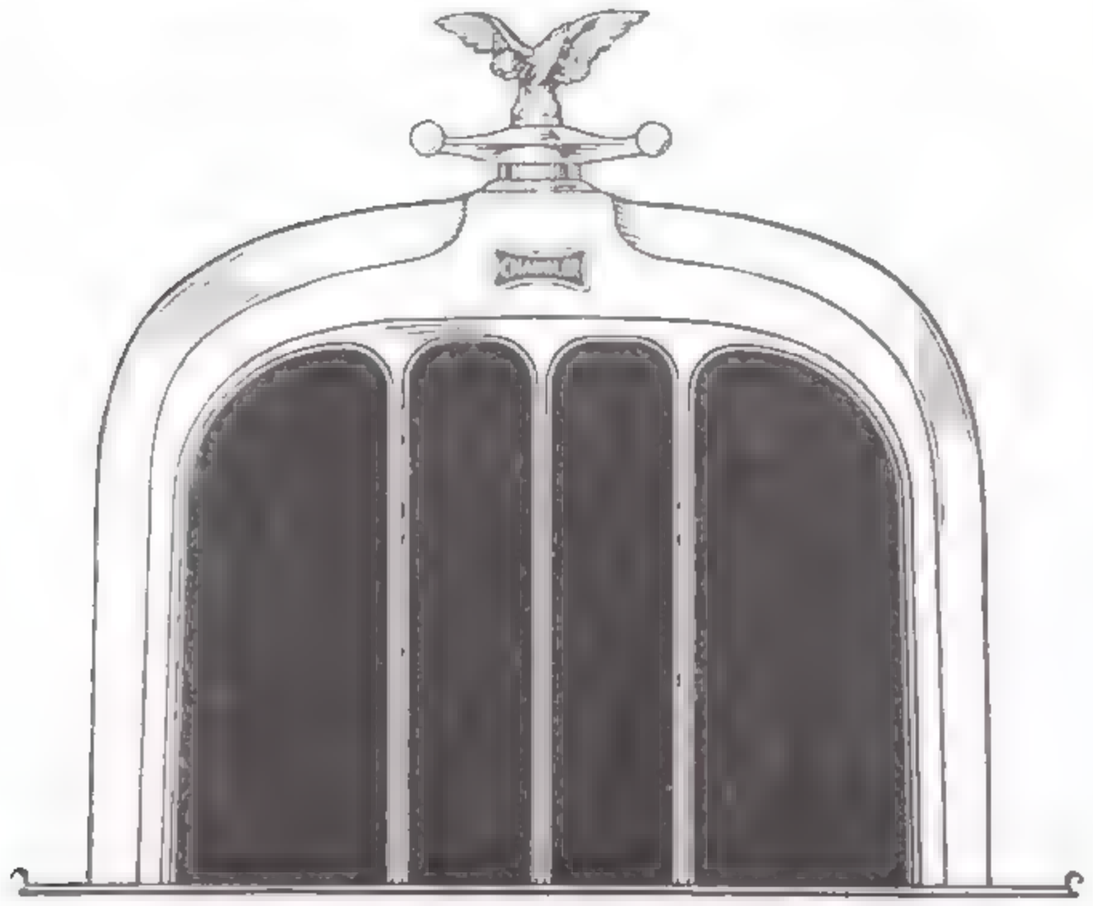
A Puzzling Symptom

In one section, near the town of Tlahualilo, in Northeastern Durango, many thousands of ducks died during the fall of 1925. The loss was greatest just before Christmas, but it continued for some time later. The species most affected are said to have been pintail ducks, blue-winged teal and sandhill cranes. Examination of the dead birds by a local physician showed that the alimentary canal was empty and somewhat inflamed, one of the symptoms of alkaline poisoning. This loss of birds, which amounted to many thousands, appears to have been limited to a restricted district within a few miles of Tlahualilo. In March, 1926, no ducks were dying there, but fragments of those that had died a few months before could still be found. The part of this loss of bird life that is at present puzzling is the fact that it occurred in an area where there were no visible evidences of alkali.

While in the West in 1925 my attention was drawn so forcibly to the probably widespread effect of the losses of migratory wild fowl from the so-called duck sickness that I was led to make a special investigation of the subject during the season of 1926. For the first time facts have been gathered in a comprehensive way, covering the entire matter. The result is convincing that a situation has developed in that region that is far more serious than has been heretofore appreciated.

During the season of 1925 a notable decrease of migratory wild fowl was reported from the Pacific Coast region, but simultaneously reports told of a remarkably open

(Continued on Page 94)



Everywhere friends are telling friends Chandler is building a superb line of motor cars

STYLED to the minute, powered to the limit, priced to a hair—that's the story (*short and sweet*) of the superb new 1927 Chandler models.

Chandler today builds one of the most selective lines of fine motor cars now before the public—in number of models, in body styles, in price range!

Here is beauty of a newer, higher order. Here is riding comfort far superior to that which most motorists know. Here is performance that fires your pulse—great stamina, great smoothness, great quietness—the uttermost joys of motoring.

All these new 1927 Chandler models are refined to a nicety . . . further beautified and enriched . . . and all are equipped with Chandler's "One Shot" system of centralized chassis lubrication; an air cleaner; an oil purifier; 4-wheel brakes; thermostatic water control; self-adjusting spring shackles—a list of advantages as long as your arm! Study these cars, their smartness, their charm, then take a drive!

THE NEW 1927

CHANDLER

CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION, CLEVELAND; *Export Department*, 1819 Broadway, New York City

ANSONIA
SQUARECLOX

Ever Hear of an
AUTOMATIC
Alarm Clock?

The alarm clock's life is not a happy one. Having been sleeplessly on the job all night, with the one idea of getting you off on time in the morning, it greets you with a hopeful, cheery ring, only to be rewarded with a growl as you clap your hand over its mouth. Or, if you have forgotten to wind it the night before and you oversleep, again it comes in for denunciation as utterly depraved and worthless.

But here's a brand new and more enlightened kind of alarm clock—the Ansonia Square Simplex. In the first place you wind it *only once in ten days* for both time and alarm. Whether you shut it off in the morning or let it ring its full quota of 7 to 49 seconds (as desired), it automatically resets itself to ring again at the same time next morning, and goes on doing this for ten days at a stretch.

The Ansonia Square Simplex stands 5¼" high x 4½" wide. Its case is either antique gold finish, blue crackle or white enamel washable finish. It has a heavy beveled plate glass and accurate and reliable movement, and is altogether out of the class of ordinary alarm clocks. It is just the clock you need.

It costs only **$5.00**, and will give you $10.00 worth of service.

Ask for it by name—Ansonia Square Simplex—at your jewelers', department or drug store.

Booklet on request, showing full line of SquareClox.

Back View showing how it works.

Canadian Distributors—Lymans, Montreal and Toronto
Prices in Canada are a bit higher

THE ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
7th Ave. & 12th St., Dept. P, Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

(Continued from Page 92

season in Alaska, with ducks and geese remaining there apparently later than had ever previously been known. This seems to have misled all familiar with the subject into the belief that this explained the scarcity of birds farther south. With a similar and even greater shortage of birds during the fall of 1926, it appears plain that this shortage can be laid directly to the enormous mortality of birds through the causes mentioned. The losses have been so great that I doubt whether a closed season on migratory wild fowl in the Western states for the past five years would have made conditions essentially different from what they are today.

An Easy Remedy

When this progressive and appalling destruction of migratory wild fowl in the West is once appreciated, the first question to arise has to do with the possibility of a remedy, and fortunately there appear to be perfectly practical measures to relieve the situation on a great scale in the localities where the most serious losses occur.

A Map Giving the Location of the Most Serious Outbreaks of Duck Sickness, Where Many Millions of Birds Have Perished Within the Last Few Years

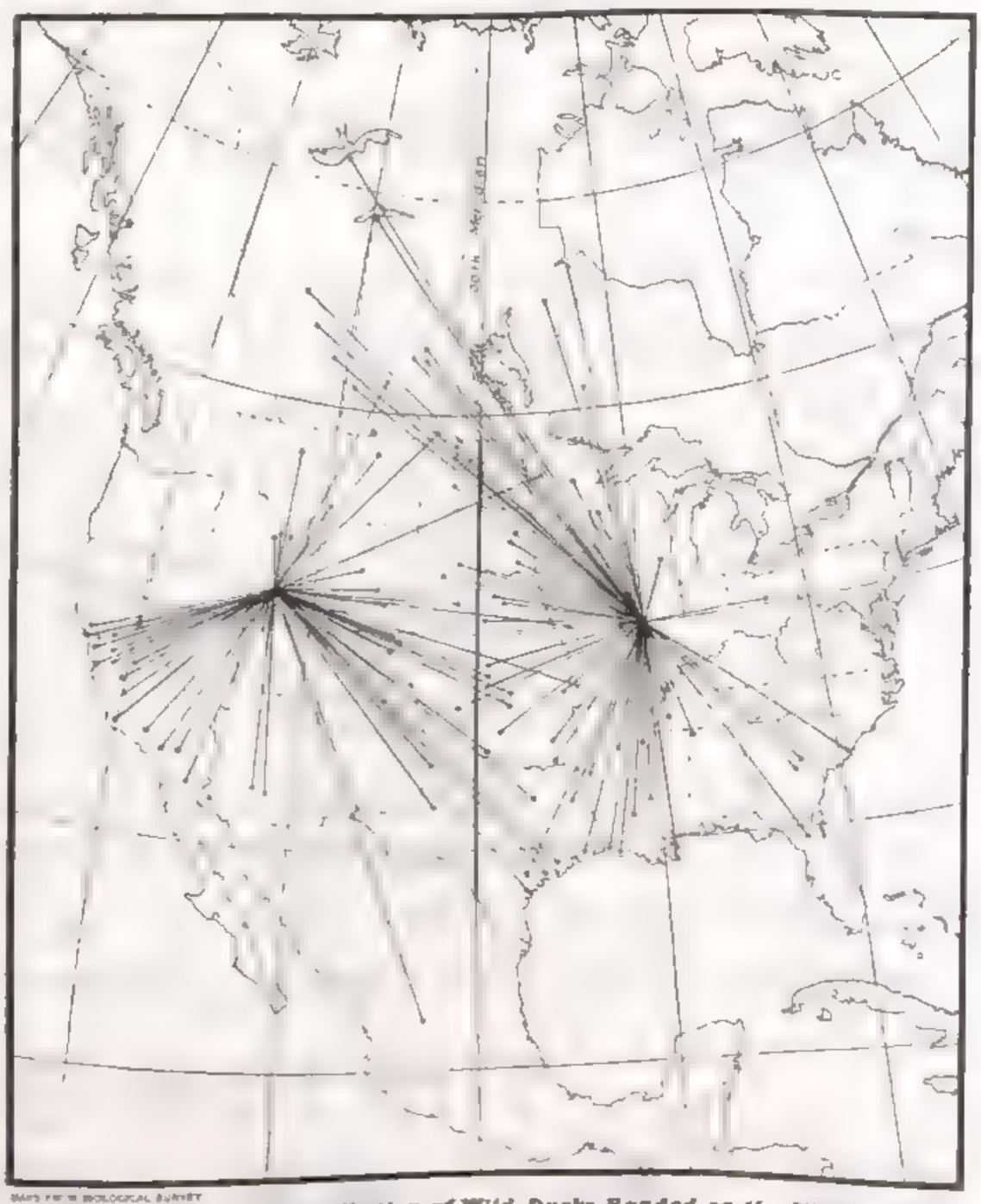
A visit to the Bear River Marshes of Utah with State Fish and Game Commissioner Madsen in October, 1926, revealed to me the gratifying fact that a very considerable quantity of fresh water is being discharged by Bear River through the marshes into Great Salt Lake, and that by building low dikes from fifteen to eighteen miles in length this can be held back to flood approximately 150 square miles of marsh. In this way this area can be changed from a terrible menace to bird life into a wonderful feeding and breeding ground for innumerable wild fowl.

The Bear River Hunting Club has already diked and flooded about 8000 acres of marshland in this district, where great numbers of wild fowl rear their young each year. The success of this experiment is an excellent demonstration of what might be done with this entire vast area. Should these marshes be converted into a healthy resort for the birds instead of remaining a ghastly death trap, it would add to our wild-fowl supply hundreds of thousands of birds bred there each year. It would also provide a resting and feeding ground for myriads of migrants on their way north and south, and thus favorably affect the game and other bird supply of the entire surrounding region. I know of no single piece of constructive conservation work that would yield such strikingly beneficial results.

It would create one of the most marvelous breeding places for wild fowl and other marsh-frequenting birds on the continent. Roughly estimated, the cost of this project would probably fall below $300,000.

At the great Federal Malheur Lake Bird Refuge in Eastern Oregon, where losses from duck sickness have been serious, a favorable change in the situation could no doubt be produced by the erection of a dike at the lower end of the basin to hold back flood waters, supplemented by a series of artesian wells at the upper end of the basin, and by the purchase of a ranch at one side of the lake basin having great springs of needed good water. In this way this formerly marvelous breeding ground for wild fowl and other marsh birds could be restored and be of vital help in maintaining the wild fowl of the Pacific Coast region. The cost of completing this project would probably not exceed $100,000.

Lower Klamath Lake, a former great breeding ground for wild fowl, but now drained through the development of an irrigation project, could also be in large part restored without undue expenditure of money. The developments here might involve building a short dike and other improvements. The restoration of water in Lower Klamath Lake is dependent, however, on the good will and coöperation of the landowners, whose interests must be safeguarded by holding the water level low enough to prevent the flooding of agricultural lands. The restoration of waters to this part of Klamath Lake Basin would have a marked effect in relieving the concentration of birds and the losses from the duck sickness among them in the near-by Tule Lake Basin, in Northern California.



A Map Showing the Distribution of Wild Ducks Banded on the Illinois River Marshes, Central Illinois, and on the Bear River Marshes, Utah. Of 2773 Ducks Banded on the Illinois River 396 Have Been Retaken, of Which Only 20 Were Found West of the 100th Meridian of Longitude. Of 1919 Banded on the Bear River Marshes 251 Have Been Retaken, of Which Only 12 Have Been Found East of the 100th Meridian, Indicated by the Black Line on the Map. This Plainly Indicates That the Wild Ducks of the West Form a Separate Group From Those of the Eastern Half of the United States

Migration

The banding of wild fowl in the Bear River Marshes furnishes a striking demonstration of the necessity for Federal remedial action in the present situation. While studying the sick birds in the Bear River Marshes from 1914 to 1916 for the Biological Survey, Doctor Wetmore banded and liberated about 950 ducks which he had gathered when helpless and had cured in fresh-water pens. A considerable number of these birds were afterward taken not only in Utah but in nine of the surrounding states, as far away as Texas, Western Kansas, California and Montana. Many of these birds winter on the marshes of Central California, which they reach by flight across the Sierra Nevada, thus giving definite proof of an unsuspected east-and-west migration.

(Continued on Page 97)

Railroad Men:

Starting Resistance Reduced 7/8ths

Far heavier trains can now be smoothly started with present motive power. Car journals equipped with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings make it possible by eliminating seven-eighths of the former starting resistance. Fuel and power are saved. Locomotives, draft gear, wheels, rails, and roadbed escape destructive starting effects.

The highly frictionless, perfectly enclosed Timken journals run for months between inspections, without hot box dangers.

Many other operating, maintenance, and depreciation charges are reduced by using Timken Bearings. That is why they loom as an inevitable railroad improvement. On the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Timken economies are already being effected.

This entire subject has long had the benefit of Timken research and development. The resultant data, together with any desired engineering counsel, are at the disposal of every railroad. A request makes available all the talent responsible for the successful railroad anti-friction bearings.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TO GET THE TRAINS THROUGH . . . SAFELY, SWIFTLY, AND ON TIME

A car is equipped with special apparatus to test the roadbed. As this test car speeds over the rails, officials watch two sets of graduated glasses, which are filled with water almost to the brim. The number of drops which splash over give one indication of the condition of the roadbed. Another record is made simultaneously by the "tracko-meter," an extremely sensitive instrument devised by Pennsylvania engineers.

The "splash test" smooths the way for these swift trains . . .

ALONG the 11,000 mile front of the Pennsylvania a great army of over 20,000 men is always at work on the right-of-way.

Year in, year out, they labor to perfect this highway of commerce: deepening the ballast, installing the heaviest rails, cleaning, levelling, tamping, pausing only to move aside for the passage of the swift trains for whose safety and comfort they strive.

Day and night their work will be constantly inspected by track walkers, foremen, supervisors, engineers. But once every two months the supreme test of the quality of their work occurs. For then the "splash test" is made.

So that the test may be based on actual conditions, the car containing the testing apparatus is coupled to the end of one of the regular trains, and whirled swiftly over the division, while officials make careful notes of the record of each section.

To those responsible for the best sections of track will be given valuable prizes —rewards for fine work—recognition of the important part they have played in getting the trains through swiftly, smoothly, and safely.

Leaders of the Largest Fleet of Trains in America

BROADWAY LIMITED
New York and Chicago—20 hours

THE AMERICAN
St. Louis and New York—24 hours

LIBERTY LIMITED
Chicago and Washington—19 hours

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Washington and New York—4½ hours

THE RED ARROW
Detroit, Toledo and the East

CINCINNATI LIMITED
Cincinnati and New York—18 hours

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

(Continued from Page 94

The significance of these facts is that they prove the Bear River Marshes to be a central distributing point, supplying wild fowl to the Rocky Mountain states and California, and that the vast mortality of the birds in this area must necessarily have had a direct effect in decreasing the supply for all the states involved.

With her limited number of hunters, Utah could not be expected to devote $300,000 to the improvements necessary to change conditions in the Bear River Marshes. Neither could it be expected that money would be forthcoming for such a purpose from any of the surrounding states that benefit so materially by water fowl from these marshes. It is plain that the expenditure of no sum, however great, in the individual states that receive a part of their wild-fowl supply from the Bear River Marshes could in the slightest degree affect the disastrous losses going on in these marshes.

Here, as at Malheur Lake in Oregon, and Lower Klamath Lake in Northern California, exist cases that call for national action to overcome conditions that are threatening practically to exterminate water fowl in the entire western half of the United States.

Appreciation of the tremendous losses of wild fowl in the West at once gives rise to a question as to what effect, if any, this may have on the wild-fowl supply of the Eastern part of the country. Fortunately information is available to give a definite reply to this. Since 1920 the Biological Survey has been conducting a widely spread cooperative campaign of bird banding through the United States and Canada. During this time more than 261,000 birds have been banded, including several thousand of the various species of wild ducks. Previous to this, Doctor Wetmore, during his investigations of the duck sickness in the Bear River Marshes from 1914 to 1916, banded about 950 ducks of the various species, returns from which have come in from many places.

During the midsummer of 1926, Mr. F. C. Lincoln, in charge of the bird-banding activities of the bureau, visited the Bear River Marshes, where he also banded about 950 breeding birds and their young. The birds banded by Doctor Wetmore were mainly in the fall, and presumably largely migrants.

Eastern and Western Fowl

The object of Mr. Lincoln's work was to band the birds actually breeding in the marshes in order to learn their distribution in the surrounding states. So far as the individuals taken go to show, this distribution proves to be the same as that of the fall birds banded by Doctor Wetmore. Of the 1919 redheads, pintails, mallards, shovelers, green-winged and cinnamon teal, and other birds banded on the Bear River Marshes, 251 were retaken up to the end of December, 1926. Of these, all but twelve were taken west of the one hundredth meridian. Among the exceptions were one taken in Minnesota and two each in Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma. One pintail duck banded by Doctor Wetmore at the mouth of the Bear River Marshes on September 16, 1914, was captured near Brawley, California, October 16, 1926—after a period of about twelve years. This constitutes a world record for the longevity of a banded bird, the longest previous one having been a white stork, which carried a band of the Rossitten Bird Observatory of Germany for eleven years.

The records of birds banded on far-northern breeding grounds, combined with those banded in the Bear River Marshes, and contrasted with the returns from thousands of other ducks banded in Missouri, Illinois and Ontario, indicate very definitely that the migratory wild fowl of North America may be separated into two groups, one of which belongs to the region lying west of the one hundredth meridian and the other to the region east of it.

In the Illinois River bottoms of Central Illinois, 2773 mallards, pintails and black ducks have been banded during the past few seasons. Of these, 596 have been retaken, all but twenty of them east of the one hundredth meridian. These stragglers were captured in places as distant as California, Oklahoma, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota and Alberta, Canada. Some thousands of ducks also have been banded in Eastern Missouri and at Lake Scugog in Ontario. The proportion of the birds banded at these stations and taken east of the one hundredth meridian is practically the same as of the birds banded on the Illinois River.

The East Not Affected

During the summer of 1924 an expedition from the Biological Survey banded migratory water fowl on their breeding grounds near the delta of the Yukon River in Alaska. Subsequently some of these banded birds were taken on the Alaska Peninsula, then on the Queen Charlotte Islands off the coast of British Columbia, and later in Washington, Oregon and Northern California. None of these birds has been taken farther eastward, and the indications are that the majority of them winter in California.

During the summer of 1926 another party from the Biological Survey banded breeding geese and other wild fowl in the valley of the Old Crow River near the eastern boundary of Alaska, well north of the Arctic Circle. To date only three of these birds have been taken—one each in Alberta, Idaho and Nevada.

From these findings it becomes evident that the migratory wild fowl of the states west of the one hundredth meridian may become nearly or quite exterminated by the duck sickness without any noticeable effect on the supply of birds of the Mississippi Valley and the Eastern states. A practical illustration of this is given the present season, there being a widely noticed scarcity of birds in most of the states in the Western region, whereas from many localities in the Eastern section come reports showing birds in abundance. This is especially the case along the Potomac River and in various parts of Chesapeake Bay.

The accompanying map, showing the location of areas in which duck sickness is reported to have caused heavy losses of wild fowl, indicates that these are all located west of the one hundredth meridian. The main localities are Buena Vista Lake and Tule Lake, in California, Malheur Lake in Oregon, lakes near Amarillo, Texas, and the flooded cotton fields near Tlahualilo in Mexico.

The wide extent and character of the investigations that have given the information contained herein well illustrate the necessity for Federal control of migratory-bird problems. In no other way can the varying situations vitally affecting these birds be learned and effectively met.

Sportsmen and other conservationists are here confronted with facts, and not theories, of terrible import to the bird life of the western half of this continent. A situation threatening the welfare of human beings remotely approaching that affecting wild fowl would bring a nation-wide outburst of philanthropic activities that would not cease until the perils had been overcome. With real disaster facing the wild fowl of half the country, will the conservationists unite in an effort to save from a miserable death untold millions of our feathered friends?

ADD *contents of this can to the oil in your car's transmission and make gears shift easily in coldest weather—for 75c*

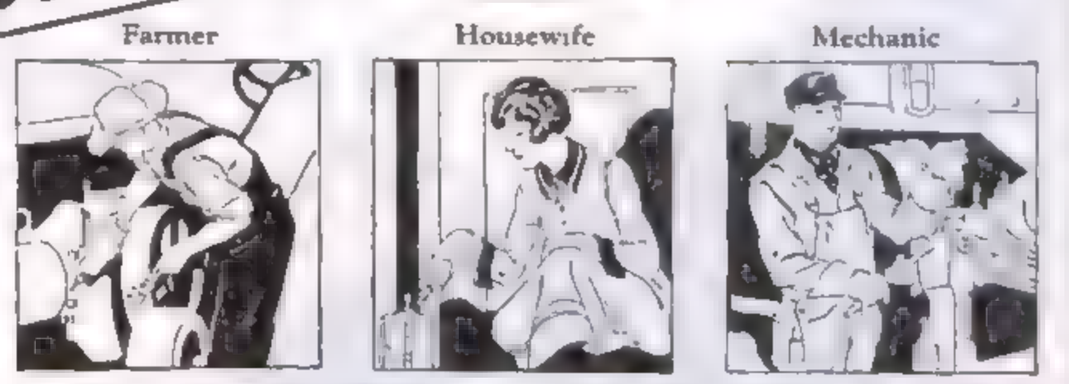
Also sold in cans of 3 oz., 1 gal. and 5 gal. capacity

The two pictures here tell the story. Thousands of car and truck drivers have found Liquid Magic the ideal solution for this cold weather trouble. It actually increases the lubrication, at same time prevents stiffening. One pint (16 oz. can) for transmission, 8 oz. for differential. Ask your auto accessory dealer or garage, or write us.

Showing how gears "channel" in stiff oil—no lubrication.

Liquid Magic retaining fluidity of oil—makes good lubrication.

also over a thousand other uses in homes offices farms factories, etc.



It daily does the "impossible" for people in all walks of life. A can of Liquid Magic is a necessity wherever metal things rust, stick, or need the finest lubricating. It penetrates farther, lubricates better and removes and prevents rust quicker. For example; it frees rusted nuts, lubricates typewriters, frees gummed bearings in lathe head, prevents sticking valves, cleans and protects guns, removes pipe elbows, etc. Write for catalog of uses. If your auto accessory store or garage can not supply you write us.

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ALSO MAKERS OF Warner Liquid Solder THAT STOPS AUTOMOBILE RADIATOR LEAKS

GREAT NORTHERN LAND IS ADVENTURE LAND

Electrification
aids the smooth restful flight of the
NEW ORIENTAL
LIMITED

TRANSLATING the force of swift mountain streams into smooth power, the mightiest motor-generator locomotives in the world contribute much to the pleasurable flight of the New Oriental Limited through the snow-capped Cascades. This, the finest train to the Pacific Northwest, traverses the scenic, low-altitude courses of the Mississippi, Missouri, Flathead, Kootenai and Columbia Rivers; skirts for sixty miles the glistening peaks of Glacier National Park—over 1200 miles of cinderless travel behind giant oil-burning locomotives . . . Low round trip fares in effect May 15. Burlington Escorted Tours to the Pacific Northwest and Alaska.

Write for Information

Ready for the 1927 season—The new Prince of Wales Hotel in Waterton Lakes National Park, virtually an extension of Glacier National Park across the international boundary into the Canadian Rockies!

GREAT NORTHERN
a dependable railway

A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

Please send the free book "[illegible] Northwest Adventure Land" I am interested [illegible]

Name

Address

FASHIONS FOR THE FAMOUS

(Continued from Page 36)

the black cats—first one wanderer and then another—eternally named Beauty, brought a dash of the unexpected, and it never failed that something happened to favor the house, with the appearance of an inky feline. The most miserable creature it might be, but with its new name of Beauty it soon took on some of that quality. This may sound nonsensical, but it is true nevertheless. Anything which came in contact with Lady Duff-Gordon changed; she had a mysterious magnetism which caused things to grow and blossom.

Romance came very often to our house. The beautiful girls attracted our customers' male friends, and down they would settle to the more secure if less exciting existence of marriage. Then Lady Duff-Gordon would begin to search London to find girls who had points of beauty to meet her exacting ideas. At one time a noted society woman who left her husband unwisely begged to be taken on as a dressmaker's model.

But Lady Duff-Gordon shook her head. "You are a lovely wife," she said, "as long as you keep silly notions out of your head, and very beautiful to look at. I prefer to work for you, rather than have you work for me. Besides, you haven't the face."

That face! What was it? I don't quite know myself. But Her Ladyship recognized it immediately. It was something to do with expression rather than figure or coloring, I am sure.

Just about this time Elinor Glyn's novel, Three Weeks, was published, causing much comment among the many different classes who read it. It was also dramatized and produced at the Adelphi Theater in the Strand. Quite naturally, Lady Duff-Gordon made the gowns for the play. Mrs. Glyn played the rôle of the heroine, with Charles Bryant as the romantic Paul. Alas, the novelist did not succeed as an actress, for the production ran but three nights. But everyone of note in all of London was in the audience, and four out of five women wore our gowns. Some wag dubbed these evenings the Sutherland Sisters' Showings.

A New Home for Fashion

With every new sartorial move made by Lady Duff-Gordon, the inevitable publicity followed whether she sought it or not, and it in turn brought rich curiosity seekers, many of whom became staunch followers and customers. In 1906 the business expanded so steadily and her following grew so large that our house, which seemed enormous in the beginning, was now crowded and annoyingly small. Near by, almost directly opposite, stood an equally artistic Georgian mansion, far more spacious. It was to this house across the square that we moved. Our staff now numbered more than two hundred employes. The enchanting interior, with heavy mahogany doors designed and carved by Adam, with enormous rooms whose walls were lined in fine heavy brocades, the yellows, reds, blues and heliotropes softened by age, was unlike any place in London then given over to trade. Each appointment—the fretted wainscoting above the tall windows, the woodwork of the baseboards, the great golden framed mirrors, the high decorated ceilings—wore dignity and magnificence. To complement this interior, a perfect gem of a garden, high-walled, with trees centuries old, graced the back of the house. Needless to say, this developed into the most beautiful setting for summer and garden frocks.

Lady Randolph Churchill, the handsome Jennie Jerome, of New York, mother of the English statesman, the Right Honorable Winston Churchill, since known for his own masculine sartorial elegance and versatility—the English press never tires of commenting on his hats—was one of our first customers in the new house. She was a splendid-looking woman, beautifully proportioned, dark, and with deep, flashing eyes which bored into one. I always felt she knew my inmost thoughts when she looked at me, or was at least silently inquiring for them. She often spoke of her son to us, sometimes as of a connoisseur of beauty, wondering if Winston would care for this dress or not: sometimes she told us with enthusiasm of his political progress and her high hopes for his achievements. She seemed to fear that his pace was the pace of the race horse, and that, like his father, he had more speed than direction. Her mother love and her mother pride were always in evidence, and she was a most interesting person at all times, even if her manner did frighten one a bit.

A Queen's Trousseau

One day Lady Marjorie Manners, then engaged to the Marquess of Anglesey, told me she must see Lady Duff-Gordon, but this time not about clothes. It seemed she had greatly admired our house, but its full possibilities had not appeared until Her Ladyship had taken it over, furnishing it completely and constantly adding to its beauty. It was the eve of Lady Marjorie's wedding, and she said her cup of happiness would be filled completely if she could have this desirable house. She begged Her Ladyship to name her price, and was fearfully upset when she would not for many reasons comply with this request. She loathed moving; also, people in all parts of the world were now familiar with the address, and she loved the place herself. Although this was a disappointment, it did not prevent the new Marchioness of Anglesey from coming to us for her clothes. With her was her now famous sister, Lady Diana Manners, who later became Lady Duff Cooper. Of course, their unique mother, the Duchess of Rutland, came also. All three are extremely artistic, and through their mother's efforts the two girls became justly noted as among the most cultured in England.

It was interesting to watch the various cliques in artistic and society circles as they formed in London—very often in our house. It was most certainly a rendezvous for many of the æsthetes of that day. How easy it was to come for a fitting, meeting, for instance, the English actor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, with his wife and daughter, Viola. To listen, especially if you were an actress, to that rich and colorful voice expounding his theories of art and its relation to dress!

One day a small, well-appointed equipage, not unlike many others belonging to our customers, drove up and stopped before the entrance. A gentle-appearing lady descended, leaving two others waiting in the carriage. She was one of the two ladies in waiting to the Infanta Isabel, sister of the King of Spain. Upon finding Lady Duff-Gordon at home, she beckoned to the coachman, and the Infanta, with her other attendant, followed. She was an extremely simple and charming person to deal with. Lady Duff-Gordon suggested an evening gown of palest blue for her, as she was quite fair. In those days satins were not the soft, clinging materials one selects today. This dress, quite one of the loveliest we ever made, might have stood alone. It was embroidered in dull silver outlined with seed pearls and brilliants, and it took two sewing women three weeks to make it. It had something of an innovation in its short train of one and a half yards.

Not long after this we received notice from the secretary of Princess Victoria Eugenie Ena of Battenberg. Her Royal Highness wished for an appointment to select some gowns. Great was the excitement prevailing, when an hour previous to her arrival, we all stood at attention. Her engagement to King Alphonso XIII of Spain had been announced a short time before, so we surmised she wished to select garments for her trousseau. We were not wrong. (Continued on Page 101)

AFTER SHAVING

Amazing Exhilaration—
Like a cold shower!

THE men are all talking about what a delight Listerine is after shaving.

It is impossible to describe its effect on you. All the thrill of a cold shower is there, with none of the trouble, and with a fraction of the time.

It starts you off with a bang and the whole world looks brighter. Just try it and see, and find for yourself why we are not taking a chance in risking our money to tell you.

Douse it on, full strength, after the hot water. It closes the pores and draws up the muscles. You look younger—even *feel* younger. And you are left with a nice feeling of safety—because Listerine insures you against possible infection. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

THEY STICK TO IT! The way we get new users for Listerine Tooth Paste is to get people to try it just once. After that they rarely switch. LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

With

WEED Levelizers

People feel the difference the moment they put Levelizers on their cars—for Levelizers make a rough road seem ever so much smoother than it really is.

On smooth surfaces Levelizers let the car springs and balloon tires soften minor irregularities—they have no stiffening effect.

But come to rut or track, chuckhole or bump—WEED Levelizers instantly exert a restraining pull that prevents the car body from bounding upwards.

Motorists who have WEED Levelizers affirm that they make cars ride better, handle easier, and minimize the danger of breaking springs when unexpected bumps are hit.

Your car dealer or accessory store will sell you WEED Levelizers. Just tell him the year and model of your car.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.
Bridgeport, Connecticut

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited
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Makers of WEED Chains and WEED Bumpers

Levelizers require no adjusting or lubricating. A heavy steel cable of patented construction—"Preformed"—insures long life. There is no friction taken up by the steel cable—nothing but straight pull

They "level the road as you go"

(Continued from Page 98)

I think, however, we were a little disappointed at the lack of formality of the future Queen of Spain, when she arrived, accompanied only by her mother and but one personal maid. Her simplicity of manner, her sure knowledge of what she wanted, and her understanding of Lady Duff-Gordon's clever suggestions swept away any preconceived ideas we may have had about her.

Her Ladyship created many gowns expressly for the royal trousseau. We made some especially exquisite lingerie of white satin trimmed with tiny appliqués of point venise lace, caught here and there with dainty bunches of orange blossoms. Brides' lingerie is not unlike the world over.

We made the entire trousseau of the late Princess Margaret of Connaught, the first wife of the present Crown Prince of Sweden. She, too, was a lovely, sympathetic girl, much like her popular sister, Princess Patricia, after whom the famous Canadian regiment, the Princess Pats, was nicknamed during the Great War.

A temperamental lot we were, as I look back. The knowledge that one customer—for instance, Margot Asquith—was coming would thrill us with joy. Needles clicked the faster, while a general stimulation entered the atmosphere. But on the contrary, it was equally true that the mere knowledge someone unpleasant was due for a fitting threw a pall over us which did not disperse until she had come and gone.

Clothed in Emotions

This latter feeling was especially rife in the case of a certain novelist. When she arrived gloom enveloped us. Her books were extremely popular during Queen Victoria's reign, and it was generally known Her Majesty preferred them to the works of other contemporaries. But in King Edward's later day they were less renowned. Times were rapidly changing, but not so the author and her works. Her views anent contemporary life were as different from those continually advancing ones of Her Ladyship as it is possible to conceive. Why she came to us, I do not know. Perhaps the difference of opinion she met with stimulated her.

Among the many charming women we received, there were none more welcome than the two daughters of Sir Charles Tennant. The first Lady Ribblesdale was quite beautiful, tall and aristocratic, more gentle than her vivacious and independent sister, Margot Asquith. This critical young woman, now Countess of Oxford, was very often jolly and laughing, taking verbal whacks at persons and events of the day, and thoroughly disrupting to business with her gayety. Nor was there a girl in the entire place who wouldn't have sewed her eyes out for Margot Asquith. She was extremely careful about her clothes, and equally sensible in choosing a style of simple elegance. It was not unusual to have her stop by every day, when in London, to chat and take tea. Very often she insisted upon taking me driving, and most amusing drives these were, nothing escaping her notice.

We made practically all the bridal dresses for the prominent society weddings. It was my business to go to each of these to arrange the bride's gown and those of her bridesmaids. Afterward I would attend the ceremony, to report to Lady Duff-Gordon various details, and how things went. Weddings rather bored her. One day I came through the side door of a crowded chapel, where everyone waited expectantly for the bride. Just as the wedding march began, Margot Asquith spied me from her seat near the front. Oblivious to the time, place and event, she stood up, and in a delighted tone of voice called across rows of aristocratic, conventional heads, "Why, there's Elsie! Elsie darling, do come and sit with me, where you can see!"

When Cora Brown Potter, an American amateur actress, came to London to appear in society plays with the English matinée idol, Kyrle Bellew, the management quite naturally directed her to us. King Edward often attended her performances, and became an admiring friend as well. She quickly grew to be the rage, both on and off the stage. It was considered smart to engage her to entertain in one's drawing-room at an evening party, where she gave rather exotic recitations.

Mrs. Potter and Lady Duff-Gordon liked each other. When the Honorable John Collier, son of the great judge, Lord Monkswell, painted her portrait in a gown designed by Her Ladyship, Mrs. Brown Potter presented it to the house. It hung for many years in one of the smaller salons overlooking the garden. This curious costume, and others of like design which soon followed, were a sensation not only in London but wherever fashionable women congregated the world over.

The emotional gown! Created to express a single emotion, Cora Brown Potter startled her smart society audiences when she wore it to recite the poems of the emotions. Each poem had its special gown expressive of the sentiment involved. For example, Mrs. Brown Potter's Poem of Hate was emphasized by the emotional gown significant of that passion; for the Poem of Jealousy another gown was worn, and so on *ad infinitum*—a different emotion, a different gown.

These gowns—or was it the idea behind them? —caused such a furore that the house was overrun for weeks with customers of one or more emotions, eager to order gowns to express them! The emotional gown was most simple in design, being a high-waisted garment of chiffon in several layers of various shades and tints. One color was built over or about another, according to the emotion you found necessary to insinuate to your audience, or vis-à-vis, as the case might be.

The emotions of the soul! How women adored expressing them! Doctor Freud had not yet been heard of—that is, not popularly. Here, indeed, was a forerunner of his theories, gamboling on the horizon of this dressmaking establishment. As the reputation of these new creations traveled across the Channel to the Continent, orders flooded us by post. One customer, Madame Abruzzi, a member of the wealthy Rothschild family, came especially from Rome to order five of them. One was of violet and mauve, spreading to the most vivid hydrangea pink, with a streak of brilliant blue through it—all this supposed to depict the emotion experienced upon hearing beautiful music at a romantic moment. Another of purple chiffon, which shaded into tones of green and orange, was to express the inception of passion. A third, pale sea-foam pink, catching the glint of the sky in a development of Mediterranean blue, fading to opalescent azure, with a scurry of palest green entwined, was a true pastel to represent love at its most tender moments.

Say it With Dresses

Mrs. Potter's lovely head, with the chalk-white face, the deep-blue eyes and Titian hair, I shall never forget, when she wore an emotional gown depicting the Joy of Living. Composed of all tones of scarlet, it was sewed together with small brilliants. It cost more than a hundred pounds to make, an enormous sum for a gown at that time, and people thought her a most extravagant person. She wore it and other emotional gowns when acting at the Savoy Theater with the late Sir John Hare.

One customer returned again and again, ever ready with a new emotion to define. Finally she grew so tiresome my employer refused to see her. "Tell her, with my sincere compliments," Lady Duff-Gordon directed me, "that I believe she has run the very gamut of her emotions!"

Another exceedingly difficult person insisted upon confiding to my weary ears her most recent love affair. She would be relieved, she said, if we could create, especially for her, an emotional gown which bespoke dying love. She just hadn't the

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2 These two are located one in each cheek.
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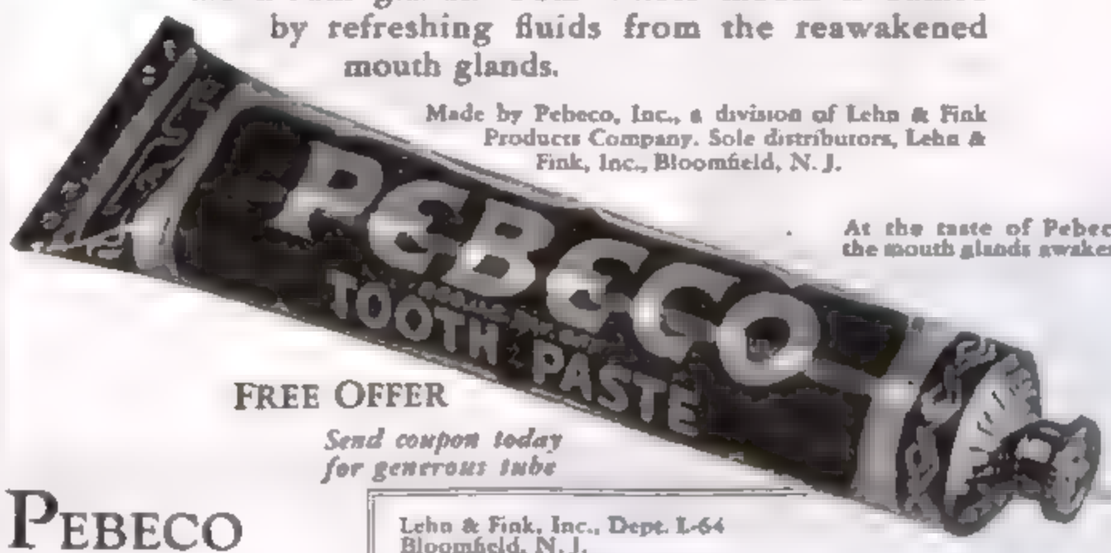

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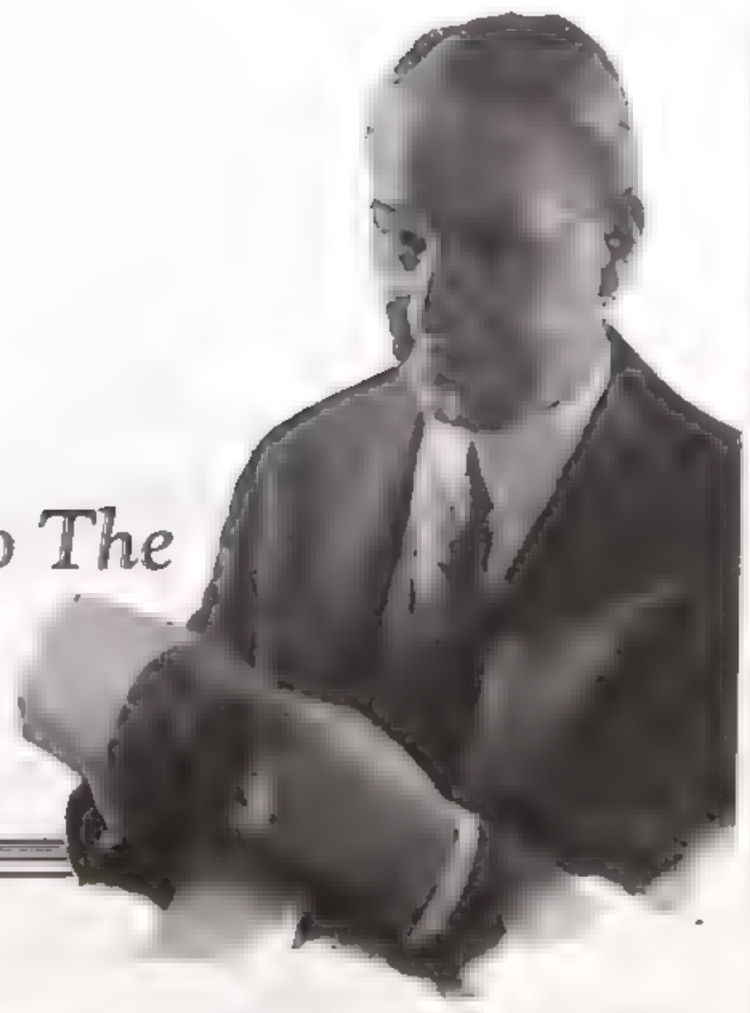

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heart to tell her young man she was beginning to lose interest in him, and, indeed, had already discovered pastures new.

Many weeks previous to the coronation of King George V, an official set of colored prints was sent us from one of His Majesty's royal secretaries. They showed the historically correct mode in every detail for coronation robes. We were to follow these pictures carefully when making nearly three hundred gowns for this great occasion. But we saw, much to our surprise, that our gowns did not entirely resemble the pictures when finished, although each fold of material was copied exactly. Why? We found that though time may not alter the dignity of a style, it does easily change the line. I am certain that a gown worn by a duchess at the coronation of the late Queen Victoria, as compared with one worn years later by a lady of equal rank at King George's coronation, although historically correct and with each detail of trimming identical, would be absolutely dissimilar in general outline.

The coronation gowns we made were of pigeon-blood ruby velvet, decorated lavishly with ermine and cloth of gold. Indeed, each costume seemed a dream—one's childhood vision of the Queen of Hearts in velvet and ermine come true. The trains were the regulation length -three and a half yards. As bare arms were taboo, long white kid gloves were *de rigueur*, and came nearly to the shoulder to meet short puffed sleeves.

Difference in rank was designated by the arrangement and sometimes the width of trimming, the number of folds in a surplice, the pointed bordering of a cape or the placing of a rosette. At first I found it somewhat bewildering to remember a countess' gown from that of a baroness, or a marchioness' from a duchess' without referring to the court prints; but as customers came again and again that we might see the full effect of the royal pageant and satisfy ourselves from a pictorial point of view at least that our efforts had succeeded, I learned to distinguish various insignia.

How the jewels flashed, the tiaras of gold and platinum set with large diamonds and other precious stones! The final fittings were in full regalia. A fabulous mass of glitter, each woman resembled some artistically arranged show window.

The Invasion of Paris

The seating capacity of Westminster Abbey had been carefully measured, and a certain number of inches on the long benches was allowed each individual. This pronouncement brought about great excitement, especially among the more plump dowagers. With what concern hips were measured! It must have been then that the great desire for reducing became a passionate fad. No one of noble lineage could afford to miss the coronation for such a mundane reason as not being able to rest in the royally allotted space!

The long, sweeping train was a lovely style and very flattering to the wearer; it added a certain perspective of grace to nearly every type of figure. The Duchess of Portland was so delighted with the long train of her court dress that she asked us to copy it exactly in various materials and colors for a dozen exquisite tea gowns.

I suppose any continued success becomes monotonous. After a time the unfaltering prosperity of Lady Duff-Gordon's London business began to bore her. She said to me suddenly one day, "Elsie, I am getting tired of all this. I feel too sure of myself here, and it's not a good idea to feel too sure of oneself anywhere. I must go where there is some new stimulant, something to gain beyond the success which is rewarded with money only." I looked at her in astonishment, trying not to think of the hundreds of orders for dresses listed in my books. "I am leaving for Paris," she continued, "and I will take a house there and open up shop."

And so it came about. A month or so later Her Ladyship discovered an ancient and artistic corner of Paris, and in it a house as enchanting as one could well imagine. By this time she had ignited my imagination and enthusiasm to such an extent that I would have followed her gladly there or to the farthermost corners of the earth. She had relieved my mind somewhat when she decided to divide her time between the two establishments.

After furnishing the new house in Paris and surrounding herself with the necessary lares and penates—she said she could never feel a creative inspiration except among her personal belongings—she soon began to compete with the great and long-established Parisian dressmakers. The very fact of her being on this ground caused comment, and there was tremendous excitement in the fashionable centers; but in the more practical world of trade, where she had always been considered daring, it was said that she had taken a thoroughly unwise step, to enter, as an Englishwoman, a sphere in which it was believed tradition, if nothing else, would ruin her. The rumors reached her ears, but they merely amused her. Her attitude was, "Tradition and French dressmakers—fiddlesticks!" In a surprisingly short time her French house was as popular and as crowded as the one in London.

The Ensemble Costume

Although I had always been most careful to retain my slender figure—one dared not do otherwise with Her Ladyship about—I was becoming less and less a dressmaker's model in the true sense of the word. It takes a great deal of time to show clothes properly. We did not dash about, slipping hurriedly into one dress, then out again and into another, and so on endlessly, all the day long, as is done now. Women who had the money to come to us for clothes had the leisure also to wait while a costume was properly assembled and put on carefully.

For instance, one's hair had to be arranged in accordance with the style of the dress. A pompadour was a pompadour, that is true; but it was dressed one way for a tailor-made costume and another for a gown to be worn at a ball. And in those days a dress had fifty hooks, with as many eyes, to the one patent fastener used today; all these took time to fasten.

Nor was one pair of slippers and stockings sufficient, according to the Duff-Gordon code, the same to be worn with every dress exhibited. Each accessory of one's costume must belong to or match the leading tone of it. Thus was achieved the perfect ensemble. When a customer desired to be shown a street dress, the correct boots, stockings, hat, gloves, handkerchief, veil and jewelry were a part of that costume.

Eighteen years ago such detailed law in dress was distinctly an innovation. Today a well-dressed woman takes this credo as an established fact. It is not difficult to recall the fancy velvet hat with an embroidered crown, trimmed perhaps with bunches of violets or other flowers, which was considered appropriate when worn with almost any street dress; black stockings of silk—heavier the better—and the tan or bronze high shoe. They were all right, according to one's taste, as were the silk gloves of any color, with a favorite handkerchief and veil. But Lady Duff-Gordon changed all this in harmonizing the accessories. When a new costume was designed for a model, she was immediately sent to a bootmaker's with a description of her gown; then to a glove shop with samples of color, and to a milliner as well.

So it can be understood easily how, with the many other duties pressed upon me in London, especially as Lady Duff-Gordon was now lost in the mazes of her Paris venture, I gradually became a part of the machinery rather than the scenery of the establishment. I rebelled at first, because I had enjoyed the life of the model at that time. There was a quality of excitement about it which I lost when I gave up the

(Continued on Page 104)

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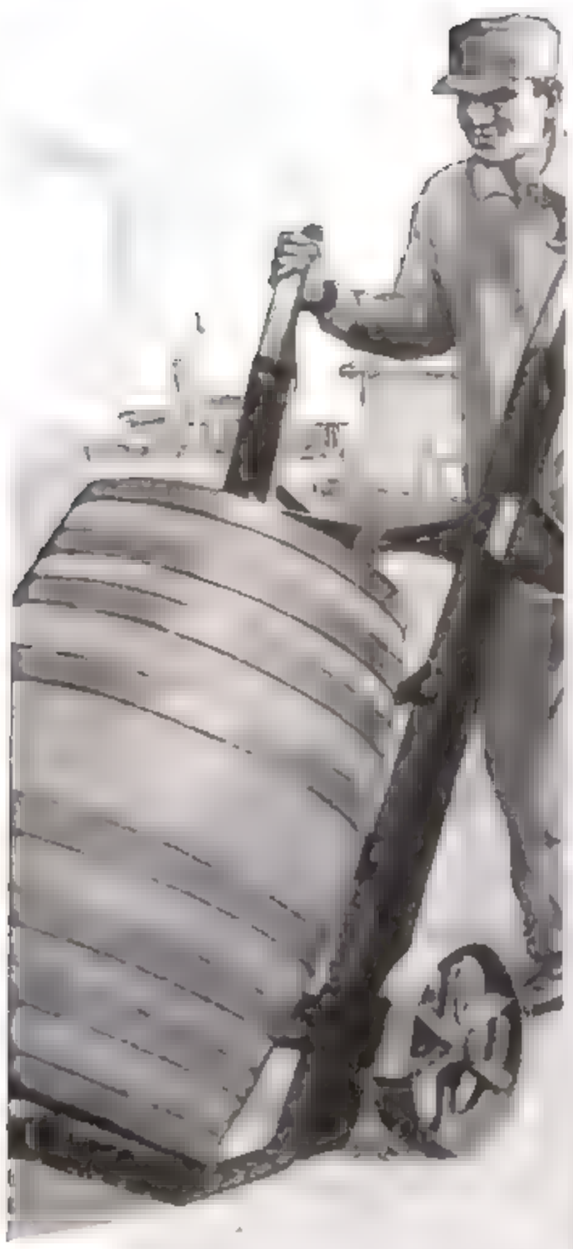

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AMERICAN PRESSED STEEL TRUCKS

PATENTS PENDING

Continued from Page 102

lively responsibilities of aiming to be beautiful, charming and well dressed every moment of the day.

When one wore exquisite dresses for exhibition purposes only, one seemed also to live, to become a part of them.

The profession of the dressmaker's model was then in its infancy, and Lady Duff-Gordon had baptized it with a certain air of elegance which did not wear off and become ordinary in the artistic environment she created for us.

For instance, I have never heard of any dressmaker but Lady Duff-Gordon taking her models to various exhibitions of paintings to implant in them an appreciation of color; to a museum that they might learn to recognize the sequence of periods in costume and style.

One day a tall, fragile young man called upon us, modestly carrying a large leather portfolio. A painter, he had brought several sketches to show Her Ladyship. Luckily, she was in London for a few days, so that he could see her. She found such promise in his work and liked his personality so well that she offered him a position. Capt. Tony Molyneux thus became the first masculine element in our establishment, where he remained for a long time as a designer. Often he spent short intervals, as I did, with Lady Duff-Gordon in Paris, and under her direction he met customers to design individual models which were developed in lovely prismatic colors. He once told me it was impossible not to feel an inspiration in the air contributing to the creation of beauty when working with Lady Duff-Gordon.

The Merry Widow's Blue Chiffon

Of course, it was unusual then to find such a young man as designer in a dressmaking house. Today the field of fashion is filled with them. Her Ladyship gave Captain Molyneux great freedom in designing as well as full credit for his original ideas, and encouraged many of her customers to consult with him.

One day Mrs. Harmsworth, who later became Lady Northcliffe, called upon us in that mood which sometimes envelopes women like a pall when they set out to buy clothes—the uncertain state of not knowing exactly what they want. Lady Duff-Gordon was in Paris, and I had quite exhausted the number of models of the type of dress I believed she should wear. As she was about to leave, Captain Molyneux entered the room. Following him was our mannequin, Bonita, in a dress which he had designed a few moments before. It was pinned to her—not a stitch in it. Mrs. Harmsworth gave a little shriek of delight when she saw it. We immediately sent upstairs to the workroom for more material, after which Captain Molyneux proceeded deftly to recreate the dress upon her. Instead of ordering this one dress, she ordered eight of the same model, in various colors. Thus began a habit she held to for many years—whenever she found a truly becoming costume, she kept to it.

I spent a few weeks with Lady Duff-Gordon in Paris each season. She was very busy there, and many of her English customers preferred ordering from her in the French capital, finding it an excellent excuse to go there oftener. But Edna May, the beautiful American girl who took London's fancy in The Belle of New York, said she preferred ordering her clothes at the London house. She felt the atmosphere was more distinctive. Yet there was no doubt that in Paris my employer had become the observed of all observers.

By this time the large French houses had their staffs of living models, but Lady Duff-Gordon continued to show her cleverness by the type of girl she presented. She took to Paris the very loveliest English girls she could find, and the contrast between the sharp, almost staccato type of French girl who exhibited clothes, and our sinuous, dreamy, velvet-eyed models caused invaluable word-of-mouth publicity. People came to the Duff-Gordon exhibitions in Paris as religiously as they went to the latest salon of Sargent or Monet.

The melodious strains of the successful Merry Widow Waltz were just beginning to echo across the Continent from Vienna, when George Edwardes, then the Ziegfeld of London, heard them. Mr. Edwardes owned the Gaiety Theater, and his judgment in the choice of beautiful Gaiety girls was notoriously perfect. When he advertised a production of the Merry Widow, with Lily Elsie in the title rôle, the public quickly proved its interest, buying out the house weeks in advance. Miss Elsie was slender, medium-sized, with fair skin, sparkling blue eyes and golden curls. Mr. Edwardes sent her to consult with Lady Duff-Gordon, and soon followed himself.

It always amused me that Her Ladyship's first reaction to an especially exquisite blond type took the form of a creation in blue. But this really proved her originality and emphasized the untiring, riotous imaginative power within her, because each blue dress was totally unlike any which had gone before. This sky-blue chiffon for Miss Elsie was embroidered in pearls, with a floating scarf of mauve gracefully appearing here and there as the famous waltz was danced. It was a masterpiece, indeed.

Orchestral Accompaniment

So anxious was Her Ladyship to have it exactly as she saw it in her own mind that she asked George Edwardes to aid her. When he laughingly asked "How?" she quickly replied, "Send your orchestra to me." Somewhat nonplused, but taking her at her word, he sent the musicians the day following. There they sat at one end of the drawing-room, playing the Merry Widow melodies, and the waltz especially, over and over.

Lily Elsie danced while we watched, Lady Duff-Gordon standing to one side, taking in every movement. Often she would put up her hand as a signal to stop, then go forward to arrange the dress differently in order to gain a more effective result. When the Merry Widow opened at Daly's Theater, Lily Elsie became the unforgettable rage of London. Hundreds might be seen waiting for a glimpse of her at the stage door any night.

Two English actresses whose popularity has lasted through the years are Marie Tempest and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. They were our faithful customers. When I first met Miss Tempest, all London was at her feet for her unique characterization of Thackeray's Becky Sharp. One of the dresses we made for her at that time was an odd gown of velvet in Nattier blue, with a long, pointed bodice. She possessed a most magnetic personality, and she had masculine admirers by the dozen, beside a most attractive husband, Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, grandson of the Duke of Richmond. Mrs. Campbell was an equally fascinating person, very beautiful, with not only the desire but the ability to wear daring costumes.

The Best Way to Wait

Two other favorites of the London stage were Violet and Irene Vanbrugh. Somewhat of the type of Ethel Barrymore, they appeared in many society plays of the day. Violet was extremely tall, with dark brown hair and eyes; Irene was shorter; and a third sister, Lady Barnes, was also attractive.

One day when these three sisters came together to try on dresses they had ordered, Lady Duff-Gordon and I were with them in the fitting room. Suddenly we heard a great commotion, intermingled with laughter and giggling, in the hall below. I went downstairs quickly, to find Lady Arnott's daughters—Jessie, Mabel and Florence—three of the most beautiful girls in all Ireland, clamoring to see Her Ladyship about their clothes. They said they were in a hurry, but I knew them of old. It was a great lark for them to come to our place, and they always made the most of it. Lady Duff-Gordon liked having them about, and was greatly amused by them, with their delightful brogue, their wit and laughter; but almost nothing was accomplished when they came to see us. Indeed, it was always hours before they and Her Ladyship decided what they wanted.

This day I knew the customers upstairs could not be hurried; and after I had shown new models, I asked them to wait in the Rose Room, a small room with comfortable seats and lounges where one could leisurely choose the most exquisite lingerie. After that I ordered tea for them, promising to return with Lady Duff-Gordon shortly. An hour later, when the Vanbrugh sisters had gone, I went to the Rose Room door. Hearing not a sound, no echo of gay conversation and laughter, I took it for granted they had left the house, to return later.

But the day passed and they did not come.

Just as we were about to close, I heard a great commotion again—coming from the Rose Room! And there we found them, Lady Arnott's daughters, curled up like three healthy puppies: They had decided to nap for a few minutes, but had slept the entire afternoon as naturally as though they were home.

Maggie: "Jimes, Drive Me to Mulligan's for Tea"

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Miss Elsie and Miss Strakosch. The third and last will appear in an early issue.

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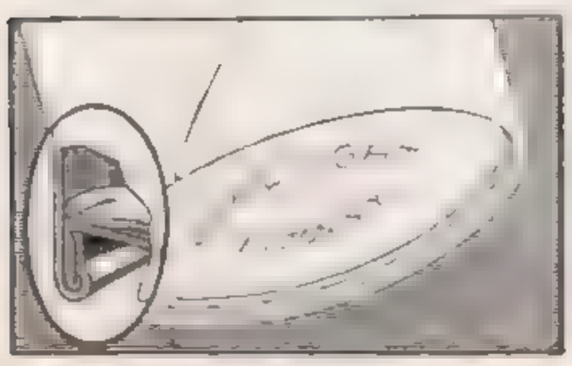

THE ARTISTIC TOUCH

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oilily in the sun, and the detaining hand which Mr. Ginsberg rested on Willie's knee was fat and most unpleasant.

They had stopped in front of a hotel all in marble, and Mr. Ginsberg hurried him past a big guy done up like a snake charmer in gold braid, and past a row of little kids all dressed like monkeys. There was gold all over the walls, and there were mirrors, so that you were reflected in a dozen of them at once. Willie could see whole armies of himself in black, horrid ugliness, and, worse yet, he felt, without being sure, that everyone was giving him the once-over, and at the same time the laugh. With drooping head, red with shame, he hurried after Mr. Ginsberg.

What must the big guy in the gold braid think? And surely even the kids were tittering. At the third floor they got out of a small elevator, like a teller's grille, and stopped before a door, and then he heard a voice almost like a hayseed's bidding them come in. The next instant they were in a big room filled with artistic furniture, and with pictures of little kids with wings on the walls and ceiling.

In the center of the room an old guy was sitting, as small as Willie himself, with a face like a picture in the funny papers. He had no hair on the top of his head, but around his chin, down low, and on his jawbones was a fringe of woolly white beard like the whiskers on a cat. This and other things made him comical, but not too comical. For instance, though the old gent's face was red like an apple and he had on a silk kimono with flowers on it fit to make you die, his mouth didn't give you any laugh at all. It was straight and thin as a knife, and his eyes were not so comical either. They had the color of blue marbles such as the kids played with at home, and they rolled like marbles also, because clearly the old guy was sore about something.

"Hell's bells!" he shouted high up and through his nose. "Didn't you telephone me you'd found one? Where is he, you great oaf?"

For a moment Willie almost forgot to think of his attire as he watched Mr. Ginsberg catch it. "But don't you see him?" said Mr. Ginsberg. "Now, Mr. Higsbee, sir ——"

For answer the old gent came bouncing out of his chair and dancing on the carpet in his slippers. "Get out of here!" he cried, shaking a skinny fist beneath Mr. Ginsberg's nose. "I'm through with you, you liar!"

"Now, Mr. Higsbee," remonstrated Mr. Ginsberg, "that's no way to talk now. I've gone and got you the niftiest little job in the crook business. He is right here now, Mr. Higsbee, sir."

As the old gent's eyes dwelt on Willie his face changed from the red of an apple to the purple of a plum. "Rubbish!" he shouted. "Don't you lie to me! That nice young man a habitual criminal? Nonsense! He's either a lay reader or a ribbon clerk."

Willie felt his knees grow weak, but the shame of it was what got him most. "Honest, mister," he groaned, "I don't blame you. It's my clothes, and not my fault that you think I'm a common guy."

"Won't you trust me, Mr. Higsbee, sir?" pleaded Mr. Ginsberg. "He doesn't look like much, to be sure ——"

"It's my clothes," groaned Willie. "Ain't I sayin' it's my clothes?"

"No," proceeded Mr. Ginsberg. Beneath the piercing gaze of that old party, Mr. Ginsberg had begun to perspire somewhat freely, so that his whole heavy face offered an irregular glistening surface. "He don't look like much, but I'm telling you, Mr. Higsbee, sir ——"

The old gentleman toddled back to his chair and burst into a laugh like the cackle of a hen. "Ginsberg," he said, "the young man is onto your curves. I'll bet he is! I'll talk to him now. How much did Mr. Ginsberg offer you, young man?"

"Three thousand berries," said Willie, just like that, and Mr. Ginsberg jumped as though you'd stuck him with a pin; but at that the old boy spoke first.

"Oh, Ginny! You'll let me call you Ginny, won't you? You were going to pocket the difference, were you, you obsequious timeserver?"

"Cheest!" cried Willie, and also jumped.

The old gent, however, did not seem to listen. He waved aside Mr. Ginsberg's explanations wearily, gazing at Willie with half-closed eyes while he gently stroked his whiskers.

"Young man," he asked, "are you fond of art? Are you acquainted with Luini?"

Not only was Willie diplomatic, but the aspersions which had been cast upon him naturally hurt his pride.

"Him?" said Willie with a gentle wave of his hand. "Am I acquainted with him? Mister, ask me somethin' hard." The old gent pulled at his whiskers again and looked as though he was trying. "Yes," said Willie to fill in the pause, "I know lots of wops with names like that."

Still Mr. Higsbee kept looking at Willie silently, giving his face the eye and his hands the eye, and there was no doubt he was an odd old guy. He coughed and gave a pull to his kimono so that he might have looked like an old Chink if his face had not been red and fringed with woolly whiskers.

"Something tells me," he said at length, "that you'll prove exactly adequate. Yes, exactly. Now this picture—of course you've been told I want a picture, haven't you? This picture is in a château ——"

"A what?" asked Willie.

The old gent raised a skinny hand to conceal a smile. "In words of one syllable, I mean a house which stands about twenty miles from here, in the country. The picture is on the second floor in the room to the right above the front door. I'll give you a ground plan."

"Yeh?" said Willie, hitching himself to the edge of his chair. "And this picture now—what's it of?"

Again the old gent fell silent, just looking at Willie and gently stroking his whiskers. "Young man," he said in a different voice, "it's a picture of the most beautiful woman in the world."

Now somehow you had to believe him. The way his whiskers moved and his blue eyes rolled were enough to make Willie believe. The old gent, he suddenly became aware, possessed some of the elements of grandeur which he possessed himself. And Willie was a generous guy. He felt a thrill of sympathy, and something—a nameless something—passed between them. Though it seemed to Willie that the old gent was much too old for that sort of thing, at the same time he felt a glow of admiration. So he said frankly: "I want to beg your pardon. I thought you was a piker, and I want to take it back. Will you put me wise? Where does this dame live now?"

"Where? What the deuce do you mean?" A look of incomprehension crossed the old gent's ruddy face. "Where? She's been dead three hundred years."

"Cheest!" said Willie. "Now what do you know about that?" Then he had to hand it to the old gent. For, old as the old gent was, he had to admire anybody who could love a dame who had died three hundred years ago.

"I got to hand it to yer, mister," said Willie simply. And the old gent smiled at him not unpleasantly. "Mister, I been that way about certain dames myself. But not so much, mister, not so much."

"Suppose," said the old gent, "you confine yourself to handing me the picture. That's all I want handed to me now. I got tired of women some time ago."

"Ain't you the kidder, mister!" began Willie pleasantly, almost gayly; and the old guy's face turned redder.

"What the devil do you take me for? I'm not collecting a harem. I'm collecting pictures and I want that picture. Do you understand? Now don't think"—he fidgeted and placed the tips of his fingers together—"don't think I didn't try to buy that picture. I've tried in every way to buy it, and the fool who has it—the fool —— I take it you're not acquainted with the French gentleman who hates to let anything go, even when he hasn't a place for it. Just because he's a duke, he can't put it over on me. Not by a jugful, he can't. And if he won't sell his confounded picture—well, there's where you come in."

Willie nodded pleasantly.

"Well, that's about all there is to it then," said the old gent. "The picture's there, up in the room on the second floor. You can't miss it. Ginsberg will motor you to the house tonight. There's a wall around it. You can climb the wall. There's a terrace and tall windows. Can you get in those windows?"

"Ain't you the kidder, mister!" said Willie, but a slight cloud had appeared on his brow.

"Once through those windows," said the old gent, "you come to a hall with a broad staircase. Go up the staircase and turn to the right and there's the room. You can't miss the picture. It's hanging on the wall. There are only two pictures there, and you will know the good one, won't you?"

"Don't kid me, mister," said Willie. "I'm wise to the beautiful dames."

"As a matter of fact," said the old gent, nodding slowly, "both the pictures in the room are of women. But you can't make any mistake. The other one might be a chromo. It's a meretricious, mottled thing, the Nattier school. I'm hanged if I know why the duke keeps it."

Willie sighed and raised his hand wearily. "Sure, sure," he said. "I'm wise. One of them's bum and one of them's good. I'll get the good one."

"Just a minute, Mr. Higsbee, sir." It was Mr. Ginsberg who interrupted hastily. "If there's two pictures, Mr. Higsbee, sir, hadn't you better describe the one you want? If there's two, he might make a mistake, you know."

Mr. Higsbee gave an angry snort. "That's enough from you," he said. "The boy isn't a fool. That's all."

But Willie hesitated, balancing on the edge of his chair. "Mister," he said, and scratched the back of his head, "I don't like it, mister."

"You don't like it?" The old gent jumped up and shook his kimono. "You mean you're going to back down?"

"Now, mister," said Willie, "take it from a guy who knows. This duke now, mister —— You've been trying to buy the picture. You've been getting sore at him. Suppose he's wise who copped it."

"Suppose," said the old gent slowly, "you mind your own business. I might have known you were a piker. You're afraid, aren't you—afraid to try? When I first looked at you I had my suspicions, and I guess I was right."

Now that was too much for any guy. Willie's face turned scarlet. "Afraid!" he cried. "A piker, eh? I'll show you, mister. Get me a pair of rubber shoes, a jimmy and a flash light and a glass cutter. I'll be there tonight."

A peculiar change came over Mr. Ginsberg once they were out in the hall. Mr. Ginsberg seemed sore about something—so sore, indeed, that he seemed to forget Willie's presence. He turned toward the door with an ugly expression on his face and shook his fist at the white panel. "Baby," he said, still shaking his fist, "wait till this job's over! Wait till I'm through with you! Maybe you won't be so fresh with me when I get through." Then, still scowling, he turned on Willie and looked so sore that Willie nearly jumped.

"So you double-crossed me, did you, you little runt? Three thousand dollars when

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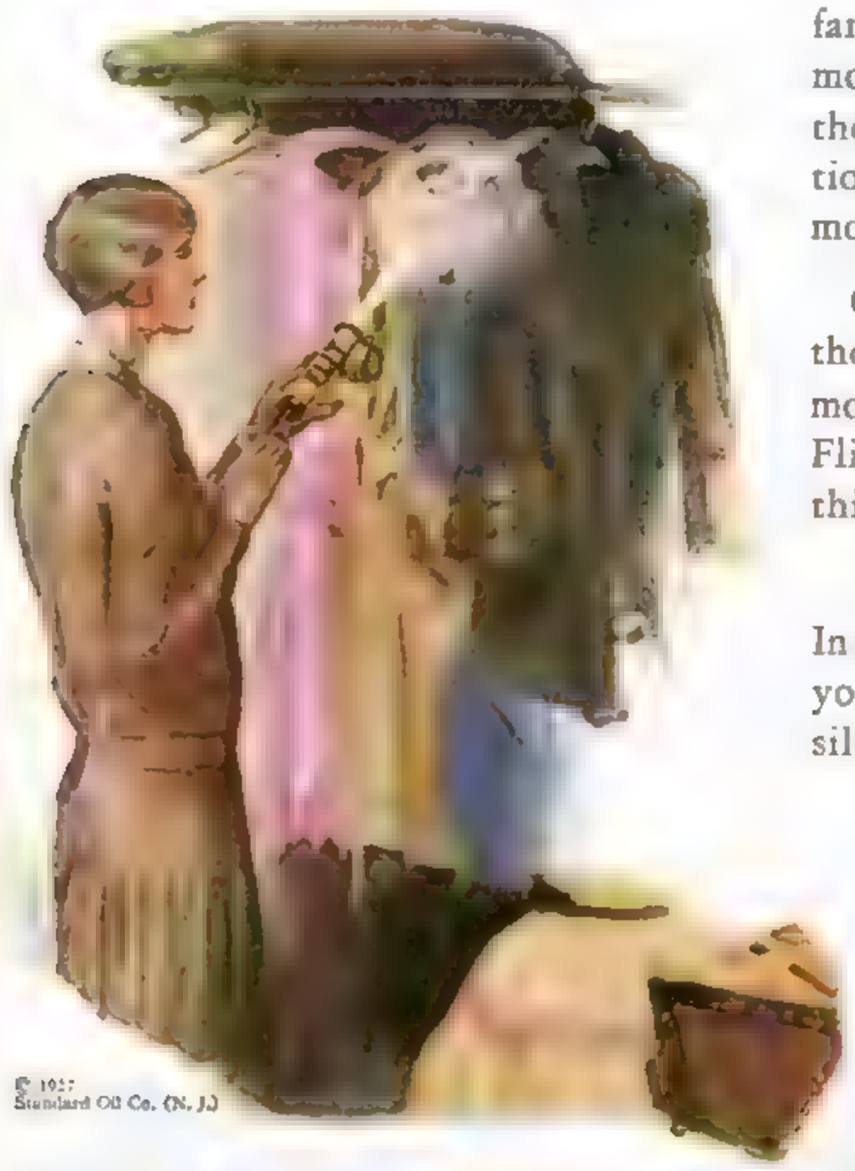
WHY let moths eat up your choicest garments?

FLIT *can save them so easily*

HOW were the woolens and furs put away in your house last year? You probably spent days examining, brushing and airing them. (Or did *he* brush them vigorously on the outside, leaving the nice, woolly inside seams for the moth worms to get fat on?) And then you probably spent hours more packing them away in moth balls or chests or tar-paper bags. And the moths probably got them anyway.

Flit banishes all this. Banishes the moths and their eggs and the worms that hatch out of them and eat holes. Kills every one. Banishes the *labor* that nearly kills you. Banishes



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the disagreeable moth balls and the heavy paper bags that take so much room in your closets. Any way you look at it, Flit helps. It offers you a safety factor against moths and is a real time and labor saver too.

Flit is a new liquid product, but already famous as a sure-death weapon against moths in any form—flying, in the egg, or the little larvae that cause the destruction. Just as surely Flit also kills flies, mosquitoes, ants, roaches and bedbugs.

Get a can of Flit and a Flit sprayer from the nearest store and begin the war on moths at once. You'll find Flit works better than anything you've ever used.

How to use Flit

In closets, spray every article you have as it hangs; wool, silk-and-wool or fur. Hold sprayer about two feet away from the garments so that only the fine spray reaches them. Flit won't stain any fabric. Then spray the closet—particularly shelves, cracks and crevices—and shut the door for fifteen minutes. After that a spraying with Flit every two weeks will *keep* your things safe. No need to worry a single minute if you use Flit regularly.

If you pack blankets, draperies, rugs and other articles away in trunks or chests for a length of time, spray each thoroughly inside and out. Don't neglect the seams. Moths particularly like the seams, the pockets, and other hidden places in which to lay their eggs.

You can't *see* the eggs, but you can depend on Flit to kill them.

Then spray the trunk and pack the articles away in perfect confidence that they will be absolutely safe.

For upholstery, rugs and draperies in constant use, spray every two weeks with Flit. It will take only a few minutes to go over everything—closets, upholstery, hangings, rugs. And think of the saving in money and mental anguish. Won't you try the Flit method of banishing moths this Spring? You'll be amply rewarded next Fall. For sale throughout the world.

FLIT KILLS MOTHS

and does not stain

(Continued from Page 106)

I offered you one, is it? Is that the way you appreciate your friends?"

But already Willie was wise. Already the usual confusion and embarrassment of being in a strange place had vanished and he was quite at home.

"Sweetheart," he said, "I don't know what your little game is, but it's something. So pipe down, sweetness, just pipe down. You need me tonight and three thousand isn't too much. Pipe down and get me a kit of tools, and then I want some dinner and a rest, see?"

"Say," said Mr. Ginsberg, "I got a good mind ——"

"No, you haven't," said Willie. "I'll say you haven't."

There never was a guy who said it wasn't beautiful to see Willie go to work. The finesse he always displayed in every detail was enough to make you cry or laugh or something, and that night it was just the same. Though he was miles from home, in a dark lane, he might have been on Seventy-seventh Street. He pulled his cap over his eyes, took a dark handkerchief from his pocket and wrapped it about his throat, covering the white of his collar, and ran his hand hastily through his pockets, but not too hastily. Every move he made had a special meaning to it. Even Mr. Ginsberg must have felt it was not a common sight which he beheld.

It must have been midnight when they got there, and a nice dark night for a good clean job. Clouds had come over the sky and a soft rain was falling. Their feet slipped in the clay of the country road. Mr. Ginsberg, who held fast to Willie's arm as though he feared Willie might make a jump for it, shivered slightly.

"Here we are," he whispered. "There's the wall."

"Sure it's the wall," said Willie. "What you going all jumpy about? You ain't got nothing to do."

"Are you sure you know everything?" Mr. Ginsberg's teeth chattered. "You're sure you know the picture—the right picture?"

"Gimme a boost," said Willie.

"Here." Mr. Ginsberg pushed something toward him. "Here's something you need. It's a gun."

But Willie only laughed at Mr. Ginsberg. "Get wise, kid," he said, "get wise. I never shoot it out except when I'm back home, see, and know the ropes. Put it in your pocket, mister."

It was a big wall, possibly ten feet high. But it was beautiful to see him go over it with hardly a sound, like a cat or a lizard almost. And once over it, he paused. He was alone in a place all new to him, a grand place, like a park at home, only more than a park. He was good at seeing in the dark, and in the faint light which exists even on a cloudy night, he could see that he was in a garden. There were bushes all around him, and statues all white like ghosts. Though he could not tell what they were, he could see they were guys and dames, mostly ready for a bath. Yes, ready for a bath, because they stood in a circle around a big pond. He could just see the surface of it in the light.

Willie drew a deep breath and crossed his fingers, because it was spooky in a way to see all those white guys and dames standing there, and the dark trees and the dark sky a little lighter than the trees. It was as though there were lots of folks all around that he couldn't see, and though he stood for maybe a minute or two minutes listening, there was not a sound except the rain.

On the other side of the pond he could see a walk going perfectly straight through a stretch of lighter dark that he knew was lawn, that went up in big steps, up and up, toward a stone fence with more white figures on it. Behind that white stone fence with those ghostly figures was a house, black against the sky, of a size so enormous that it reminded him of memories of all the penitentiaries he had known. But it was not square and ugly. Even against the sky, he could see that it was beautiful—a grand house. It had lots of chimneys and steep roofs, hard for a guy to climb on, and little towers all over it, and on the top of the towers things like foolscaps going toward the sky.

When he was on a job he was always quick to get impressions; and while he stood there it seemed to him that the whole garden and the pond and the house and statues were secondhand, like antiques in a museum, that lots of folks had touched them, that lots of folks had been there. It may have been that he had not been working much of late, but he felt creepy as he walked along the edge of the path, for, of course, he was much too wise to make a noise on the gravel. He had a feeling that people were looking at him, looking out of the windows, behind the trees, behind the bushes, out of everywhere.

Yet, except for the rain, there was not a sound. He was up the steps in a minute, beyond the low fence and right up to the house itself. Through the high windows, all made of glass, that they had talked to him about, it was a cinch to get in. It seemed to him too easy. Willie flattened himself against the house and looked cautiously about, but still no one was there. He put his hand in his pocket and took out a small instrument. There was a gentle tinkle of glass and that was all. The next minute he was inside, in the dark, and it was warmer, but still; except for that faint tinkling of the glass, there was not a sound.

Willie did not move a muscle, but sniffed gently, because his nose could tell him a lot of things about the places he was in. He could tell rich houses and poor houses just by a simple sniff. And he knew from the smell of that dark room he could not expect very much. It was damp and musty. There was no smell of silk, no smell of rich upholstery, but only the faint odor of decay. And also a smell of stonework that made him shiver. It was like the stonework of a prison cell.

Cautiously, without a rustle of his clothing, he snapped on his electric torch and drew a quick breath. He was not in a room, but right in the hall they had talked about, a big place like a well or the pit of a theater; and all around him, more spooky still, were other guys dressed up in steel, so you'd need an acetylene torch to undress them. And on the walls there were swords and things of which he did not know the name. Right in front of him he could see the staircase going up and up, with the steps so low and gradual the whole seemed like a broad stream of gently flowing water. Willie switched off his light and moved cautiously ahead.

It was a fine house to work, because the stairs were stone and his shoes did not make a sound. He was up in a minute, because something made him anxious to get it over. He was up and he turned to the right. There was the door. He tiptoed inside, and again he stood perfectly still. In that whole cryptlike house, however, there was not a sound except the ticking of a clock somewhere in the distance; not a single sound in all the dark.

Nevertheless, he was too wise not to know that something was phony. It was all too still; it was too black. He paused, perfectly motionless, and sniffed again. There was the same dank odor in that upper room that had existed below. But there was something else—something else besides.

And then, just like that, before he could so much as give a jump, there was a click and all the room was light.

"Cheest!" gasped Willie between his teeth. His thoughts were in a panic. "Did they turn me up or were they wise?"

Yes, the room was light. A lamp was burning on a long, tarnished gilt table and a light was burning in the ceiling. In such embarrassing moments he could see every bit of a thing at once. He could see the whole room at once, almost without thinking, although it was a big room. Here and there were chairs too big for a guy to be comfortable in, covered in rotting leather, and everything was rotting and antique. There wasn't paper on the wall, but silk, the color of red wine, which was all in shreds and tatters. Thus, in spite of the two lights, the one in the ceiling and the one on the table, the whole room seemed dark.

Before the table a guy was standing, a young guy, who was dressed in pajamas with colored stripes. But in spite of the stripes, he was tall and slender, something like one of the statues outside in the garden—white like the statues. His face was white and bony; his eyes were dark and deep like the pool in the garden; and a little mustache looked like the line of a pencil on his upper lip. What interested Willie mostly, however, was an automatic that the party was holding in his right hand; and what was still more interesting was that he had no left hand at all—or arm, either, that Willie could see, for the sleeve of his pajama jacket was dangling in the air.

Naturally, however, Willie did not stop there with his impressions. He was taking in everything all at once, looking at the walls, looking at the chairs, and as he did so, for the second time he caught his breath. He had seen the two pictures, one after the other. They got him so hard that he often said in after days that he had only to shut his eyes, or even squint, to see them both again—first the frames of old discolored gold and then the faces.

Because he was an artistic guy he could pass over the first picture almost at once. It was of a dame sitting on a rock beneath a lot of trees that looked like trees on a Chinese soup plate. Beside the rock, also, was sitting a phony-looking dog that kept looking at the dame as though she was something to look at, when she wasn't anything to give an eye to at all. She had on a white dress that puffed out all over the place, except at her waist, where it was tied up fit to kill her, and her face was thin and wishy-washy, with a mushy look in the eyes. She was the sort of dame for whom, if she had tried to make him, even, he wouldn't have crossed the street.

But the other—the other was not like that. As Willie's hard, knowing glance swept the other picture his eyes faltered. He even forgot for a moment where he was—so much so that his breath went out of him and his knees felt weak. He forgot that a guy was standing six feet away, pointing a pistol at his bean; he even forgot that his freedom was slipping away from him like good wine from a bottle.

"The old geezer was right," he muttered. "Yeh, the old geezer was right."

And he was right. The dame in the other picture was a lady, not dolled up, but simple and nice. "Nice" was the only way he could describe her, like the morning sun coming over the city and making the streets look bright. She was dressed in a blue something, that lady; nothing fashionable, without any lace, just blue cloth which, although it was antique, was still the color of the sky in the early morning before the dirt and smoke got in it. And her skin was the color of Grade-A milk in a bottle, only whiter. And her hair was like soft gold without any of the stuff in it that makes gold hard. But her eyes were what got you, mostly. The eyes of that lady, not exactly blue and not exactly green, looked right through you, but in a nice way, as though they liked what they saw; and her lips—her lips ——

The voice of the guy with the pistol actually made Willie blush. Though it was soft, it was slow and cold, like a piece of ice dropping down the back of his neck. "Aha! You like my picture. I thought you would. Sit down in that chair, please. . . . No, that one. You still can see her. Put your hands one on each arm of the chair gently, so. I beg you, don't disturb yourself. I used to be one of the best shots in the African service."

Yes, his voice was cold just like that and perfectly even, so that Willie knew he was a hard guy in spite of his striped pajamas.

"Take it easy, mister," said Willie kindly. "I ain't got a gun. Take it easy and ring for the bulls. I'm just a boob, that's all, to be found in a jam like this."

The young guy sat down on the table about six feet away, with his gun pointed at the pit of Willie's stomach. It came over Willie that there was no telephone in the room, and no bells; and instead of being in a hurry, the young guy looked at him as if Willie was as useless as a ten-cent piece of jewelry.

"I perceive," he said, "you're an American. I thought you were a thief, but now I see your clothes, you're worse. You're only a cheap adventurer trying to earn a living. Sit down, I beg of you, sit down."

Without meaning to do it, Willie had almost left his seat. "My clothes," he said. "Say, I don't get you, mister. My clothes?"

"But naturally your clothes."

Yes, Willie could see the boy on the table was a tough baby. His voice had the sound of sleet on the windowpane and his eyes shone like the reflection of a street light on an icy pavement.

"Like all Americans, you speak some outlandish argot; but that baggy cut to the trousers, that hang to the coat—they positively shout that you're an amateur."

"I'm a what?" gasped Willie.

"Sit down," said the guy in the pajamas. "I only lost one arm in the war. I said an amateur, my friend, an amateur rascal and hanger-on. Now the way you bungled with that window downstairs ——"

It hurt Willie. Of course it hurt him. In spite of the automatic pointed at him, he stood bolt upright. "Honest, mister," he cried pleadingly, "everybody gets me wrong today. It wasn't my fault it was a bum cutter. I didn't pick it." Then a new thought came over him like a bright guiding light. "Mister," he said, "it seems like everybody's a crook today. Are you a crook too?"

That innocent question somehow got to the pale one-armed guy, and he slid right off the table without telling Willie to sit down again.

"Damn your insolence!" he said, just as though he were asking the time of day. "What do you presume to gain by calling me that? Don't you know I'm the Duc de Severy?"

"A duck, are you?" said Willie. He always said his blood was up from the imputations cast upon him. "I'll tell the world you're some sort of an ignorant bird to call me an amachoor. And why shouldn't you be a crook yourself if you're wise to bustin' windows?"

"Just who sent you here? Suppose you tell me that!" The voice of the young party in the pajamas had grown louder. "Which one of those cheating, lying art dealers was it? Feingold from New York? Or Bondini, who's faking the primitives? Whoever it was, tell him from me I've had enough of him, and this last is the last. Because I've lost my money, because my house is just a shell, do they think I'll stand for every sort of insolence? I've let them cheat me on the price of my tapestries. I've let them cheat me on the price of my six Rembrandts. But do they think they can begin looting my house because I refuse to sell one picture?" He paused and stared beyond Willie at the wine-red rotting silk upon the wall. "And now"—he gave the automatic pistol a little upward twist—"get out of here! Get out, you poor blundering tyro!"

"What?" gasped Willie, with a little jump. "You're telling me to beat it? You're telling me to go?"

The other only looked at him with withering contempt. "Does it surprise you," he asked, "that I don't wish the police in it, that I don't wish everyone to know I have a priceless picture that I do not wish to sell? Get out before I change my mind. Get out the way you came and tell whoever sent you to send a decent thief next time. And tell him when he sends him I'll drill him full of holes like a sieve. Yes, like a sieve. Tell him I can still look after my own house."

Willie's mouth had fallen slightly open, and for the first time he had to hand it to that young guy who called himself a duck.

(Continued on Page 113)

Avoid *Hit-or-Miss* Brushing

Pro-phy-lac-tic is designed to reach and clean ALL your teeth

CONSIDER THE TOOTH BRUSH YOU USE. Is its bristle-surface concave? Does it fit the shape of your jaw? Does its handle curve outward? Is it easy to reach your back molars with it? If you brush your teeth the wrong way, like this: ↔ it makes little difference what kind of brush you use. But if you brush your teeth in the correct manner, up and down: ↕ your brush needs to be tailored to fit your jaw. Look at the curved handle of the Pro-phy-lac-tic! Look at the curve in the bristle-surface! Those features didn't get there by accident. They are there because Science says they should be there—so that you may reach and clean *all* your teeth.

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Though Willie could only understand the half of what he said, he had to admit he was a game sport, a hot sport, in spite of his pajamas. Somehow it made him feel cheap and mean, as if he had done something of which he was ashamed.

"Mister," he faltered, "you don't mean you're giving me the air?"

"I don't mean I'm giving you anything. I'm telling you to get out."

Willie balanced on first one foot and then the other, glancing up at the wine-red wall. There was the picture still of the lady in blue with those eyes, which were neither green nor blue, staring at him in a kind, nice way.

"Cheest, mister," he said, "what you suggest certainly is kind, and I wisht I could take you up, mister, but I can't."

"You—what?"

For the first time in that curious conversation the guy in the pajamas looked surprised.

"Mister," said Willie, and scratched the back of his head, "it's a tough break for me either way. If I go or I stay, the bulls are going to get me. Mister, I guess I better stay."

At that the guy in the pajamas grew as red as the nose of Santa Claus in a department store and began saying something in a language which Willie could not understand.

In answer Willie raised his slender hand appealingly and there was something grand and compelling in the way he spoke.

"Easy, mister, easy now. And don't look at me that way. I ain't got a gun. And if I had I don't go in for no first or second degree. And I want to give you just as white a set-up as you are handing me. That's the guy I am."

But the other one didn't understand him, perhaps naturally, because Willie was too grand for him then.

"Are you crazy?" he began. "Or can't I understand this American slang?"

"Nix, mister," said Willie; "not crazy. Just on business, that's all, mister. Now what you got off about my not being a good crook hurts me, mister, because I guess all guys is proud. I know my clothes are wrong, but it ain't my fault; and I didn't crack the window right, and that ain't my fault either. But I'm a neat inside guy and don't you forget it, see? And I'll prove it to you right now, mister. I've been inside some of the best houses in New York, and I'll prove that. Look what I got. See? Look what I brought across with me."

"Stop! Put back your hand!" shouted the guy in the pajamas.

Willie did not mind. There was a slight ripping of cloth and he was holding something which glistened in the light.

"Give that the eye," he said. "It's off Fifth Avenue. That gets you, don't it, mister? Don't call me no ordinary crook again."

And it did get that man in the pajamas because it couldn't help but get him. His eyes grew round and startled, and he breathed something in that strange language that everyone was speaking.

"Are those diamonds?" he said in a different voice. "You carry them in your clothes?"

"Ain't it the safest place," said Willie, "for a poor boy to carry diamonds?"

As he moved his hand gently it seemed as though he had a dozen rainbows imprisoned in his fingers. No, there was no wonder it got the guy in the pajamas. There was no wonder he looked, no wonder that his arm wavered for a second. And then Willie had him.

The edge of Willie's right hand went slap against the other's wrist and the automatic dropped on the tiled floor. Willie was always an active guy and it was done in a nice way. Just the stifled sound of someone trying to speak, a patter of footsteps on the floor, and in almost an instant, it seemed, the guy in the pajamas was in one of those rotting leather chairs with the black handkerchief from Willie's neck thrust into his mouth, and three thicknesses of twine, which had been produced from Willie's pocket, about his body and legs.

"I hate to do it to a cripple," said Willie, "but ——"

The eyes of the other seemed to burn through him as he struggled in that creaking chair. It had all been so easy that it robbed Willie of any feeling of triumph; instead, it made him feel cheap and queer. Again he had that intuitive sense of there being something phony about the whole place, that sense of folks looking at him when there was no one to look at all.

Rapidly but almost sadly he picked up that distracting piece of jewelry and paused, holding it between his fingers, when his eye met again the eye of that lady in the picture, and somehow he felt cheaper still, because she did not look sore.

"Mister," he said sadly, "next time you better keep your eye on a guy like me." He whipped a pocketknife from his coat and tested its edge on his thumb. "Well, there's no use talking. I gotta do my stuff. I'm here to lift the picture, mister; and no kidding now, I wisht I wasn't."

He always said it was strange the way he felt that he was actually doing a thing that was crooked and off the level. The face of that dame in the picture, the dark room, the man writhing and groaning in the chair, were almost too much for him.

"Yes," said Willie swiftly, for it was time to go, "I gotta do my stuff, but you don't have to see me. I ain't as mean as that. Honest, mister, I'm not such a bad guy anyway."

Then he pressed a button and put out the lights. There was a gentle tearing, punctuated by violent creakings from the chair. And then, at almost that same instant, Willie had an awful turn. There was a splintering of wood and a shout.

"Now what do you know!" gasped Willie. "If he hasn't gone and busted the chair. That's the trouble with antiques."

And it was the trouble with them. For, although he had only one arm, that young gent in the pajamas was breaking loose. Already the handkerchief was out of his mouth.

"Stop, you thief!" he was shouting. "François! August!"

But already it was too late. William Lipp, without a trip and without a stumble, was already halfway down the stairs with a roll of canvas in his hand.

Willie was slightly out of breath when he got over the wall, but perfectly brisk and active, and there was Mr. Ginsberg waiting for him in the shadow.

"Beat it for the auto," said Willie curtly, and Mr. Ginsberg was glad to beat it.

"Did you get it?" choked Mr. Ginsberg. He was too heavy to run nicely.

And Mr. Ginsberg's voice made Willie feel cheap, as though he was not on the level, exactly as though he was not on the level.

Mr. Ginsberg's very curiosity and questions were humiliating, and Mr. Ginsberg could not keep his mouth shut. He kept pulling at the roll of canvas, and when they were finally up in their room at the hotel he became almost impolite.

"Let's see it now," he said, "and be quick about it, see?"

Willie, however, only held the roll of canvas tighter beneath his arm.

"Nix," said Willie; "nix on it"

He still felt a faint indefinable disgust with the whole proceeding because it had been so easy. "I'm tired, see? I'm tired." And he had reason to be tired, for already it was nearly daylight. "Who's my boss? You or the old gent? What? He sees the picture first, mister, and then I'm through with you both. You're a pair of pikers and cheap sports."

"For two cents ——" began Mr. Ginsberg, doubling up a heavy fist.

Willie only looked at him coldly, for after all what was Mr. Ginsberg then? Nothing. Not even a detective.

"Two cents?" said Willie. "Didn't I say you was cheap?"

And he was cheap! Not like that boy in the pajamas—not like that boy at all.

Just give him a chance—that was what Willie always said—and he could make good almost anywhere. It took more than a rough night to put Willie on the rocks. That next morning, for instance, when he and Mr. Ginsberg went into that big room with the kids with wings painted on the ceiling it must have done the old guy in the kimono good to see Willie, for he was like a fresh breath of cool morning wind and as gay as a piece of parsley in a dish of breakfast bacon. Simply by wearing them he seemed to have done something to those drab black clothes. Simply by wearing them the coat seemed smaller and more graceful in the waist; the pockets and skirt of it seemed to flare out in a more graceful, brilliant fashion; the lapels of it seemed larger and more aspiring. His hair was as shiny as his beady eyes and as bright as his manly, sunny smile, so that the dingy roll of canvas which he held beneath his arm made a startling contrast which instantly took the eye, so that Mr. Ginsberg himself made a contrast when the old gent looked at him. Not only did Mr. Ginsberg show distinct traces of sleeplessness but his manner was almost feverishly hectic as he held Willie firmly by the arm.

"Now, Mr. Higsbee, sir," he said, "I did the trick. Didn't I tell you I was going to get it?"

Mr. Higsbee, however, only drew his kimono about him the more tightly and coughed, at the same time stroking his woolly whiskers softly. From the antique chair in which he was sitting, those blue eyes of his, like marbles, moved from the direction of Mr. Ginsberg to Willie. At first, to look at the old gent, you might not have believed he was interested at all, but he was jumpy. Willie could see he was jumpy even before he spoke, and then anyone could tell that something was biting him.

"Hell's bells!" said the old gent in that same squeaky voice. "What are you standing there for like a lump on a log? Have you lost your tongue?"

It was hardly a fair thing to say, because Willie was always polite; and he resented it, but nicely, very nicely. "Now, mister," he said, "there's no use acting up."

But the old gent had popped out of his chair and was snapping his fingers excitedly. "Have you got it?" he demanded. "Is it that roll beneath your arm? Open it up, you idiot. What do you stand there like a lummox for?"

Willie made a gentle, placating gesture. "Ain't you forgotten something?" he said. "Say, where's the jack—the coin?"

Apparently the old gent had not forgotten, for he pulled out of the side pocket of that kimono a bunch of bills that made Willie's heart beat faster, for they were not that meretricious paper to which he had become accustomed, but good, stiff, solid stationery that obviously had come from home.

"Don't be an ass, boy," the old party snapped. "I'm not going to cheat you. Open up that picture and take the money."

Each second that old gent seemed to get more nervous and excited. Just as though something was biting him, he began jumping up and down in his slippers.

"Unroll that roll!" he began to yell. "Unroll it at once! Are you blind? Don't you see your money?"

"Just a minute, mister," said Willie. "Just a minute." He looked at Mr. Ginsberg coolly, then back at Mr. Higsbee. "There's something I wanna say, mister, before I'm through with you. I just wanna remark I did this job because I had no help for it. And I want to say what I think of folks like you who try the rough stuff on a poor gent who has only one flapper."

"Shut up," said Mr. Ginsberg. For some reason he seemed almost as excited as the old gent himself. "Shut up and unroll that picture."

"I'll tell the world I will," said Willie. "But I'll also tell the world what I said before. The both of you are just cheap skates. Here, look at it and don't say I didn't come through."

With a flick of his arm the roll was between his hands. With a flick of his fingers the canvas dropped flat and he tossed it on the floor.

"There," said Willie. "There she is. The most beautiful dame in the world."

He had to hand it to himself the way he did it, because it was so dramatic and artistic. There was a moment's silence. The old gent was leaning forward, making grabs at his woolly whiskers with his skinny hands and pulling at them slowly. Mr. Ginsberg was leaning forward, and something had happened to Mr. Ginsberg. Yes, you might have thought that something had bitten him and bitten him hard, because, all of a sudden, he straightened up and made a reach for Willie, who jumped away.

"You fool!" he shouted. "Oh, you blamed little pickle-headed fool! It's the wrong one. After all this, look what you've gone and done! You got the wrong one!"

Mr. Ginsberg raised his hands in the air as though he was trying to find something to break, to smash. And sure enough there was something phony somewhere, because lying face upward on the carpet was a picture which was not the right picture at all. It was a picture of a dame sitting on a rock beneath a lot of trees that looked like trees on a Chinese soup plate, with a thin, phony-looking dog beside her that kept looking at her as though she was something worth looking at, when no guy would have given an eye to her at all. Her face was thin and wishy-washy, with a mushy look, and she had on a white dress that puffed out all over the place except at her waist, where it was tied up fit to kill her.

"The idiot! The idiot!" All of a sudden Mr. Ginsberg seemed very close to tears. "There that ignorant little runt was right in the room with it, and he took the wrong one! Didn't I say you ought to have explained it? Don't let him have the money, Mr. Higsbee, sir! Don't give him a red cent! Hey, where's the money gone?"

In some mysterious way the money which Mr. Higsbee had placed upon the table had completely disappeared. Mr. Ginsberg made a jump at Willie, who backed away.

"Give that back," he shouted, "before I break every bone in your body!"

"Nix!" said Willie. "Keep off!" And Mr. Ginsberg kept off, for Willie was holding a peculiarly shaped automatic pistol in his hand. "Keep off!" said Willie coldly. "I borrowed this last night in case I might need it in the morning. That's the wrong picture, is it? Well, how was I to know? You wanted a picture of a beautiful dame. Ain't she a beautiful dame?"

Just then Mr. Higsbee, who had been studying the picture, looked up quite mildly and not unpleasantly.

"What's all this noise about?" he asked. "It's not the wrong picture—as a matter of fact."

"Huh?" cried Mr. Ginsberg, and looked like a dunce at school, and Willie himself looked a little queer. The old gent sat perfectly still in his chair and began rubbing his skinny hands together and grinning at them both.

"Yes," he said, "the whole thing is a justification of my judgment, though I admit I was a leetle nervous now and then—just a leetle nervous."

Now you might have thought Mr. Ginsberg was going to fall over backward, and still Willie continued to look a little queer.

"Mr. Higsbee, sir," said Mr. Ginsberg in a most uncertain voice, "which of us is loony now?"

Mr. Higsbee's grin grew broader. In fact, you had the impression that someone was tickling that old guy in the ribs.

"Oh, Ginny!" he said. "You'll let me call you Ginny, won't you, you preposterous blackleg? You thought when you got the picture for me you could blackmail me all the rest of my life, didn't you, Ginny? And you thought I'd be an old sucker and not see it, didn't you, Ginny? Or you thought you could get a reward or something, didn't you? Well, just try to make

(Continued on Page 115)

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(Continued from Page 113)

money out of this! Just try to make anybody believe I hired you to help me steal an unsigned spatter done by someone who couldn't draw! Excuse me just a moment."

The telephone in the corner of the room had rung and the old gent hurried to it, still rubbing his hands and chuckling in a most unpleasant way. "Hello," he said. "Hello? Why, my dear duke, is that you? What?"

The old gent stamped noiselessly up and down in front of the telephone and laughed noiselessly into the transmitter.

"What? How very unpleasant! When did it happen? Last night? . . . Now, now, remember what I said. . . . That's what comes of doing business with off-color dealers. I told you, didn't I, that they would be up to some such trick as that? . . . What? . . . They didn't get it? Now what a story—what a story! But you can't expect these professional thieves to know everything. . . . What? . . . Well, I dare say someone will try again. . . . No, I shouldn't say it was safe where it is. . . . Oh, will you? Now that's very wise under the circumstances. I hoped you'd see it that way. . . . Certainly. . . . Your own figure. I never haggle over prices, duke. . . . Certainly. I'll be out there with my check book this morning. . . . Yes, it is fortunate for me. Anything is fortunate for me that would make you change your mind."

Mr. Higsbee hung up the telephone and rubbed his hands again. You might have thought he'd picked a hundred-to-one winner, he looked so jolly.

"There," he said, "the duke's decided his place isn't safe for such a valuable painting. He's going to sell his picture rather than risk losing it altogether. I thought it would fetch him. Not gentlemanly, perhaps; but then, am I a gentleman? Not wholly nice, but am I wholly nice? And at any rate, it worked—eh, what, Ginny?"

Mr. Ginsberg, however, did not seem to share his employer's jovial mood. Instead, he had begun to scowl. "Say," he said, "suppose you tell me where I get off. What do I get out of this?"

Blandly, sunnily, the old gent looked at him and began to laugh his high cackling laugh. "The air, Ginny," he said. "Just the air and exercise."

There was a look in Mr. Ginsberg's face that was so flat you might have thought a steam roller had passed over it. He could only look at the old gent with bulging eyes, and Willie was the first to speak.

"Cheest!" said Willie simply but generously. "I know why you're a rich guy now."

Genially as the summer sun the old gent smiled on Willie. "Now that's very nice of you," he said. "If I only had time, young man, and inclination, I might teach you a good deal. You may amount to something some day when your tastes are formed and you know good art when you see it. Now don't be offended." Willie's expression made the old gent more genial still. "Naturally I didn't expect you to appreciate the subtle beauties of an Italian primitive."

But Willie was no longer sore or hurt. The supercilious insults of that old gent no longer could touch him, for at last he was conscious again of his old superiority. At last he knew that he, himself, was a higher-class proposition, too great to be swayed by the aspersions of lesser men. The only answer that Willie made was so deep and dark and enigmatic that the old gent probably never quite got it.

"Mister," he said, "there're a lot o' things I might say. But I'll only say just this: It certainly is lucky for you that I'm a charitable, tender-hearted guy and that I never liked you, mister, and never wanted to treat you right. And now I'll just be pulling out."

His fingers played gracefully with the door handle and he smiled his brightest smile. "So long, mister. Happy to've met you. And don't be so insulting next time when you deal with high-grade guys."

The door closed with a gentle and decisive click, and William Lipp was gone, noiselessly, pleasantly, into the chaos of his life.

For a moment the old gent looked at the door, listening intently, and then began to laugh again, louder and louder. "Oh, dear," he said, "I did not—positively I did not think he would be so stupid as all that. Oh, Ginny you'll let me call you Ginny, won't you?—he's almost as stupid as you are."

"That's enough," said Mr. Ginsberg in a louder tone. "If you think that you're going to turn me out of here without giving me something, you're mistaken, you old crab! Say, I want some money."

Mr. Higsbee's laughter subsided into a sunny smile and he stroked his woolly whiskers.

"As a matter of fact, Ginsberg," he said, "I feel more kindly toward you than I did a moment ago, purely as a result of another little achievement. Why, I did the crudest thing! I couldn't believe that boy would fall for it. I do like to try anything once though. Just before he came in I made up a little packet of paper with a bill on either side and he took it—you saw him take it—just like a little child."

Again Mr. Higsbee laughed and pulled his dressing gown about him. "Under the circumstances," he added, "you shall have what's left, Ginny. It's all been worth it."

Then he thrust his hand into his dressing-gown pocket. The smile left his ruddy face, and he also jumped as though someone had bitten him.

"Hell's bells!" he cried. "It's gone! And where's my watch? Where's my box of studs? By cricky, he's been into the top bureau drawer!"

Though the scowl had not left Mr. Ginsberg's brow, his eye began to glitter with a sort of somber triumph tinged with a reminiscent sadness. Despite the rain of Mr. Higsbee's curses, Mr. Ginsberg's thoughts seemed to wander unchecked to other times.

"Didn't I tell you," he demanded, "that Willie was a nifty boy?"

But just then his words trailed off. Mr. Ginsberg felt in his own pockets and his expression also changed.

CARDS, IF ANY

(Continued from Page 17)

"As I understand it," says Velvet, "to create sales you must first create a demand."

"Be brilliant, boy," I snaps, "be brilliant."

"How," inquires Bennington, "do you propose to create your demand?"

"That's easy," says I. "You don't care what price I peddle these decks at, do you?"

"The price doesn't matter," comes back Velvet, "but I don't want these cards bought just because they're cheap."

"What do you want?" I asks, sarcastic. "A bonus for frescoing the backs of 'em?"

"Create a demand," says he, "that's based on a lack—a complete lack. It would annoy me considerable and offend my artistic sense if my works of vertu were to be thrown careless on a shelf and mixed with the garden variety of pasteboards."

"How soon," I inquires, "do you expect to follow me?"

"Within a week," answers Bennington.

"When you arrive at the first stop," says I, slow and significant, "you'll be welcomed by a committee of old friends of yours, companions of your sick-room hours. They'll be in files of fifty-two and there won't be a strange face among 'em."

"All right," grins Velvet, "but don't be crude."

"How," I wants to know, "does one be crude?"

As a matter of fact, I'd been working for days on schemes for planting the decks so they'd do the most good. Naturally, there'd be no percentage for Bennington in my selling fifty or sixty packs to a storekeeper who had a supply of a hundred or more on hand. It might be months before he got around to disposing of our stuff, and a quick clean-up is the essential of any first-class grift.

By the time I'm ready to hop a rattler I've got a general plan all set, leaving details to conditions at the different camps. I'm too old a bird to figure you can sit in New York and build a house that'll fit on a lot in Colorado that you've never seen.

"After the salting's done," says I to Velvet, "I'll swing back and see how you're making out with your applied art."

"Sure," he returns; "but remember, wherever you see me, you don't know me."

"All right," I agrees; "but after the rake-in, don't forget that you do know me."

"Don't you trust me?" barks Bennington.

"With my life," I assures him, prompt, "on any thirtieth of any February."

With a trunkful of cards and a few other things, I arrives at Swift River—the first halt on the shakedown circuit—a couple of weeks before Christmas and on the tail of a blizzard. It's a typical mushroom mining town, with a gulch for the main street. On this Broadway are eight or ten saloons, a general store and a bunch of pine boards that goes for a hotel. I gets on the job pronto, first feeling out the bird that runs the flop house for the lay of the land.

"What's your line, partner?" he inquires, after I leaves the proper opening.

"Drummer," I tells him.

"Machinery?" he asks.

"No," says I, "small stuff—razors, knives, pipes, playing cards and such like. How long'll it take me to cover the trade in this place?"

"Well," returns the hotel keep, "if you was to stick a gun in Joe Giffel's face you'd have all the trade in Swift River covered. He's got the only store in town."

"How about you," I persists, "and the saloons? Don't you handle playing cards, for instance?"

"Nope," says he. "We get everything from Joe and he goes to Denver for his truck. Outside of the mine-machinery man, you're the only drummer I've ever seen here."

Five minutes later I flags a kid from the porch of the hotel and sends him to Giffel's for five packs of cards. In an hour I duplicates the performance with another boy. The third youngster, dispatched toward evening for four decks, returns with two.

"That's all they had," he explains. "Giffel hasn't been able to go to Denver this week on account of the storm."

My first day's work is done. At night I drifts over to the Silver Dollar and joins the kibitzers around a poker game that is a poker game. It's table stakes and the bets range from fifty to five hundred iron men. There isn't a piece of paper or a chip in sight—nothing but gold and silver.

As far as I can judge, it's just a friendly game made up of honest miners. Though I'm no great shakes at cards myself, I can isolate a sharper as far as I can see his fingers. These Silver Dollar lads have pick-and-shovel dimples on their digits and they handle the pasteboards with all the grace and adroitness of an old bachelor holding a set of twins with the colic. Besides, every man jack of 'em is drinking high and heavy. What a spot for Velvet and his transparent cards! What a spot!

"Want to take a hand, stranger?" I'm invited when one of the players staggers off, busted.

"Not this evening," says I; but I'm certainly glad to learn that there's no feeling against outsiders horning in on the local pastime.

The next morning I loads up a suitcase and goes a-calling on the trade. Selling

(Continued on Page 117)

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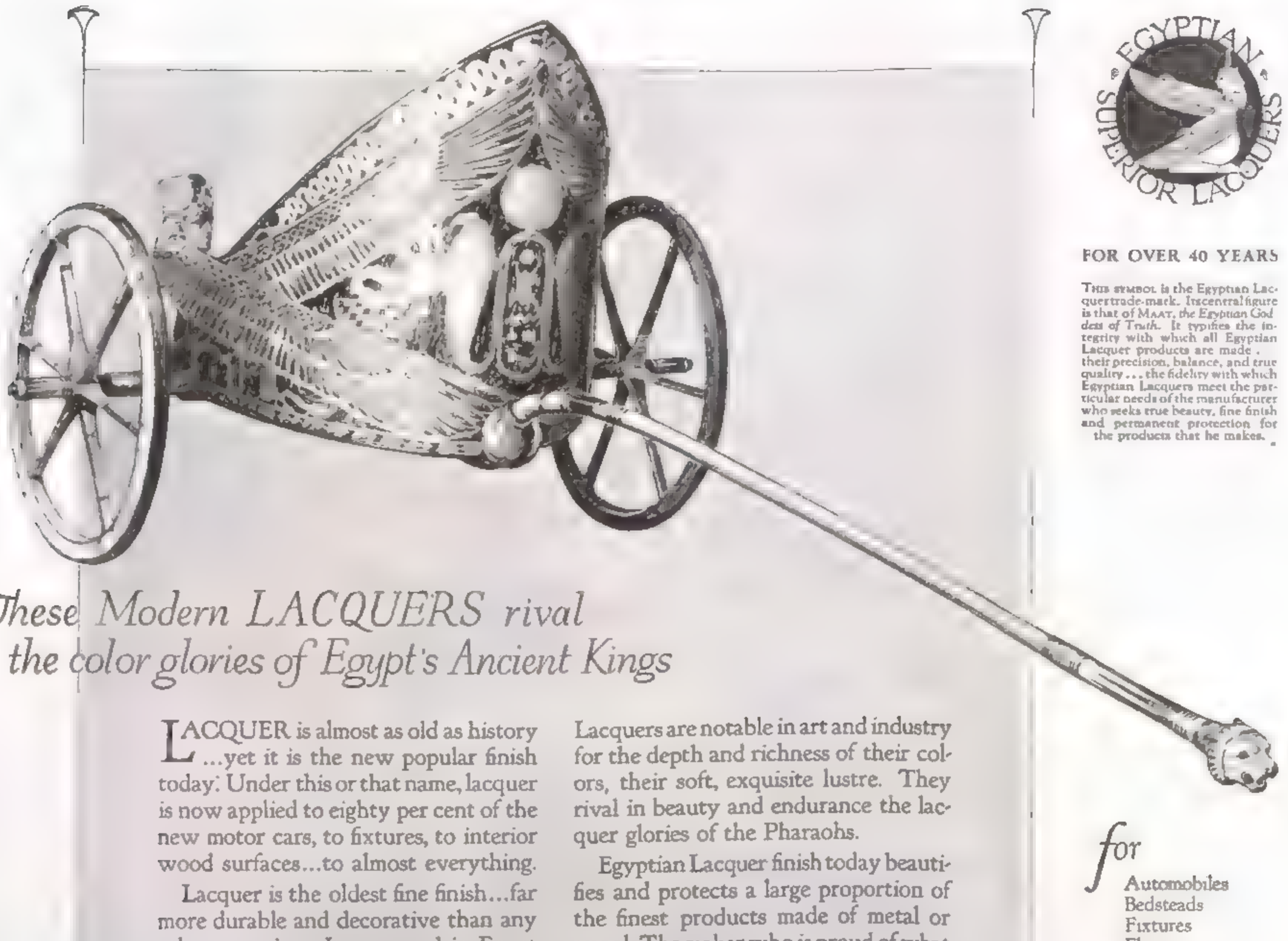

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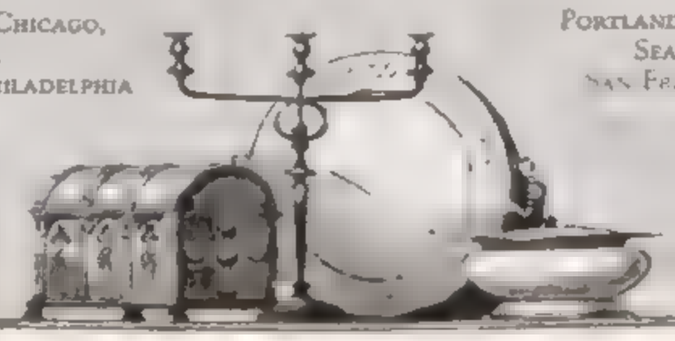

There is unusual charm and interest in the new booklet we have prepared—"Ancient and Modern Egyptian Lacquers." We will gladly send you a copy. Please address the New York office

(Continued from Page 115)

Giffel's like getting an actor to tell you how good he is. It's that difficult. I starts by unloading some razors and pipes on the merchant prince and finishes by letting him persuade me to peddle him six dozen decks of cards.

Within an hour I'm on my way to Murphy's Flats, the next scheduled station on the Come On and Get Trimmed R. R. Though I don't get the same breaks there and the last two stops that I had at Swift River, still, I do my stuff easy enough.

I have the blizzard to thank mostly. For two weeks it had raged through the section, giving the miners nothing to do but wear out cards and the storekeeps no chance of getting to Denver to renew their stocks. I'd been just lucky enough to get the first stagecoach into the Leadville district since the storm started.

In eight days I'm back in Swift River with an empty trunk and the feeling of chastity that comes from labor well performed. As I registers again at the Miner's Rest, I notices a name sprawling among the flyspecks—Henry R. Douglas, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

It's Velvet's writing. He's not around the hotel, but it being quite late at night, I have an idea where to find him. I hies me to the Silver Dollar.

Sure enough, there's the little playmate, diked out like a miner, sitting behind a couple of tall, rangy stacks of gold and silver. My next look is at the deck in use. It's one of our own hand-tooled packs.

Bennington glances up and sees me, but no more recognition passes between us than would between Mrs. Glimish and the dame who swiped her cook.

"And a hundred," says Velvet, tossing out five double eagles. "Let's keep out the grocery clerks."

"Also the truck gardeners," returns a whiskered lad opposite, whom I'd heard the boys call Rusty the week before. He tilts the pot another century. Everybody else drops.

I tries to read Rusty's hand from where I'm standing, but he's squeezing the papers so tight and there's so much smoke swirling about the table that I haven't a chance. Velvet's mitt I can see face to face. He's got an inside straight to draw to—a hell of a thing you'd say to go into a raising spree over, but not so foolish when you happen to know that the card you want is sitting on top of the deck and you get the first draw.

After one more hoist, Rusty calls. Bennington asks for a card, and even before the dealer flips it over I know it's the six that's necessary to turn a bust into a sequence. Whiskers takes two, but they're grabbed too quickly for me to identify.

The bet's passed to Velvet, and without hesitation he topples his yellow stack into the center of the table—five hundred smackers.

"You bluffing," asks Rusty, "or did you fill her in?"

"I'm on a limb," replies Bennington cheerfully, "but I can beat that pair of jacks and the kicker you're holding."

The local lad hesitates, counts out the five centuries, toys with 'em a while and then with a sudden movement mingles 'em with Velvet's bet. "Three bullets," he announces at the same time.

"Not enough by one," says the Cheyenne kid, facing up his straight.

For an hour I watches the game. Velvet wins steadily, of course. So would you if you knew what the opposish held, half the time before they knew it themselves. Disgusted players kept shouting for new decks, but that made about as much difference to Bennington as the price of pianos does to a wall-eyed pike.

Rusty has a lucky run of cards, and what he loses to Velvet he gets back from the other draw addicts. By midnight he and the visiting girl from Wyoming have about all the loose change in Swift River between them, and then the fun starts. Bennington opens on a pair of kings and Whiskers stays, the three other lads lingering along in the game not being keen to put up fifty dollars for a draw against the two high-stack men. Both take three cards, and I can hardly stifle a gasp when I sees Velvet squeeze two more K boys out of his hand. Four kings!

I'd long ago given up trying to read the backs through the smoke and I've no idea what the dealer'd done for Rusty. With Bennington's mitt it didn't seem to make much difference.

"One hundred," says Velvet, tossing out the coin. Just a teaser, I figures, to give Whiskers the impression that the opener hadn't been improved.

"And the stack," drawls Rusty, pushing forward all the gold and silver before him. "Thirty-one hundred dollars," he announces, after a count.

"You win," yawns Bennington, and throws down his hand.

"I'm damned!" grits the miner, showing up his mitt. "Four aces—and not a play. What were your openers?" he demands.

A lad sitting next to Bennington turns over Velvet's cards, exposing the four kings and an eight of diamonds. Rusty gazes at the layout with narrowing eyes, then turns a mean pair of lamps on the side kick.

"Stranger," says he, "it ain't possible, is it, that you know more about these cards than we do?"

I get a sudden cold feeling around the middle, but Velvet doesn't seem to be fazed any.

"I probably play 'em better than the rest of you," he comes back coolly.

"It's natural enough," goes on Whiskers, "for a galoot to have a lucky streak and win steady like you done tonight, but it ain't so natural for a man to run with four kings. Mind telling me why you dropped 'em?"

"Not at all," returns Bennington genially. "I didn't figure 'em worth a three-thousand-dollar bet."

"You didn't happen to know," pursues Rusty, "that there were four bullets out against you, did you?"

"The liquor," comes back Velvet, "that they sell in these Leadville camps is terrible."

Rusty's hand drops to his belt. "I'm thinking some," says he, "of getting myself a manicure next time I go to Denver. Let's see how your fingers are fixed up, will you?"

You get the racket, don't you? It used to be an old trick among the grifters to have their nails sharpened before sitting in on a game. After eight or ten rounds they'd have every ace and picture in the deck marked. Then, when they'd get the deal, they'd of course know the identity of every high card that passed from under their hands.

With a laugh, Velvet spreads out his pudgy fingers. The way his nails are cut round and close he couldn't have scratched a roll of butter. The expression on Rusty's face concedes that.

"Now you listen to me," snaps Bennington. "First of all, let me call your attention to the fact that this is a new deck that you yourself put into the game a minute ago, and that you dealt those four aces to yourself."

"What do you mean?" snarls Rusty.

"You dealt, didn't you?" barks Velvet.

"Yes," admits Whiskers; "but ——"

"And," cuts in Bennington, "you gave me the four kings, didn't you?" Rusty mumbles something I don't get. "I'm a stranger here," goes on Velvet, "but I'll leave it to your friends. If there was any cheating, who was in a better position to do it—you or me? Ever hear of a crook framing to give himself the low hand?"

There's no answer, but the mob at the table looks questioningly at Whiskers.

"You're just a rotten loser," snaps Bennington, "and I'm through with selling platers." He takes his coin to the bar, gets it traded in for a roll of greenies and departs, leaving the crestfallen Rusty talking to himself. A few minutes later I joins Velvet in his room at the hotel.

"Narrow squeak, that," I remarks.

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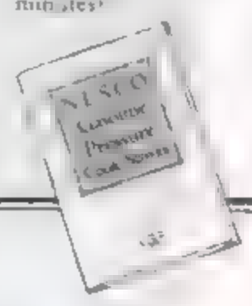

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"Narrow nix," scoffs Bennington. "That poor goop forgot that he dealt the hand himself; also that card sharps don't pull losing hands out of their sleeves. He'll probably spend the rest of his life trying to convince the home boys that he's not a slicker himself."

"Not to change the subject," says I, changing it, "how about splitting the gravy?"

"When we finish up with the camps," returns Velvet.

"I'd rather have mine now," I tells him, blunt.

"Who," yelps Bennington, "ever heard of a corporation declaring a dividend every time it made a sale?"

"You're not bonded," says I, "and this stockholder wants to be paid as he goes."

"Well," snaps Velvet, "you're not going to be. What do you think of that?"

"This," I comes back: "You'll divvy right now or I'll spill the works."

"Go on," urges Bennington jovially. "Tell the boys you've been salting the town with talking decks. Go on. I'll make the necessary arrangements to have your body cut down." That gives me pause. "Here," says Velvet, "is five hundred smacks for expenses. After we finish up with Quartztown, I'll split fifty-fifty with you on the net as I promised. All right with you?"

"You'd better be," I growls.

III

VELVET goes through Murphy's Flat and Lodesburg like a tramp through a free lunch. It takes two days to distill all the jack out of the flat and one more to get the burg down to the cloth. The merry spirit of Christmas, only a week or so away, is practically ruined for those camps.

However, I'm not a bit happy. I'm convinced that Bennington's already ordered the double-cross he's going to slip in my stocking and I can't figure out any way to make him come clean with the swag. If I let out a yelp and expose the play, I don't get any dough, and besides I gamble on a swell chance of being ridden out of town on a rail, festooned with bitumen and adorned with the plumage of barnyard fowls. The fact that Velvet would be astride an adjoining sapling doesn't make the spectacle much more attractive to me.

Bennington, I estimates, is at least thirty grand to the good when we reaches Quartztown, the Jerusalem of our crusade. Here's where we expect the big killing. Quartztown is the richest camp in the whole section and card play is supposed to reach heights unknown in less favored communities.

While Velvet rests in preparation for the large nights ahead, I takes a stroll about town. During the walk I tries to think up a scheme for forcing a show-down with him; but all I develop is a thirst, so I drifts into the Silver Mountain for a snifter. The first face I sees at the bar is familiar.

"As I live and linger," I exclaims, "if it isn't Honest Dan Carmody!"

"The Weasel!" he shouts. "Come on up and wet your whiskers."

Carmody's a gambler I used to train with long before I hooked up with Velvet, about as crafty a lad with cards and dice as you wouldn't care to meet. I think he got the monniker "Honest Dan" from the fact that when his mother died she had all her gold teeth in her mouth. However, he'd always toted fair with me.

"How's tricks?" I inquires.

"Nice," says Carmody. "The cards have been running good for me lately."

"Been here long?" I asks.

"Couple of days," he returns. "There's some sweet poker over at the Rest."

"Listen," says I, with sudden inspiration, "what could you do in a game where the back of every card snitched on the front?"

"Marked decks?" he sniffs. "How you going to work 'em in?"

"They're in," I tells him. "There isn't a pack in town that I can't tell you how to read."

"Tell me," says Honest Dan.

"See that deck over on the table there?" I points. "Pick it up and follow me into that little room."

Carmody does, and I gets right down to business, giving him only a general idea of the scheme at first. When he gets good and interested, I makes my proposition.

"Fifty-fifty," says I, "on the total haul."

"Cheap at the price," comes back Dan, and his eyes glitter. "It's a go."

I spends two hours explaining the markings on the cards to Carmody. He's a bright boy at such things and tumbles fast. "Beautiful," he enthuses; "but I don't see how I'm going to cut your friend Bennington away from his roll. He can read my hands, can't he?"

"Not if you snatch 'em from the dealer fast enough," says I, "and squeeze 'em tight enough. But that's not the point. Here's an ace," I goes on, taking one from the deck, "and here's a nine. The marks are the same—one of 'em has 'em in the upper right-hand corner, the other in the lower left. A nine held upside down becomes an ace, and vice versa."

"I got you," grins Dan; "but——"

"You haven't forgotten how to deal, have you?" I cuts in.

"No," answers Carmody; "but the patrons of the game here are no suckers. However, I might be able to slip over a nifty or two when the smoke gets thick and the boys get loggy."

"You may not even have to," says I. "You're bound to get some nines and aces in your hand at the right time if you play long enough. You've got to get Velvet for me if it takes weeks. Understand?"

"I'm going over to my room to study," announces Dan, rising. "See you tonight."

I'm pretty well pleased with myself. Even if Carmody doesn't make a bum out of Bennington, I hold a fifty-fifty interest in the winnings of two players and I figure I'm bound to cash in on one of them. What could be sweeter?

Velvet can hardly wait to beat it to the Rest when I tells him about the big game there and the bird I'd met at the Silver Mountain with a roll to wager thick enough to choke an ox. About eight o'clock we treks over, and after the usual look around to see that our own decks are in play, Velvet takes a hand. Carmody's already there, but he's wise enough not to know me.

For hours nothing happens of interest. Both Bennington and Honest Dan win steadily, but not a dime from each other. At three in the morning the game's still going and I'm about ready to duck to the hay when the fireworks are set off.

The deck is passed to Carmody to deal, and I never saw anybody distribute cards so fast. I'm standing behind Velvet and I notices that the pasteboards have come to him upside down. I glances quick toward Dan, but he makes no sign. He's busy straightening out his mitt below the table edge.

Two players pass, and Bennington, with a pair of kings, opens. Carmody stays, and one other lad. All of 'em draw three cards, Velvet pulling in another king and a pair of sevens—a full hand. Apparently not much chance of a heavy play against two three-card buyers.

"Three hundred," says Bennington, shoving out the gold checks. The local lad drops.

"Three and three," retorts Dan. "My two pair are as good as yours."

I tries to flash Carmody's hand, but despite the fact he's got 'em spread loose and wide, the smoke's too much for me. Besides, I'd had a few drinks.

"Would a grand interest you?" inquires Velvet, tossing out fifty double eagles.

"Mildly," comes back Dan, covering the thousand and adding another fifteen hundred. "Too bad," he adds. "That's all I have on the table."

"Don't let that annoy you," remarks Bennington politely. "You can go in the kick if you want to."

"Thanks," says Carmody, and jerks a roll of bills out of an inside pocket. "There's twenty-eight grand there," he announces, calm, and throws 'em on the heap of metal in the center.

Smiling gently, Velvet pulls out his leather and strips it clean. "You'll have to draw down five hundred," says he. "I can't quite meet your bet."

"All right," returns Honest Dan, pulling the amount out of the pot. "What have you?"

"Nothing but a king full," smiles Bennington, laying the hand and reaching.

"This is Tuesday night," says Carmody, also reaching, "and never does a king full beat an ace full on Tuesday night."

Velvet's mouth opens wide and he gazes with glassy eyes at the three cuters and pair of jacks set before him.

"I thought——" he mumbles, and stops.

I know what he thought. He thought three upside-down aces in Carmody's mitts were nines.

"Just a minute," snarls Bennington, suddenly coming out of his dope and grabbing Dan's money hand. "The game's crooked. These cards are marked. Look!" And he points out his own handiwork on some pasteboards in the discard.

Something tells me I don't belong in the inquiry that's about to follow and I departs hastily.

As I reaches the door the lights go out and there's a shot. I'm on my mark and I go.

Two weeks later, in Denver, I runs into Carmody on the street. "Anybody killed that night?" I asks him.

"Nope," he answers, short.

"Get the money?" I goes on.

"I got my money," returns Honest Dan, kind of cold.

"How about my split?" I inquires.

"On your way, Weasel," he snaps, and ducks into a saloon, leaving me flat.

Served me right. An honest lad's got no business with double-crossing crooks.

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Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

CHIVALRY IS NOT DEAD

(Continued from Page 15

expansive personality for making friends, a generous expense account to spend, and when a little inevitable work had to be done, Miss Deming to do it.

"You haven't got a job, boy," other men would say enviously: "you've got an allowance."

Phillips would grin his wide, engaging grin, and might permit himself the faintest shade of self-satisfaction.

"Well, I've learned how to delegate most of the drudgery," he would admit.

Just a kid, of course. He presented his semi-social activities to his wife, to his assistant, doubtless even to himself, as considerable of a bore, which he must put up with good-naturedly for the sake of business. The truth of the matter was that he loved them. He hadn't outgrown expensive luncheon places and night clubs and football games. Why, he hadn't even outgrown fooling himself. Just a kid.

The clients, most of them well beyond the age of being easily fooled, would have realized this long before now, if it hadn't been for Claire. If it hadn't been for Claire, Phillips would have made every one of the mistakes of the youngster who steps right out of college into a job that he isn't really ready to fill. He came forward with one after another of the suggestions that nine beginners out of every ten present. Fortunately he usually presented them to Claire first.

Sky writing, for instance. Every amateur at advertising wants to write his product in the sky. Phillips came in from luncheon, having watched, with some thousands of interested others, an aeroplane, with a trail of smoke, writing the name of a new cigarette across the heavens.

"I'm going to suggest that stunt to the Snow people," he declared enthusiastically. "Have the plane fly over Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street around one o'clock. Thousands and thousands of people would see it."

Claire did not trouble herself to be tactful. "And do you think many of them would be moved to go and buy a cake of Snow Beauty Soap?" she asked.

"But this cigarette ——" Phillips began aggrievedly, producing from his overcoat pocket a packet of the new brand, to prove that at least one person had been moved to go and buy it.

"A cigarette is entirely different," Claire said. "A man looks up and notices the new name in the sky, thinks: 'Oh, I need some more smokes,' and stops in the next tobacco store and buys a package. That's all right. But Snow Beauty Soap is a quality product. It sells for thirty-five cents a cake. A woman who is going to try to improve her complexion, even if it costs her three times what she usually pays for a cake of soap, isn't likely to look up in the sky to see which brand to buy."

When Phillips actually attended a conference with a big client, he went supported by the genial friendliness which he had created himself, but armed also with copy which Claire had written and wisdom which she had slowly, and with years of alert effort, learned. Naturally he made an excellent impression. The common opinion, both inside the Miller Agency and out, was that young Phillips was a brilliant young comer.

About his assistant there was no common opinion at all. Few people knew even that she existed. Her position was as negative and unnoticeable as the plain dark, undistinguished dresses which she always wore in the office.

Claire herself knew this, of course. But she didn't mind. She was biding her time. She could be patient and pleasant about it because she was so sure. There is nothing like certainty for giving poise. Claire knew that living on borrowed wisdom is like living on borrowed money. It works very well for a while, but the day of reckoning is sure to come.

The last of October Claire knew suddenly that the time was at hand. Phillips announced one morning that the firm wanted him to make a six-weeks' trip of investigation out through the Middle West. He was delighted with the idea; he had friends, college mates, scattered from Detroit to Kansas City.

"Of course, I'm just supposed to be checking up on our products, but I shouldn't be surprised to come back with a new account or two. I've got the right contacts, and what I haven't got I can make," he told Claire.

He had been out with one of his local contacts till two the night before, and was engaged to lunch with another shortly, so he was a bit abstracted when Claire asked him about the new Wing magazine schedule.

"You tend to that, Miss Deming," he said. "I've got to put in a long-distance up to New Haven. I told Wing I thought I could land him a couple of tickets for the big game."

Claire drew a series of triangles on the edge of her desk blotter. Then she looked up.

"Don't you think," she asked, "that a magazine schedule is more important to the Wing Company than a couple of football tickets?"

It wouldn't be fair, she felt, to go ahead as she was planning, without warning Phillips.

He smiled indulgently. "Not necessarily," he said. "Not necessarily at all. Why, Miss Deming," his voice took on the tone of pleasant condescension of a genial father explaining square root to his little girl—"Miss Deming, some of the biggest business deals of this country are put over in the country-club locker room."

"So I've often heard," said Claire dryly. She paused uncertainly for a moment or two. Then: "An account has got to be held after you get it," she said. "And there's a lot about holding an account that can't be done in a country-club locker room."

Phillips gave his long-distance number to the operator. "I haven't failed to hold any account yet," he said, with the faintest hint of irritation in his pleasant voice.

Claire's pause this time was longer. She had to go on though. She must give him a definite warning or she would never feel right about what she was going to do. "You would have lost more than one of them," she said flatly, "if it hadn't been for me."

The warning didn't take. Mr. Phillips merely raised his eyebrows in rebuking silence. Even with a genial chief, that expression said warningly, a subordinate could go too far.

"You have handled your part of the work very satisfactorily, Miss Deming," he said coldly. "But after all, you know it's your job to. If I couldn't turn over the details to you and know that they would be well handled, you wouldn't be worth your salary."

Claire did not answer. But after that she felt no further compunctions about what she intended to do.

After all what she did during the next two weeks before Phillips left was nothing. Purely negative. She continued to attend to the office routine of details. When Phillips turned over the copy to her to be written, she wrote it as well as she was able.

But she did nothing more. Beyond the definite duties of an assistant, she did not go one step. In all department matters which lay outside her province, she simply turned off her wisdom, like turning off a faucet. Psychically, she withdrew, leaving Mr. Phillips to stand on his own feet.

It was a bad time to do this. Phillips was engrossed in plans for his trip, dictating lengthy letters to men he knew in the various towns and cities he was to cover, planning routes. He was busy, too, with the business friends he was to leave behind. There was still good golfing, which cut down his time in the office; he drank a little too much on one or two evening festivities, which left him rather limp the following days.

There were a dozen men he had to lunch with before he left. Naturally such layouts as he actually planned were done hurriedly and wearily; the little copy that he wrote was done when he was at tag ends of energy.

It was unfortunate for him that one of his biggest clients should be at this time facing rather troubling problems of expansion. The Snow Beauty Soap people were considering putting out a new shaving cream. There were all the questions of size, sampling, distribution to be considered. Phillips went to the conferences a bit heavy eyed, preoccupied. Claire would obediently supply him in advance with the varied statistics which he asked her to look up. She gave these to him without comment.

Now statistics are excellent food, but they must be slowly and thoughtfully digested; they are nothing but useless figures until they have been turned into the muscle and vigor of thought. During these past two weeks Phillips had neither time nor energy for the slow digestive processes. He gobbled up the statistics hastily before he was due at a conference, and showed up as ill prepared as a runner who had stuffed down a half-dozen beefsteaks fifteen minutes before to give him strength for a race.

He must have felt some faint atmosphere of disappointment at these meetings because the last day, before he left, he got down to business, and in hurried travail brought forth an inspiration. There was no conference scheduled for that day and he had a luncheon date with young Wing, so he had no opportunity to present his idea in person. He outlined it, however, in a long and enthusiastic letter. Claire busied herself with an arrangement of cuts while he was dictating.

After the stenographer had left the office, however, Phillips elaborated his idea still further for Claire's benefit. Ever since her tactless remark to him, he had maintained a slightly aloof air to his assistant, but he forgot this now in the excitement of his new idea.

"I wish I'd got in in time with that first plan," he said. "Making the little individual cakes of soap and selling them to the hotels. Sorry the other fellow beat us to it on those. It's a slick scheme for circulating samples of your product and actually being paid to do it. Still, though, mine is really a better idea than that when you come down to it. It's got more scope. Have a small metal case—a sort of slot machine—with all the Snow products—soap, tooth paste, shampoo, shaving cream each in a little package that will come out like gum when you put in a nickel or a dime or whatever we decide on. Why, anybody, man or woman, would be tickled to death to find one of those in a hotel bathroom. And we'll get a rich design for the case, so that the hotels will be glad to place them in their bathrooms."

Claire said nothing; merely listening politely.

"Think what that would mean!" Phillips went on, growing more enthusiastic with every word. "Get a case like that in every bathroom in the best hotels in every city. Think what that would mean in introducing the Snow products to more and more people. And it wouldn't cost a red cent. In fact, we ought to be able to work it out on a system where it would be a profitable line in itself. How's that for killing two birds with one stone?"

His concluding question was not a question at all. Merely a rhetorical flourish requiring no answer. Claire made none. Quietly she took his orders to cover his absence. He would keep in touch with things, he said, of course; but some details might come up which she would have to attend to. Were there any questions she wanted to ask him before he left. No, Claire said, she thought she understood anything that would be likely to come up.

With the departure of Phillips a great quiet seemed to settle upon the office. In the peace of it Claire felt that she had twice as much time as before. No longer was it necessary for her to write a piece of hook-and-eye copy, closing her ears to Phillips, speaking into the telephone, good-naturedly ragging the winner in last night's poker game. She did not have to make an important layout to the accompaniment of dictated, joshing letters, time her consultations with her superior between luncheon dates and golf games. Peace and solitude and quiet. Claire could really get to work.

She tackled the Wing dishwasher first. Immediately after Christmas the holiday type of advertising would have to cease. Something must be ready to take its place. Before Mr. Phillips had left they had decided which magazines to use, and Claire drew absent-minded triangles on her yellow scratch paper as she studied over the circulation statements of the various magazines. Claire knew how to use statistics.

There was the popular Women's Interests. Fifty per cent of its subscribers, a recent careful survey stated, were college graduates. Eighty-five per cent did their own housework.

"Did You Go to College to Learn to Wash Dishes?"

That was the right angle of approach, she felt sure. She wrote one head after another, considered expertly the relative values.

"Were You Trained to be a Dishwasher?"

"Is Your Time Worth Twenty Cents an Hour?"

"You Don't Shine Your Own Shoes—Why Wash Your Own Dishes?"

"Your Husband Isn't Doing Office Boy's Work—Why Are You?"

She was working over these when young Wing dropped in at the office. He had been out of town when Phillips left; did she happen to know what luck Phillips had had about tickets for the game?

Claire made use of the call to show Wing what she had been working on. His interest caught fire at once; he stayed an hour and a half discussing the dishwasher, and then left, forgetting to ask a second time about the football tickets.

Three days later Miss Deming was invited to attend a staff conference of the Wing Electrical Home Equipment Company. It was the beginning, and Claire knew it.

Sartorially speaking it was a different young woman who arrived at the agency the morning of the conference. Gone was the nondescript dark office dress, which had done very well till now; gone, the quiet, plain hat, the serviceable coat which had always looked like an underpaid assistant's coat. Her new suit was plain and dark too. But plain with the expert deceptive plainness of a master tailor. Dark with the distinguished darkness of expensive material, knife-edged pleats. Her shoes were trim, obviously well-made, her gloves soft, loose-fitting, immaculate. She was marceled and manicured. Her hat had cost twenty-five dollars, and looked it. Claire was an advertising woman; she knew the value of personal background. A quality product had to look the part.

She attended that conference prepared. Not with any last-hour stuffing of statistics; not with a few hastily summoned abortive ideas. An athlete trained from childhood needs but little special coaching for an impending contest; his fitness for it has grown with his own growth. In the same deep-going manner Claire had been preparing for this opportunity for six years.

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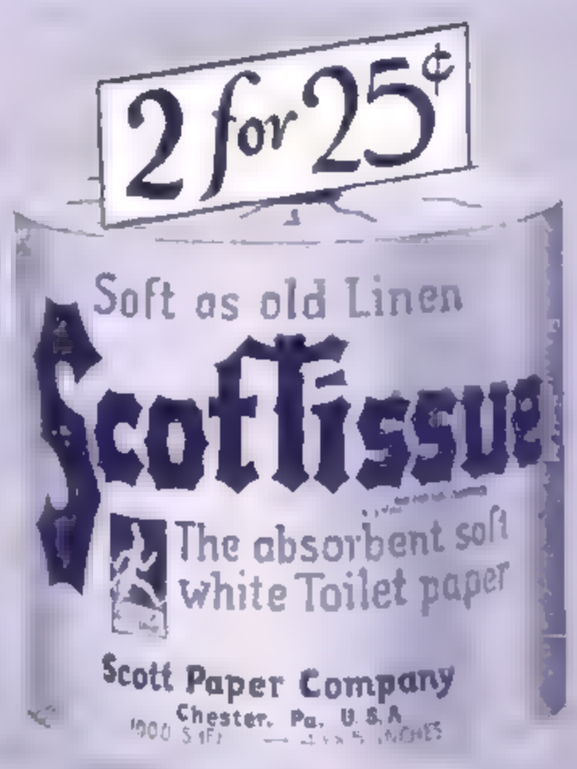


Soothingly soft
therefore cannot harm the most delicate skin

Hygienically clean
therefore absolutely safe, even for children

Quickly absorbent
therefore the most economical tissue to use

Uniform texture
therefore never varies in quality or appearance

That's why—

67 million rolls of ScotTissue products

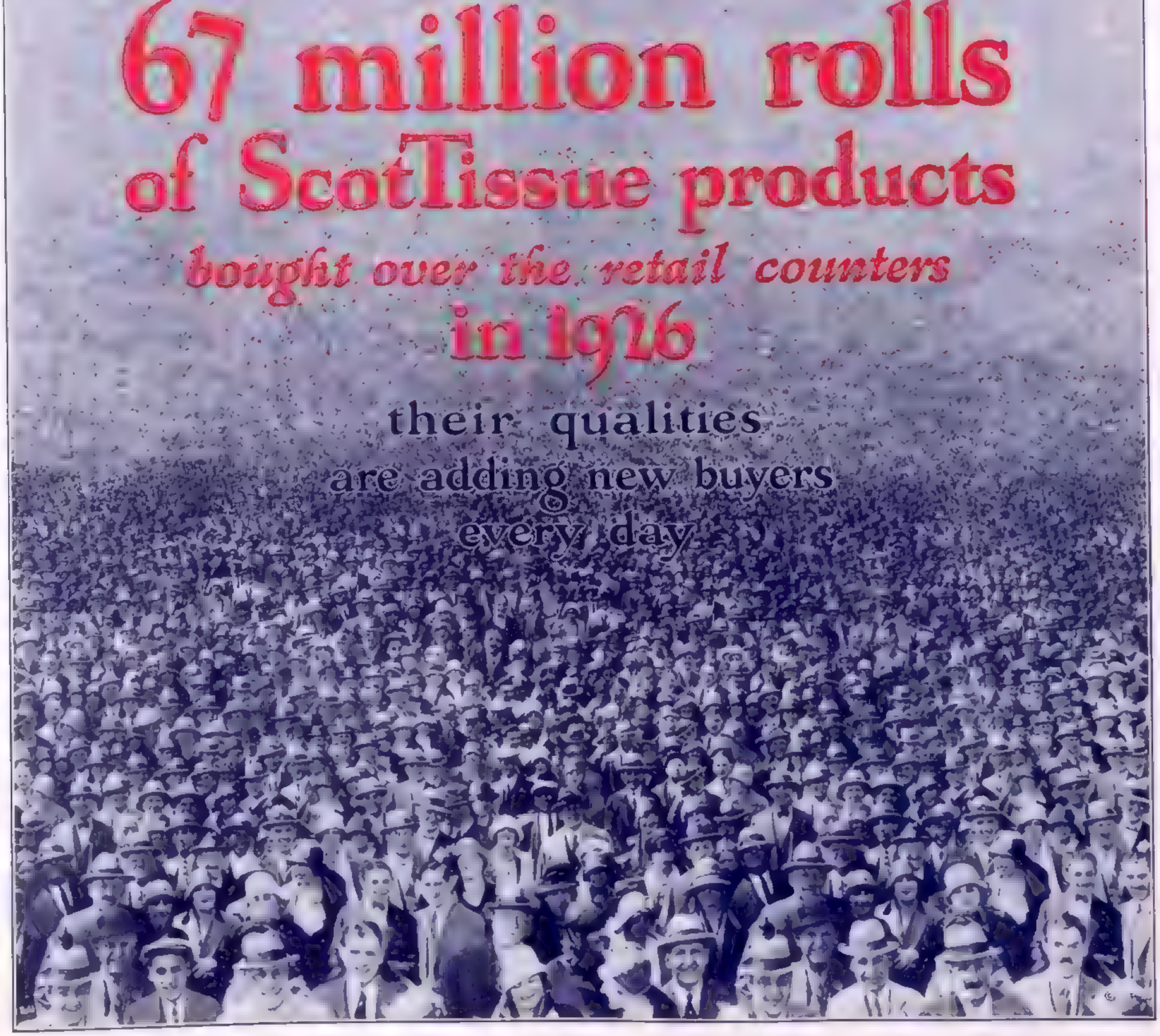
bought over the retail counters

in 1916

their qualities

are adding new buyers

every day



THE BELFRY
Ghent, Belgium

IN CONTRAST with the Broadmoor Hotel at Colorado Springs (below), the storied Belfry at Ghent (at left) was 156 years in building, 1183-1339. The Broadmoor is of reinforced concrete, finished in stucco made with Atlas White. Warren & Wetmore, New York, were the architects; James Stewart & Co., Inc., were the general contractors.

ATLAS

Main Offices: NEW YORK *and* ST. LOUIS · · BIRMINGHAM · DES MOINES · BOSTON

ATLAS *Pioneered in Giving Beauty as well as Economy to Concrete*

CONCRETE makes safe construction possible on a gigantic scale, while its economy spares money for adornment. In perfecting the manufacture of this great building material to meet the needs and visions of an expanding age, the *Atlas Portland Cement Company* has pioneered:

First, by the development in 1895 of the rotary kiln, which produced cement of uniform quality, multiplied output a hundred fold and still keeps cement lower in price than 30 years ago.

Second, by so increasing mill and storage capacities that the 8,250,000 barrels of *Atlas* used in the Panama Canal were shipped without disturbing regular deliveries.

Third, by creating in *Atlas White* a true Portland cement, pure white, with all the strength of *Atlas* gray. *Atlas White* gives architects and builders a medium through which an endless range of interesting colors and textures can be secured.

Thus *Atlas* service is rounded out; architectural and structural requirements are both fulfilled; huge masses and delicate details can be shaped with equal ease in *Atlas.*

These advantages are illustrated in the contrast pictured on the opposite page. The historic old Belfry at Ghent, 156 years in building, would cost heavily in time, labor and money, if erected today. In the famous Broadmoor Hotel at Colorado Springs, speed and economy were secured with modern materials: beauty was added through stucco made with *Atlas White.*

Thus *Atlas,* the most adaptable of building materials, strikes a practical balance today between beauty and economic value.

Write us for information about Lumnite, the cement which gives full *28-day strength in 24 hours*—a product of our affiliated company

THE STANDARD BY WHICH ALL OTHER MAKES ARE MEASURED

The ATLAS DEALER *Adds Service to Savings in Distributing Building Materials*

More than any other merchant, your Building Material Dealer is a vital factor in the community's development. The character of his trade and his service set him apart.

The grocer, the druggist, the department store and all established retailers add to the city's growth. But the Building Material Dealer is a pioneer, necessary to its actual construction, before other merchants can begin to trade.

To an unusual degree, he acts as purchasing agent for the entire community. Demand for his merchandise rises and falls with the seasons. To meet peak requirements, stocks must be accumulated. His relative investment is heavy.

Because architects, contractors and property owners expect prompt deliveries as their needs arise, it is the Dealer's task to forecast their wants and gather adequate supplies, or find dependable sources to draw on. Every customer puts his own job first, so your Dealer must plan for all.

Quantity is not his sole anxiety. Quality and value are absolute essentials in everything he sells. His customers are neighbors; his products must stand up under hard usage or his prestige as merchant and citizen suffers.

In the cement field, he solves these problems by supplying *Atlas Portland Cement.* For thirty years *Atlas* has been the highest quality of Portland cement it is possible to manufacture. And *Atlas* making and distributing facilities, with storage greater than America's entire output in 1905, insure reserves equal to any demand, anywhere, at any season.

See your *Atlas* dealer for information on any ordinary type of concrete construction. Let the *Atlas* technical department solve your difficult problems. Write The Atlas Portland Cement Company at the nearest office below.

PORTLAND CEMENT GRAY & WHITE

CHICAGO · KANSAS CITY · OMAHA · BUFFALO · PHILADELPHIA · JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

At peace with the world

PEACE and contentment, I say, are not a matter of how much money you have accumulated. They come with a clear conscience, good health, and the right companionship. No comrades mean more to me today than my trusty pipe and good old Prince Albert.

I start the day with a pipe in my mouth and a song in my heart. It has been like that for a good many years now. Before I settled upon Prince Albert as the one and only tobacco for me, I had "played around," as you young fellows say, with many brands.

I think it was the rich, rare fragrance of P. A. in the tidy red tin that spurred me to try a load of it in my pipe. I found the taste more than matched that wonderful aroma. It was cool. It was sweet. It was mild . . . mild, yet completely and delightfully satisfying.

Perhaps a leaf from my book of experience will set you on the road to peace and contentment. I tell you, in all seriousness, that you don't know . . . you simply can't know how much your pipe can mean to you until you have filled it with Prince Albert!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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The success of it, the surprised interest and respect of the men she faced about the highly polished directors' table, the electric thrill of feeling her own mind spark and flash to the contact, was like wine on an empty stomach. Claire came back to the Miller office fairly heady with the first sip of success.

It was an exhilaration that lasted through the days, the weeks. Fed every now and then by new and ever-increasing triumphs—trifling, petty triumphs, of course, but breath-takingly significant. Claire knew, after six years of making ready for it, her chance was here at last

A tingling enchantment was in every move she made, every thought that went flashing through her mind. She awoke mornings with no drowsy reluctance, but a quickened sense of living, an impatience to be up and at the day. Prosy, comically commonplace problems seemed worth the most serious and expert consideration. She would bring the concentration of a general planning an attack to bear upon the choice of the type face for a head. Even her sense of humor fell into line, learned to keep its proper place. Which proper place, of course, was to come along well after the work was safely done.

"Playing up to sex appeal to sell a corn cure!" she would giggle to herself; but not until the copy was safe in the hands of the printer. And when the proof would come back: "Well, anyway," she would tell herself, reassuringly, "it may be funny, but just reading that ad makes me wish I had a corn so that I could go out and buy a bottle of the cure."

For those six weeks Claire talked and thought advertising. She ate with it, taking some problem along to mull over during her inexpensive tea-room luncheon; she slept with it, taking some other problem to think about during those precious few minutes before dropping off to sleep, and if these psychologists are right,thereby dropping it down for the old subconscious to chew away at all night. A chance is a precious thing when one has prepared for it for six years

Oddly, during the first four of those weeks, Claire heard nothing from the Snow account. She handled its routine regularly, but when she had occasion to telephone the young advertising manager—one of Phillips' most valuable contacts—he seemed always to be out. As sensitive as a barometer to a coming storm, Claire finally caught, over the telephone, a vague sense of presage. There was something too evasive, too noncommittal in the answers she received.

And then one day the telephone girl answered her inquiry for Mr. Leander with the statement that Mr. Leander was not with them any more.

"Is this the Miller Agency?" the Snow switchboard girl asked.

Claire said that it was.

"Mr. Grant," said the telephone girl, "the new advertising manager, is coming in to see you sometime today."

So! So Mr. Leander, the lunched and golfed contact, the precious link between the Miller Agency and one of its best accounts, was out of the chain. Claire paused for a moment. Then:

"Will you please ask Mr. Grant to ask for Miss Deming when he comes over?" she said.

All that day Claire prepared for the interview, assembling in her mind the bits of information, of ideas, of suggestions which she had been saving for some time. It was about four when the new Snow advertising manager came in. He was a middle-aged man, authoritative, incisive of speech, with eyes like freshly sharpened pencils. No man to be bought with lunches and golf; a man shrewdly beyond being flattered. His first glance at Claire was of direct, canny appraisal. There was no genial sparring, no polite preliminaries.

"What is your idea about this new shaving cream we're figuring on?" he asked.

Claire matched his incisive brevity.

"I think," she said, "that it is a very poor thought."

"Why?"

"Because," said Claire, "all the other Snow products appeal particularly to women. The shampoo, the Snow Beauty Soap, even the tooth paste has been played up particularly from the feminine angle. Of course if you wish to go into a new field altogether and build up another product, the shaving cream might be a good one. But if, as I understand it, what you want to do is to bring out another product that can capitalize the reputation you've already got, I think it should be a product for women."

Grant considered this. "Have you any suggestion?" he asked

Had she! Claire had been working on a suggestion for weeks.

"Soap flakes," she said. "The woman who already knows the Snow products is the type of woman who wears glove-silk underwear and chiffon-silk stockings. Other soap-flake manufacturers have pretty well established the fact that that sort of clothing doesn't go in with the general laundry. The woman who uses all the other Snow products probably already buys some other brand of soap flakes. It strikes me that your market would be already fairly well established."

Grant said nothing. He was evidently a man of few words.

"Snow-white," said Claire, "would be a rather obvious name, and, I should think, a pretty good one."

As Grant was leaving he paused a moment at the door. "By the way," he said, "was that slot machine for hotel bathrooms your idea?"

"No."

"What do you think of it?"

"I think it is a splendid idea," said Claire. "But it can't be done. Some form of it has been suggested over and over again by different agencies, and the hotels have positively refused to consider it."

Grant nodded as though he already knew this. "It strikes me," he said, "that an advertising agency would do well to make sure whether an idea is feasible or not before presenting it."

Claire said nothing. She could be as chary of words as the Snow Company's new advertising manager.

Two days before Phillips was due back Mr. Miller himself came into Claire's office. It was the first time the head of the agency had honored her with a personal word. It was quite likely that he had just learned for the first time of her existence. He chatted with her for a few minutes. It was splendid work, he told her, that she had been doing on the Wing dishwasher. He spoke well, too, of three or four small accounts on which she had been working. And just before he left:

"The Snow people," he said, "have decided to switch from the shaving cream to a soap-flake line." He paused, as Grant had, in the very doorway.

"They want you," he said, "to work on that account—alone."

That was all; but after he had left, Claire sat for some time staring at her little desk calender with blurred, unseeing eyes—eyes blurred with the tears of triumph. The fruits of the triumph might still be far ahead, but they would come as surely as the autumn apple follows the spring blossom. Her chance had come and she had made good. Triumph honestly earned; waited and worked for. Triumph so sweet that it almost hurt, sharply poignant. Being a woman Claire was entitled to a few burning tears.

But it was closing time, so she brushed them away, slid into her new coat, drew her smart new hat down closely over her sleek, smart shingle. When she reached the office-building doorway she saw that it was snowing. The street lamps blurred softly through the whirling flakes, gay Christmas shoppers hurried by, shop windows were scarlet and gold. Claire looked out into a world that seemed to her all tingling cold, all singing light.

But it was sloppy under foot. She looked down at her smart footwear, measured the distance to the Subway station. Then she turned sharply. It was a night for recklessness, for celebration. A taxi drew up at the office door, letting out its passenger, and Claire stepped in, giving the driver her far uptown address. At least she must have given him the address; the driver would not have started out so briskly if she had actually said what she almost fancied she had. Laughing at herself a bit, even in this hour of exultation. What she had thought, of course, was:

"Home, James!"

Mr. Phillips returned the next day—the day before Christmas. But he did not appear at the office. At noon little Mrs. Phillips telephoned. Her husband had caught a terrible cold in the sleeper, she said; he was running a little fever and it was storming bleakly outside; she didn't want to let him go out. He was eager to get the office developments, she said; would Miss Deming awfully mind coming out to the house? She was a sweet, considerate little person, and Claire said that of course she would come out. She had an appointment at the office at three, but she thought she would catch the 4:10.

It was already dark as she hurried down Elmwood Road to the Phillips house. Every step along the suburban avenue was vivid with reminders that this was Christmas Eve. Holly wreaths hung in bright windows; in some burned tall, single candles, quaintly medieval in these smart little ultra-modern houses, to light the Christ Child's way.

It was evidently an avenue where children lived. Nearly every house bore some sign—a sled drawn up beside the door, skis leaned against the side of a house, a portly snow man with bits of coal for eyes and an ancient derby tipped rakishly askew. The door of one house burst open to a gust of young hilarity; through the window of another, between curtains of correctly hand-blocked chintz, Claire caught the tinsel shimmer of a Christmas tree.

In one side yard a tiny toy wheelbarrow stood, battered and old, being slowly folded under by the falling snow. For an instant Claire looked at the sturdy little toy; it had an oddly forlorn look, standing deserted there, out alone in the whirling storm. She looked at the house. One light burned in an upstairs window, but the downstairs was dark; there were no holly wreaths, no shining candles. With a quick flash of clairvoyance Claire suddenly knew that this was a sad little house. All up and down the gay holiday street it was the only one that wasn't keeping Christmas.

Two doors beyond she found the Phillips house—a small, trim, Dutch Colonial, with ruffled white curtains upstairs and gay chintz below. Mrs. Phillips opened the door herself. She gave Claire a fluttery welcome. She was just giving the baby his supper, she explained, and Clayton was upstairs; would Claire mind going up? Mrs. Phillips led the way, carrying a bowl of steaming cereal, and Claire followed, realizing that Mrs. Phillips was soon to have another baby.

Mr. Phillips was in the baby's room in a blanket dressing gown, a cold compress about his throat. His genial greeting to Claire came in a hoarse croak; his eyes were watery, his nose red; he had all the comic pathos of a strong man with a bad cold. He was keeping discreetly away, well across the room, from his little son. The baby, in a bright oilcloth bib, was eating apple sauce from a bowl on the tray of his little nursery chair. His pudgy pink hand gripped the spoon as though it were a shovel.

"This is Clayton Phillips, Junior," his young father introduced him. "Hey, there, young feller, say how-do to Miss Deming."

"How-do," said the baby obediently, breaking into a wide grin showing two

Continued on Page 127

Soothes, heals, refreshes your skin!

First aid for

UNSEEN NICKS

NO skin is perfectly smooth! Viewed through the microscope there are hundreds of tiny irregularities. These are bound to be roughened by even the sharpest razor.

That is why your skin smarts after shaving.

To overcome this, the tiny cuts must be healed at once. A dash of Pinaud's Lilac on cheeks and chin brings a rush of healing circulation—"first aid" to all those tiny nicks.

The quick tingling shows how effective it is! Then, the next second, you feel a smooth, refreshing coolness.

THE regular use of Pinaud's Lilac tends to make the face hardy, protects against chapping and prevents skin eruptions. You'll like the faint lilac odor from which it gets its name.

Get Pinaud's Lilac *today* at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud on each bottle.

Or send for a sample, FREE—Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York, sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

FREE—TRIAL SIZE BOTTLE

PINAUD Incorporated, Dept. K-101
90 Fifth Ave., New York

Send *free* sample bottle of Pinaud's Lilac to

Name

Address

Finicky appetites

Jack Spear was an eater queer
His wife was no better you see
They saw Wrigley's Gum
And at once got some•••
Now they lick up the platter with glee

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE

When appetite and digestion lag, bring Wrigley's Double Mint into play.

For REAL PEPPERMINT flavor —a cooling, soothing refreshment—get DOUBLE MINT!

Easy to remember—Double Mint—and hard to forget, once you've tried it.

The *satisfying* confection.

"After every meal"

H 15

(Continued from Page 125)

little white teeth in the center—a grin that, despite the fat baby face, was startlingly like his father's.

"Pretty husky-looking kid, isn't he?" said Phillips, with the funny, shame-faced pride of male parenthood.

"He certainly is," said Claire.

And suddenly, irrelevantly, she thought of the one house on the street that wasn't keeping Christmas, of the lonely little wheelbarrow out in the snow.

"Well, how's everything going at the A. A. Miller Advertising Agency?" Phillips asked.

"Oh, quite well, I think," said Claire a bit awkwardly. She hastily rattled off half a dozen bits of news—Mr. Leander's leaving the Snow Company and their change of plans about the shaving cream; the new campaign the Wing Company was considering; a new small account or two which had come into their department. She felt the uncomfortable awkwardness of the situation, here in Phillips' home on Christmas Eve. To cover her embarrassment she asked him about his trip. And as he talked she found her uncomfortable embarrassment growing. Little Mrs. Phillips watched her husband with such wide, adoring eyes, listened so respectfully to his words; it was so evident that she regarded him as a brilliant success.

Claire cast hurriedly about in her mind for some way to change the subject. "Isn't this the dearest nursery!" she exclaimed.

Little Mrs. Phillips beamed. "Oh, do you think so?" she asked. "We did every bit of it ourselves. I made the curtains and Clay tinted the walls and put on that border—isn't it cunning?"

Claire looked at the border running around the wall, low enough for baby's eyes. Goldilocks and the Three Bears, Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Cinderella on the way to the ball in her pumpkin coach. Bright-colored pictures cut out of magazines, pasted on the painted wall, shellacked over and bordered neatly with strips of cream-colored molding.

Emboldened by Claire's admiring exclamations, Mrs. Phillips became more confidential.

"We picked up every bit of the furniture secondhand and enameled it over ourselves. I don't think you'd ever guess it wasn't all new, do you?"

"Never in the world," said Claire. "It's stunning."

The nursery, seen with this knowledge, lost its first impression of expensive impersonal smartness. There was a potted evergreen standing in one corner, hung with spun glass and tinsel and strings of pop corn—a tiny first Christmas tree. Mrs. Phillips anxiously consulted a thermometer, hung just three feet from the floor, after the directions in the baby books.

"Honey, it's only sixty-three here. Don't you think I'd better run down and shake up the fire a little?" she asked.

"You run down and shake it up?" Phillips repeated indignantly. "Where do you get that stuff?"

"Well, I'm afraid you'll catch more cold, going down cellar."

She had already started for the nursery door, but Phillips caught her with a masterful arm, deposited her again in her low rocker, strode downstairs, his bathrobe flopping about his long legs.

"He's the dearest thing," said little Mrs. Phillips to Claire, when her husband was out of hearing. "He throws a fit at my doing anything hard; especially now, with the new baby coming, you know."

Claire nodded sympathetically. It was the first time she had ever thought of Phillips in this other rôle of husband and father.

"We ought to have a furnace man come in," Mrs. Phillips went on. "Most of the other people on the street do. But it costs fifteen dollars a month and—well, you know how it is—everything is so terribly expensive, specially babies."

Claire nodded again. The young Phillipses were evidently on their own and caught in the nerve-racking, between-class struggle of keeping up appearances. Phillips' generous expense account, of course, was of no avail here at home. "You know how it is," little Mrs. Phillips had said. Claire suddenly knew how it was, much better than little Mrs. Phillips could have guessed. She knew, with a sudden, uncanny certainty, that the Dutch Colonial had a heavy mortgage on it; she felt that she could guess pretty accurately at the Phillips bank balance. She felt sure, even, that the evening dress Mrs. Phillips wore when she went to a night club to dance with clients, was a hang-over from her trousseau, and was, with considerable ingenuity, being made to do.

Not that there was any pity in this. It is the common history of most young married couples. The Phillipses were walking a pretty narrow plank, but as long as they kept their balance and the plank held, that was all right. What pricked Claire with a sudden sharp consternation was the fact that neither of them knew how precarious was that narrow plank.

"He has the cleverest ideas—everybody likes him ——" Little Mrs. Phillips was still talking proudly of her husband. Claire heard herself agreeing politely. Of course, Clay was just getting started now, his wife was saying, but in two or three years, when he was making more money, they might ——

Just a couple of kids! Rashly giving their hostages to fortune. Claire, just the young husband's age, felt a generation older, wiser. In two or three years where would Clayton Phillips be, Claire wondered.

He came back from fixing the furnace; the baby finished his apple sauce and cereal. Clinging to his dad's forefinger he showed Miss Deming how he could walk, staggering along on his fat bowlegs. Phillips ruffled the baby's downy head with a gentle pretense of masculine roughness, tossed him into his crib with a brusque, awkward tenderness. Little Mrs. Phillips watched the two of them adoringly. In the corner of the nursery the first Christmas tree sparkled and shone.

Claire rose abruptly; she must catch a train. Mrs. Phillips urged her to stay for dinner, but Claire declined, half curtly. She felt with sudden impatience, almost panic, that she must get away at once.

Back down Elmwood Road to the station, through the snowy Christmas Eve. Past the one dark house, where there was now only a smooth white mound where the deserted little wheelbarrow had stood. Past the holly wreaths and the tall white candles, burning—Isn't that the quaint old legend?—to show the Christ Child the way. Claire hurried through the storm, not seeing its whirling whiteness, scarcely feeling its cold against her face. Twenty-four hours ago she had stepped out into the snow, exultant, triumphant. And already all the fun had gone out of the triumph.

Why had Phillips let her take his position away from him? she asked herself indignantly. Not because he couldn't have helped himself. He could have. He was potentially, Claire knew, a very fine advertising man. When he got right down to business he wrote as good copy as she did, if not better. On the few definite problems to which he had given real concentrated thought, he had shown the greater ingenuity.

Neither was he lazy in the ordinary sense of the word. He did like golf and night clubs and football games, of course; but not well enough, Claire felt sure, to have chanced his position for them.

She saw him again, as the husband and father, pushing his adoring little wife back into the low rocker; saw again his awkward, shame-faced pride in his baby. Thought of the secondhand nursery furniture, painted over to look like new, of Red Riding Hood and Goldilocks cut out of magazines and pasted on the wall. Of the cozy little Dutch Colonial with gay Christmas wreaths in the windows and the inevitable mortgage against its title. She thought of the nursery thermometer, hung so painstakingly just the three feet high, of the baby's outgrown bassinet brought back down from the attic to wait for the new arrival.

A wife and two babies—didn't Phillips know what a precious man-sized burden he had taken on his boyish shoulders? Didn't he know his luck, to have flown to a position it would have taken him years to climb to—a position he might have grown to fill? Did he think he could play fast and loose with it, and if he lost it, step out and easily get another as good, with a failure behind him? Had he never felt for a moment that sense of the climb of ambition beneath him? Had he never once thought, prancing and dancing on his narrow, precarious plank, how much of trust and pride and peace would go down in the crash, if he fell?

Of course he hadn't, Claire thought. If he had he would never have taken a chance. Well, he should have known, she thought angrily. It wasn't her fault. If it hadn't been she who had been working and planning to get his place, it would have been somebody else. It wasn't her fault that he had acted like a rash, conceited fool. Of course, she admitted with reluctant honesty, if it hadn't been for her shielding him along the way, he might have been warned. If she had not been there, saving him from all his mistakes, he would have been sharply checked up on them every now and then; he might have taken warning in time.

All the forty-eight minutes' ride back to town Claire argued angrily with herself, trying to call back the joy of her triumph and growing angrier with every turn of the car wheels because she couldn't do it. She knew she had all common sense and business custom on her side. But that didn't help. For she knew, with relentless honesty, that she had exploited reckless youth when she might have given it a steadying hand. Well, she was young herself—as young as the boy she had exploited. A fine enough answer, that, but it didn't help—not to a woman mature enough to deal in realities—a woman young in years who knew that years didn't count.

Angrily, fiercely, she tried to reason back her exultations, to cling to her triumph. She was just being sentimental, she told herself desperately. Just because it was Christmas Eve her emotions were unduly sharpened, sweeping. A little dark horse and a toy that some baby would never use again, a pudgy hand clinging to a father's finger, a girl with a bowl of steaming cereal and tired, proud, trusting eyes. A boy, drafted too young into the march of the generations. What were such things to her? Claire asked herself desperately. She was still a free lance, she had honestly earned her triumph. What had these others to do with her?

But it was only blustering reasoning she was doing. Fierce, determined, angry, because she knew that it was hopeless. Before her train had rolled into the Grand Central Station she knew what she would have to do.

The day after Christmas Phillips arrived at the office. He was still a bit hoarse and subdued, but ready to put in a few telephone calls and make a luncheon date or two.

"If you please," said Claire, "before you telephone I want to talk to you."

Phillips looked surprised, but set the telephone down politely. He prided himself a bit on his chivalry, on being just as courteous to his assistant as to any other woman. Claire told him that in the six weeks he had been away she had got his job away from him. Phillips merely looked more surprised, incredulous.

"Oh, they haven't actually given it to me yet, but they will in a few weeks or so. It's really mine already."

And to meet his look, still incredulous, even a trifle amused, Claire proceeded to marshal her damning facts. "The Snow Company has asked Mr. Miller to have me work on their account—alone."

(Continued on Page 129)

MILO HASTINGS, the famous food expert, recently received the following question by letter:

"Why do you recommend pickled cabbage, Sauerkraut, as a health food? Does it not contain vinegar, and are not all forms of pickles generally condemned as health foods?" To which Mr. Hastings replied:—

"Sauerkraut is not pickled cabbage and does not contain vinegar. It would be quite as logical to ask the above question about sour milk or buttermilk. But the idea that Sauerkraut is cabbage pickled in vinegar seems to be quite prevalent.

"Sauerkraut is cabbage that has gone through a lactic acid forming fermentation and is just the same as milk in that the sour taste is due to such lactic acid. General experience shows that lactic acid is a desirable element to have in the alimentary canal as it checks the growth of putrifying forms of bacteria that cause the poisons, the absorption of which causes auto-intoxication.

"In addition to this favorable element in Sauerkraut we have the further evidence that it contains the virtues of the minerals and vitamins of the raw cabbage and the general experience also is that Kraut is more easily digested than either cooked or raw cabbage."

Thus Mr. Hastings adds his testimony to that of many other scientists praising Sauerkraut. This further confirms the fact that in addition to its lactic ferments, Sauerkraut contains lime and mineral salts so necessary for the bones and teeth, phosphorus and iron for the blood; vitamins for the general welfare. Dr. Wm. Howard Hay, of Buffalo, N. Y., also asserts that Sauerkraut includes iodine, that wonderful ingredient now attracting so much attention.

These truths, with many others, are set forth in our booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food." It also contains 49 tested recipes for serving. We shall gladly furnish—free—a copy of this booklet. Send the coupon today.

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WOC	Davenport
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WSB	Atlanta
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ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, A. Atwater Kent, President, 4703 Wissahickon Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada

(Continued from Page 127)

She paused to let him take this in. Plenty of time to let him recall that the Snow account was by far their largest and most important. Then:

"Your good friend Mr. Wing has told Mr. Miller that I write the best copy they have ever had from any agency."

Another pause—long, significant.

"The little accounts—and, by the way, one of them is going to be a big one eventually—are completely sold on my work. The two new ones don't even know your name. The agency, naturally, is well aware of this."

Phillips said nothing. He sat holding the telephone instrument still in his hand, as though he had forgotten he had it there.

"I know you won't mind," Claire went on pleasantly. "If you had been going to mind, of course, you wouldn't have given me such a good chance to do it."

"I had very little choice," said Phillips stiffly. "My six weeks away was on order."

"Oh, it wasn't in those six weeks that I did it. They were a great help, of course, in giving me a chance to prove what I could do. The real work was mostly done before that though. While you were right here in the office."

Lightly, deftly, as though the whole thing were a matter of scant importance, Claire ran over the months they had worked together. Reminded him, delicately, of the important copy he had let her handle and the important decisions he had left for her to make.

With soft, sure, feline strokes, she tore away the gossamer of pleasant pretense with which, together, they had draped his carelessness, his inexperience, the bad, unnecessary mistakes that he had made.

"Not that it makes any difference," she went on smoothly. "As long as you prefer the contact end of the work anyway. I suppose you're planning on becoming just a contact man. That seems an odd choice, to me, for a person with brains enough for the creative end of advertising. A fifty-year-old contact man always seemed a rather pathetic figure to me. A sort of salesman, isn't he, to jolly along the customers and drum up trade? Not much money in it, or dignity, of course." She paused.

"Of course, though," she finished pleasantly, "you know best what you want. I fancy a contact man has an attractive enough position in a way. A fair expense account and lots of social life and not any responsibility to worry over. Not so bad, I suppose, for a man who doesn't want to work too hard, who isn't too ambitious ——"

Claire let her words trail off into light indefiniteness. Purposeful, inspired feminity could go no further. A scratch of claws across a man's raw pride.

Phillips said nothing. After a bit he pushed the telephone away, pretended a vast busyness with the papers on his desk.

And that was the way matters stood that day in the office. All day the two of them maintained a chill politeness, a pretense of vast preoccupation with the work at hand. Claire worked on, apparently unaware of the hate that swept toward her, as unmistakable as acrid smoke in the air. She was not unaware of it at all, but she didn't mind, wrapped in the warm peace of knowing that she was doing what she had to do. All, indeed, that anyone could ever do. From now on Phillips' future lay in his own hands. Claire gave him all day to think it over.

He left the office first, a little after five. Just as he was leaving he spoke to her directly for the first time that day. Some brief necessary question about work ahead.

"That," said Claire quietly, "will be up to you, Mr. Phillips. I shan't be here after Saturday."

Dead silence for a moment or two.

"You don't mean you're leaving—leaving the agency?" incredulously.

"Yes," said Claire, "I'm leaving at the end of the week."

Mr. Phillips stood, his hand on the door knob. Unaware, of course, of the stark relief that leaped into his eyes. The relief of a kid who wouldn't have admitted on the rack how scared he had been. He waited a moment, curiosity triumphing for the moment over dislike.

"May I ask why you're leaving?"

Claire shrugged her shoulders, smiled. "Oh," she said lightly, half insolently, "I'm out after bigger game."

Till Phillips had closed the door and gone on down the hall Claire kept her mocking smile, her swagger of braggadocio. That was her way. It was only for a few brief moments, when she was all alone, that the smile faded at all in its brightness, that gallantry drooped, like a flag hauled down at sunset. Just a few brief moments as she quietly cleared her desk for the night, covered her typewriter, put away a half dozen pencils and some copy paper in the upper desk drawer, paused to read the last page she had written, lingeringly, wistfully reluctant. Looked, once or twice, over at Phillips' desk, its heavy, solid dignity, its rich gleam of polished wood—the desk that might so easily have been hers. Slowly put on her new coat, which seemed to droop dejectedly, too, belying its smartness; the twenty-five-dollar hat that was to have been worn in the march of triumph. Just an extravagant hat now that she probably shouldn't have bought. Put on flatly, most unbecomingly. What difference did it make? It was raining and she would have to run for the Subway. No taxi tonight.

But these few drooping moments were brief. And suddenly they were over. Claire straightened her shoulders, powdered her nose. She took off the little hat, drew her hair becomingly forward and put the hat on again, this time at its smartest, most becoming angle.

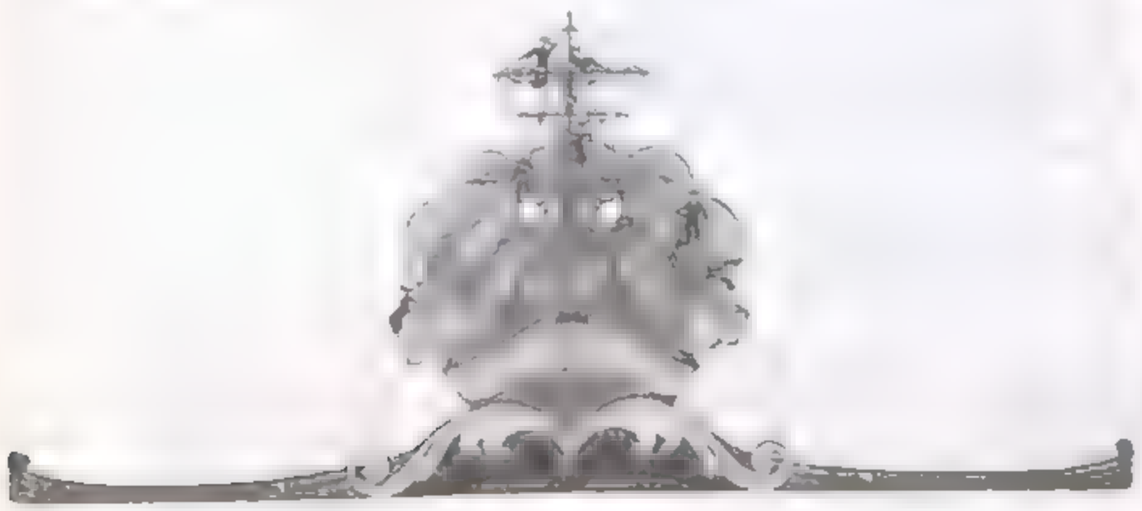
"Good clothes help when you're looking for a job," she reminded herself staunchly.

She put on a pair of stout rubbers over her expensive shoes and found a sensible umbrella in the corner beside the office file. She bade the elevator man a dauntless, gay good night, smiled at the newsboy in the hall who sold her the evening paper, and strode gallantly out into the rain.

Swords may clang and rattle against armor no more; lovely ladies wait no longer in their guarded towers. But true errantry lives on, weathering the changes, still taking toll from the generosity of the strong.

And there are still the rules of its order. "Veray parfit gentil knighta" don't cry over spilled milk.

Mr. Phillips had written truly. Chivalry is not dead.



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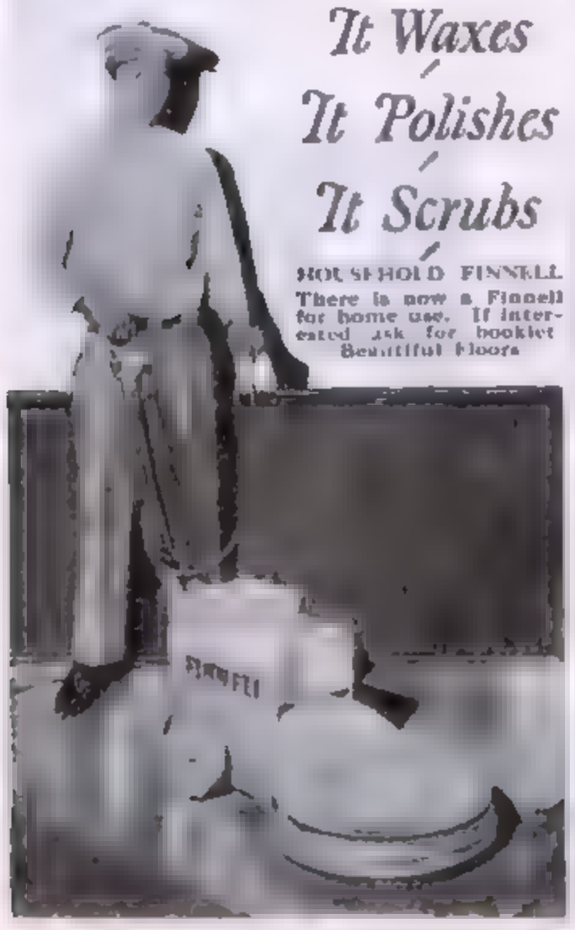
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THE INSIDE OF GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 25)

flexible, inflexible, cold, emotional, easy-going, serious-minded. They play their part, to be sure, even as do the ephemeral members of the Senate and House. Few members serve long terms. Most of them are in and out in two or six years. The debate, the discussion, the argument about large matters of public policy—these are the life-blood of a national administration, but they are only surface movements. Underneath, the tide of government flows steadily and with an inevitable persistence that knows only one shore—faithful service.

Who are they, these people who reflect true government, who do its daily work and push forward restlessly to greater and greater achievement? Well, did you ever hear of the Public Health Service? Or did you ever know what the Bureau of Standards does? These two institutions are typical of many others, equally representative of modern government. But their work rarely monopolizes headlines or newspaper space. Newspaper editors, conscientiously striving to please the mass of their readers, say the findings of these bureaus are often too technical and that the average reader prefers to read about local scandal or accidents or the social happenings of the neighborhood.

But though the work of a government bureau doesn't often make as interesting reading as a murder mystery or an ingenious embezzlement, no less importance can be attached to the operations of the huge administrative machine set up in Washington, costing billions of dollars annually. Whenever the general newspapers cannot logically afford to give space to the doings of an industry or group, a special publication, usually called a trade paper, arises to fill that need. That is why in the past twelve months a group of people interested in a nonpartisan record of government day by day helped to found the United States Daily, a six-day newspaper devoted entirely to the facts of government, and nothing else, neither opinion, comment nor surmise.

Even the veterans of the newspaper business were surprised to find that when the purely political phases of government were subtracted, there remained sufficient news to fill a sixteen-page newspaper every working day. For the World War has expanded government to an unprecedented degree, and left in its wake a number of activities which could not be extinguished and a momentum which compared to prewar days is incomparably the greatest factor in what might be termed a new era of efficiency at Washington.

The Head of the Government

The comprehensiveness of government is little recognized because it is so infrequently emphasized. Ask the average man who is the head of the Government of the United States and he immediately answers, "Why, the President, of course!" And when you pick up the Constitution of the United States, you find Article 1 taken up entirely with a definition of the functions of Congress, followed in Article 2 with a description of the Presidency and in Article 3 with an outline of the judicial power. In that rank these three branches of the Government are set down as coordinate, and within a fixed area they are independent of one another.

Strictly speaking, therefore, there is no single dominant branch of the Government, though aggressive personality might at any time make one more assertive than another.

Yet the blend of all three branches of government—the legislative, executive and judicial powers—has come to be so natural that the smooth coöperation of the three is no longer a subject for remark. And the news correspondent who deals with the three is somehow conscious that together they constitute the Government of the United States and that in their multifold activities, taken as a whole, is a certain sincerity and integrity far beyond reproach.

Let us start, for example, with the Federal courts. The title of the man at the head of our judicial system is not the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, as might be supposed, but the Chief Justice of the United States. He is appointed, to be sure, by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and from that moment forward his connection with any other branch of the Government ceases. He is independent of Congress. He holds office for life. He is unapproachable by any interest or group; he will never discuss a pending case with anyone out of court but his associate justices. And they in turn follow the same code. There is a halo of impeccability surrounding our Supreme Court justices. Thus, if we impeach the integrity of government, we assail the judiciary. For the Federal judges are a part of the Government, an essential part, a part most vital in the administration of justice, ordaining the rights between man and man, between corporation and corporation, between individual and state—indeed, between the several states of the Union themselves.

A Collective Conscience

So any loose use of the term "government" in general statements as to its supposed decline in morality does a certain injustice to the judicial branch, which has been rendering a service far beyond the material compensations received. In fact, it is not unusual for a lawyer to win in a single case a fee of $100,000, while on the Supreme Court are justices whose salaries are only a fifth of that sum in a whole year—and each might be on the other side of the bench earning the same large compensation. Something besides fidelity to service impels men to spend their lives on the Federal bench. It is fidelity to the institution of government itself.

Every now and then a case arises in which a justice, in his earlier days before the bar, may have participated as counsel. He automatically refrains from sitting in judgment in that case. So it is in the legislative branch of the Government. Men rise in the Senate or the House and explain that they do not feel privileged to vote because they or their families happen to possess a stock interest in the companies whose affairs are being made the subject of legislation. There have been cases in which members have not been so scrupulous. Indeed, in the recent controversy in the courts over the Teapot Dome oil leases, Albert B. Fall contended that as Secretary of the Interior he could function judicially irrespective of the fact that as Albert B. Fall the individual he had received a loan of $100,000 from the man with whom he was negotiating an oil lease. This insistence that there could be unprejudiced consideration given under such circumstances is, to say the least, rare. Most administrative officials will refuse offhand to have anything to do with a case in which they might have had a prior interest when in private life.

The code of ethics of the Government, however, is what might be called a collective conscience. The honest thing to do, a tive conscience. The honest thing to do, a recognition of the fact that an individual is for the moment a trustee on behalf of a hundred and ten million people, is seldom a matter of doubt, though one may ponder at length on the wisest course to pursue.

"But the judges are honest. We didn't mean them. How about the politicians?" This is an oft-heard question. Congress is from time to time the subject of so much satire, if not ridicule, and politicians as such have been associated in the public mind with something so baneful, that it is not surprising to find the currents of suspicion turned toward the political class, as distinguished from the permanent personnel included in the civil service. Very few of the important executive positions in the departmental organization of government are included in civil service. And Congress, of course, is naturally political, because its members win their seats through the political process.

But is there not too much danger of misusing the word "political"? Isn't "politics" the synonym nowadays for something which has gone far beyond its original meaning? How many men—or women, for that matter—relish the idea of going into politics? Wouldn't they feel more inspired if they were to dare speak unequivocally of their proposed entry into the public service? Here, too, impression has played a fateful part. The game of politics has been given preference in the public prints over the substance. The maneuvers which make sensation have been emphasized as against the everyday labor and energy which so many of our legislators expend conscientiously on their appointed tasks.

Exceptions there are to every rule. In a body of 531 men will be found those who play and those who work, those who take their responsibilities lightly and those who take them seriously. Every now and then a member retires because of ill health due to overwork. Every now and then a member is reëlected term after term because he has rendered acceptable service. Because these members are privates in the ranks, because the captains and the colonels lead the charge in the battles of politics, there is relatively little attention given these whose attendance at committees has been faithful and whose patient and tolerant attitude toward the conflicting interests of the individual is born of a sense of justice and honesty which is no less worthy because it earns no headlines.

Lawmaking is a complex business, especially in a democracy. The Constitution gave every state of the Union equality with every other state, and every congressional district equality with every other district. The Senate consists of forty-eight separate units, with two spokesmen for each. The House of Representatives consists of 435 members, each being the sole representative of his district. It may be a terrible bore for you to listen to the emotional plea of a member from a cotton district, asking that funds be appropriated to eradicate the boll weevil which has injured the cotton crop of his constituents, but it is of no such casual importance to the people of that district. And if the member does not place that interest above all others, and press for a favorable response, some other member will in two years be seen rising in that selfsame place to do the asking a little more effectively.

In the many years of observing government at the national capital, the news correspondent learns that there is no East or West or South or North, but a composite Congress in which local interests fight a constant battle against general interests. In nothing, perhaps, is this better illustrated than in the tariff when there are almost as many viewpoints presented as there are industries or units thereof.

Taskmasters at Home

Many years ago Congress seemed more efficient, because outspoken and powerful leaders guided each house. What Speaker Cannon said in the House was final and what Senator Aldrich said in the Senate was also the last word in that chamber. Then came the World War, with the enlargement of local and bloc interests. The idea of a steering committee in both houses was advanced as a means of overcoming conflicting ambitions for leadership as well as opposite claims for priority of attention. But even the steering committees find themselves powerless in the face of a vigorous attack from groups or individuals. It is difficult to reconcile sections or to weigh the importance of one interest as against

(Continued on Page 133)

"Betty! At last I see a way we can build!"

"I knew there was a way out! Look here! We can have our home built to architects' plans, buy it right from the mill and build at guaranteed cost. This Plan-Cut method saves so much that we can build for $1,000 less than we had figured!"

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The Plan-Cut system enforces accuracy. Every part is machined to fit with absolute exactness. All joints meet perfectly and fit tightly. Even inexperienced workmen must build right, for the house can go up only one way—the *right* way.

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WHITE TRUCKS

and WHITE BUSSES

(Continued from Page 130)

another, and the net result is a series of parliamentary maneuvers engaged in by parties or by blocs or by individuals—all of which comes to be known as the art of politics.

Back of it all is a consciousness that the people in the districts at home are severe taskmasters, that they will not accept excuses and that their own interests are paramount. To the extent that any section wishes to put its own welfare above a national interest, and this is no easy thing to break down, is a senator or representative committed to a rigid and inflexible course of action to which he must cling until the votes of his colleagues specifically tell him nay.

Politics, then, is a system forced on members of Congress by their constituents back home. The late Senator Cummins had a taste of what it meant to go counter to the wishes of his constituents. As a younger man, he followed the practice of going home frequently, answering all letters. But he later gave himself so whole-heartedly to his work in Congress that he did not watch carefully the fences in Iowa. He did not spend his time looking up the birthdays of his constituents and sending them congratulatory notes. Nor did he while away his hours looking for odd jobs for hungry office seekers. He had become in his later years an outstanding figure. He felt, as many others have to their sorrow, that a piece of work well done in Washington would outweigh all other considerations. But he found himself accused of being out of tune with his constituents. And his was by no means an isolated case.

The people who seek favors at Washington, as well as those who teach that favors are to be dispensed, are responsible for much of what is known as the political game. It is not peculiar to America. It exists in Great Britain as well as in every other democracy. But this is, after all, representative government. The people who want a new post office or a bigger bridge or a deeper channel in a harbor realize that some other constituency might want the same thing, but the congressman who wins out in this battle for preference is a hero just the same.

Yet by no stretch of the imagination can this system be called dishonest. It may be inefficient and cumbersome, but it is what the people prefer to autocratic or absolute government. And the percentage of men who speak and vote their convictions on most subjects that come before Congress is greater than the percentage who do not.

Mass Meetings by Radio

Whence, then, springs the impression of dishonesty? Lately it has centered around the question of campaign expenditures, and the motives of those who furnish the contributions. The population grows, the cost of living rises, the cost of reaching the constituents increases; yet poor men are presumed to be as eligible as rich men to hold public office. Take a state in which there are only 300,000 voters. It is impossible to persuade such a group to attend mass meetings. Business houses with a tooth paste to sell to a group of 300,000 persons will spend annually many thousands of dollars to catch the attention of readers of magazines and newspapers. The candidate for public office may think that a series of advertisements will reach his constituents, or he may try the even more expensive method of circular letters. The stationery and printing of 300,000 letters cost, with the postage, an average of, say, five cents apiece. The total would mount to $15,000. In a state like New York, where there are approximately 4,000,000 voters, the cost of a single canvass by mail would reach $200,000.

Now there are, of course, some inequities about campaigning against a man who is already a member of Congress and as such entitled to the franking privilege. Every senator and representative can have his remarks printed and can send his speeches out postage-free by the thousand to his constituents. Whenever he does this, whether it is a week or a year before the primary or final election, he is in a sense endeavoring to make himself solid with the men and women who by their votes can keep him in office. It is difficult to estimate how many millions of dollars are spent annually in carrying free mail, and the country as a whole bears this expense. From the fact that it has been going on for many years it might be inferred that the public does not object to the process. If that be the case, then ultimately the franking privilege must be extended to candidates for office, or else no objection can be raised by Congress itself against the amount of money spent in printing, postage and stationery by those who wish to canvass for votes to obtain those same seats.

And in other ways the cost of campaigning is rising. The radio, for example, has begun to sell its space. This may in time supplant the mass meeting. Who is to furnish the funds except the men and women who believe in their candidate? And because the business interests of a certain state or district regard one man as a better mouthpiece for that constituency than another individual, is this any reason for assuming that all those who contribute are asking for dishonest government?

Promises and Compromises

The writer has talked with scores of men who have come to Washington in the past sixteen years—lobbyists, organization spokesmen and every manner of wire-puller. You may disagree with the merit of their respective proposals, you may accuse them of overemphasizing their state or city interests, you may find them overzealous that an industry be protected on a tariff schedule, but you will find them almost invariably speaking the language of the people back home who want those industries protected because they want those mills kept working, or because they want the city, district or state to benefit from legislative action.

If this be dishonest, then the whole community is guilty. And if the campaign contributions of most of the men who come to Congress were to be examined minutely, it would be found that the industries whose duty it is for a particular representative or senator to protect, anyhow, under the theory of representative government, are merely contributing a larger share than other individuals in those districts, on the theory that theirs is a relatively larger interest at stake.

It is easy to point an accusing finger at men who win their laurels in a political system. It is not so easy to prove that public men are untrue to their oath of office. Perhaps if the thoughts of the accusers were to be crystallized into a single theme, it would be found that they rebel most at the idea of compromise. Again and again they have seen legislators firmly convinced of the wisdom of a certain course of action, only to find them later on receding or, as the expression goes, trimming. Campaign promises, it is then protested, are flagrantly violated. Where is the man's moral character? Why doesn't he stick to his convictions? He has no backbone!

These are the currents of criticism. Often they are justified.

Weaknesses of character occur in all manner of individuals outside as well as inside of politics. But there is nevertheless a certain injustice in attacking what for lack of a more expressive term might be called flexibility. The prime duty of a representative is to represent. His campaign speeches are either principles of action which he hopes to develop into a concrete formula, or, if he is an indiscreet amateur, they are detailed panaceas which are ultimately proved impractical. Facts sometimes bring about a reversal even of fundamental preconceptions. Many a legislator will confess that he wished he had not promised so much in his preëlection campaign. Why? Because, confronted with the facts on the

" To Shape and Use "

". . . Not as idle ore, but iron dug from central gloom . . . to shape and use." Tennyson knew that behind the creation of wealth lies the intelligent use of natural resources.

Beneath the surface of the Southern states lie great seams of coal, easily accessible and cheap to mine. In the same areas, and almost at the doors of the furnaces, are gigantic deposits of iron ore and limestone.

Here pig iron and finished steel are produced in steadily growing volume for use in many parts of the world. And much of it is used in building the rapidly growing South.

The natural advantages and the growth of the Alabama steel industry are typical of all Southern industry—the resources of the South are being used to build a great industrial empire.

Traffic on the Southern Railway System has increased 250% in the last twenty five years. To handle this greater traffic efficiently, the Southern, in the same period, spent $375,000,000 for new equipment and for enlargements and improvements on its 8,000 miles of lines serving the states east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio.

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inside, things look different from what they did on the outside.

Which is the honest course to pursue—to stick to an earlier conviction on a wrong premise or to reverse oneself and frankly accept the facts of a changed situation or of a mistaken analysis? The legislator who is honest reverses himself under such circumstances and takes the punishment which the critics back home mete out to him. What an opportunity it offers to the political foe to begin the making of political capital to unseat the legislator in question! He is attacked for being honest!

This, however, is not the only type of case in which a decision involving political morality must be made. The new member comes to Congress full of enthusiasms. He has been living in the provincial atmosphere of a single state or district. Sometimes he comes from an industrial district and has never felt the acute commands of an agricultural region, or perhaps he is a farm-trained man and has never lived in a metropolis or watched at close hand the huge flywheel of modern business.

The new member is then essentially an individualist, ready to do or die for his district, come what may. Suddenly he wakes up to the fact that there are 434 other representatives, or if he is in the upper house, that there are 95 other senators, each with a conception of what the public purse shall do or how much legislation should be enacted. Instinct tells him he must get along with his colleagues, that he cannot afford to antagonize them. He needs their help. His lone vote cannot avail his district or state. He must appeal not to their prejudices but to their sense of fairness.

If he hopes to rise to a committee chairmanship, he must stay in Congress long enough to succeed the next man in length of service who steps out. To stay in Congress he must have a record of accomplishment. To make that record he needs the help of his colleagues. Will he desert them or vote with them? His party requires harmony. He has his convictions. Will he surrender them if his colleagues think it necessary? The party-conference idea has often been attacked, but it is simply a defense against those who would make political capital out of a man's change of front. To yield to a party decision is often less dangerous than to desert and vote with the opposite party.

The Essence of Progress

Maybe you have never thought of these dilemmas of the legislator. Well, think of what happens in a local club or organization. Who is elected to the presidency? A man who is so pronounced in his views that he will accept no other, a man who has insisted on having the floor most of the time to expound his own pet theories; or one who has been considerate of others, and has managed by reasoned analysis to fathom the consensus of opinion of the members of that organization or club?

Compromise, therefore, is the essence of progress in legislation. It means the maximum that a majority are willing to agree to. It does not satisfy the individualist who is so proud of his convictions that he would rather lose his seat in Congress than to surrender or change them. Instances of such a spectacular insistence on individual convictions are not rare, and they, too, have in them in most cases a sense of honesty. Not all dissenters are demagogues. And sometimes being a demagogue keeps a man in Congress because his constituents are for the moment in a discontented mood and rebellious against a party or faction.

Each of these types stands on its merits. About the only general inference that can be drawn from all of them is that men who come to Washington do try to represent; they select the course which they imagine will please a majority of the people back home. That may not always mean efficient government from a national sense, but it is no less honest because it may be inefficient. The wonder really is that out of 435 representatives and 96 senators a majority is so often secured and laws actually passed. Representative government is, after all, as effective as the public opinion of a series of sovereign districts or states permits it to be.

Setting a Good Example

Executive administration is a more hopeful story. Examine the trend of recent laws, especially since the war, and you will find a tendency to vest large powers of discretion in the executive departments, commissions and bureaus. Possibly it is an outgrowth of the startling effects which were produced by a consolidated war machine, or possibly it is an increasing confidence in the honesty and disinterestedness of the subordinate official.

But the fact is that when Congress cannot think of a better way to solve a problem, or rather when members cannot agree among themselves as to how a law should be administered, they tend to leave it to the Executive to work out, and he in turn delegates it to presumably competent men familiar with the problem. The greatest advances, therefore, in modern government are being made on the administrative side, where the necessity for debate and discussion is at a minimum and where constructive and creative ability has more or less free rein.

Of the 600,000 employes on the administrative side—omitting military and naval personnel and postmasters—less than 1000 occupy executive positions of such importance that their appointments must be confirmed by the Senate. And now that the Supreme Court of the United States, in historic decision last October, has decided that a President can remove from office such appointees without the consent of the Senate, even greater progress has been made toward the merit system which is at the foundation of the civil service. The political appointee will from now on be even more responsive to the executive than to the legislative side of government, which is only another way of saying that though the appointment may owe its origin to political considerations, the continuance thereof depends on efficiency and honesty of administration.

Millions of dollars are spent annually in construction of buildings, deepening waterways and the erection of bridges. Millions are spent in the purchase of supplies. Once in a great while there is an isolated case of crookedness. Seldom does one hear the bidders for government business complain of undue influence or improper competition. They may think the Government acted unwisely in accepting a bid from an unreliable competitor who might not be efficient, but the process of letting contracts is rigidly upheld.

Take the income-tax bureau, where more than 7,000,000 individual returns are examined and audited. The opportunities for dishonesty are numerous. There are occasional offenders, but a negligible number, after all, when it is considered that more than $3,000,000,000 is involved every year. The Government collectively sets a good example by refunding sums paid by taxpayers who did not claim proper allowances or deductions or who erred in mathematical computations.

Most of the government personnel, with the exception of about 1873 employes of the prohibition unit and 4752 deputy collectors of internal revenue, are in what is known as the civil service, where examinations are required for admission. Certificates of moral character are required along with the examination. The civil service may have its weaknesses in that an effective system of weeding out the inefficient has not yet been devised, but nobody complains about its individual or collective integrity.

Any impeachment of the character of government touches this large and faithful arm of the Government presided over by one of the most high-minded commissions to be found in any government anywhere—the United States Civil Service Commission. Raided by the politicians, criticized for its inflexible stand in behalf of the merit system, this commission, through Democratic and Republican Administrations, has striven for a continuity of purpose which is a refreshing answer to those who charge a decline in the morality of government.

Scandal is detected speedily, because the subordinate personnel is conscious of its responsibility. The ink had hardly dried on the Teapot Dome leases when rumors spread like wildfire through Washington. Rumors of this kind are unusual. They promptly attracted the attention of members of Congress. Information about them began to trickle in from different sources. And finally the whole story was uncovered—a story as yet in the Federal courts to determine to what extent suspicion of improper motive was justified.

A Visible Government

But it is significant that the details were ferreted out quickly. Too many people have a part in the administrative side of government for any serious wrongdoing ever to be long concealed. Government is not invisible. It consists of numerous checks and balances, but mostly it consists of enough persons with a quickened sense of responsibility and trusteeship to keep the unscrupulous invader at bay. For government is possessed of an administrative conscience against which even the politically minded have never succeeded in making appreciable inroads. Now and then an executive is betrayed by a few subordinates whose code of ethics is vulnerable, but after sixteen years of observation at close range, the conclusion is inescapable that fundamentally the heart and soul of the Government of the United States is honest of impulse and unimpeachable, irrespective of which political party for the moment adds its share of programs and policies to the already sound group of major achievements of the past 150 years.

PHOTO. BY FRED HARVEY

Taos Pueblo, New Mexico

The "SHERWOOD," early English dining room suite —a portrait in oil by Joseph Chenworth

What do the chauffeurs hear?

WHEN the final bridge score has been settled, and your guests are motoring home—what is the verdict? What impression of you and your home are they carrying away?

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"During the night lightning struck, setting fire to the stairs.

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

A Word to the Wise is Enough
POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

This Matter of Vision

ONE of the familiar tragedies of modern business life is the fact that very often the man who is best qualified for developing an opportunity is utterly unable to see it. We have all heard executives express the wish that So-and-So in their employ would only work up a little imagination. Often the man referred to is loyal, industrious and perhaps above the average in general intelligence, but he has permitted himself to become a drudge.

The problem may seem at first glance to be unimportant, but I happen to know that with the acute and growing shortage of management in this country, it is causing no end of anxiety to many overburdened employers. Repeatedly such men are quoted as wondering why they cannot get enough of the kind of help they need. There is general agreement that we have more room at the top than ever, and anything that will help young men to get there will add to the general welfare and prosperity of the country.

During the last half dozen years, the nature of my work has compelled me to analyze the phenomenon of what might be called obstructed vision, and I have come to the conclusion that the ailment is well-nigh universal. In other words, I believe that every man suffers from it in greater or less degree at some time or other. This in itself may be small consolation to the man in a rut, but he should be interested in the reasoning that, since so many of our distinguished men fail to show any signs of the malady in their successful years, it follows that they have found a method of correcting it.

This method may be described under different terms, but my observation has been that fundamentally it is a matter of changing the perspective, and once the idea of that is grasped, it is as easy to apply as for a landscape artist to change his position from one hill to another. Men have their vision obstructed by carrying too much responsibility, but more often by carrying it too far. They are so close to their work that everything looks bigger than it really is. And since it is not always possible at first to stand off and review it, the next best thing is to have some one else perform this service.

It took me twenty years to discover that I could apply this idea to my own profession. Until half a dozen years ago I had been a practicing architect and engineer, specializing in the construction and management of office buildings. Looking over a set of plans in the office of another architect one day, I noted several minor changes that might be made to reduce the cost and increase the income from the building. The plan as a whole was excellently done, containing many new and modern ideas on which I congratulated my friend.

Later, however, I began to wonder why he had failed to note the items that instantly caught my attention, and the more I thought of it the more I became convinced that he was too close to the work and was too heavily burdened with responsibility. The logical conclusion was that this might be true of all men in the same or a similar position. I made further inquiry and discovered this to be the case; that, in fact, a latent demand existed for an adviser with the necessary architectural and engineering training, who would be wholly free of responsibility and whose sole function would be to find what the makers of a plan missed. Out of that was evolved a special service for architects, engineers and investors in large building operations, the purpose of which is to reduce capital cost, increase income and reduce maintenance.

My clients are highly trained technical men, many of them with brilliant minds polished by years of study and experience. Yet in nearly every set of plans presented to me I am able to suggest rearrangements of space, windows, elevators, or other services, to reduce capital cost or increase income, and sometimes the savings run into considerable sums. Sometimes an unimportant change in detail will reveal other economies. The same idea of the outside view has been largely used in many manufacturing industries, in the form of independent engineering surveys.

I see no reason why this cannot be applied to individual problems. In the case of the type of man referred to, who is in a rut, mere words do not mean anything to his comprehension, because he has heard them too often. What is needed is a parallel case. I have often used a game of checkers or solitaire to this end—to convince a young friend that an outside view of his situation, uninfluenced by responsibility, will reveal things screened from his eyes. If he doesn't know the game, so much the better. I can teach him enough in fifteen or twenty minutes so that, though still a novice, he can catch me in omissions. If he does know the game I can catch him, seeing plays that he has missed. It is, then, a simple matter to point out that if concentration alone will obscure the vision with nothing at stake, it is much more likely to do so when it is carrying an economic burden.

On Driving a Milk Wagon

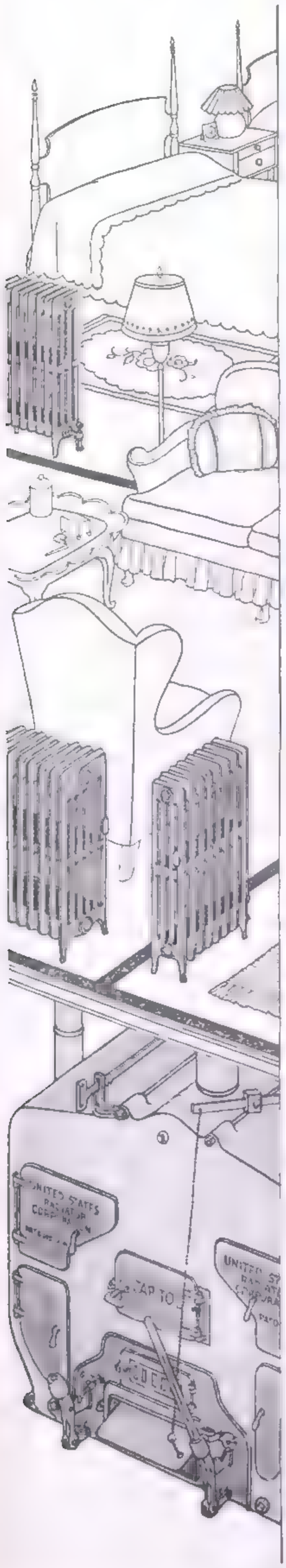
I STARTED to drive a milk wagon one summer vacation several years ago. It was before the trend toward fewer and bigger companies had reached its present stage in the distribution of milk, otherwise I couldn't have got the job. Owners of the expanding routes were beginning to pay more and more attention to the type of men employed, but, generally speaking, they were still hiring drivers and trying to teach them how to sell. The chief functions of the job then were driving the wagon and delivering the milk, and a young fellow who looked honest and alive could get employment even if he made it clear he had no intention of staying. Today, however, the milk companies hire salesmen, and when they get a good man who can't handle his horse they supply him with a helper who does the driving.

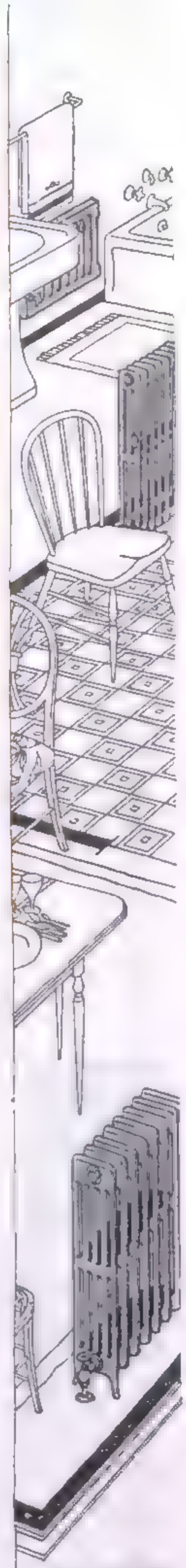
Selling milk may look easy, since nearly everybody buys it; but actually it is one of the most highly competitive selling jobs obtainable. The competition is all the keener since milk has become standardized by public-health regulations which must be met by every company. Price for a given quality is the same for all competitors—in other words, in any community—hence the competition boils itself down to service on the selling end and to a wide range of minor economies in the distribution, all of which mean extra profit to the salesman who develops or takes advantage of them. This has compelled the employers to seek better men and to pay more.

When I started, the wage or salary system was still in almost universal use, although most companies had established the bonus for new business and a few paid small commissions on the total sales. Today this system has been reversed in and around most big cities, and the earnings of the salesman depend on what he sells. The improvement in the job may be indicated by the statement that I began, at the age of nineteen, for fifteen dollars a week, and the man who taught me the route got only twenty-five dollars. The minimum average in our company today is about seventy dollars, while some of the better men often exceed five thousand a year. A man who

(Continued on Page 149)

GUARANTEED HEAT ALL OVER THE HOUSE WITH ECONOMY





This business of re-decorating

Positively ill, that corner of the room used to make her. Now, such a tremendous change! Who would have guessed that a heating contractor would turn out to be the best ally of the decorator who "did over" her home?

There, between her lovely tall French windows had long sat a smug and squat Victorian radiator; an eyesore. Yet in a surprisingly few hours, with almost no fuss or mess, the heating man had replaced it with a magnificent new radiator, tinted in soft-toned parchment. With lines as simple and noble as those of her classic Adam mantel.

The new Capitol radiator is more than an artistic achievement. It is a triumph of engineering. The perfected result of thirty-seven years of experience and unhurried development, it is truly a thing of beauty and remarkable heating efficiency. One would never think that those clearly defined slender columns, delicately modeled, have a full five-foot radiating surface.

Surely, when careful home-owners are replacing their old radiators with the handsome and extra-efficient Capitol, builders would do well to install them, at the start, in their new constructions.

Your contractor will tell you that in every way the Capitol radiator is as fine as you would naturally expect of the maker who sponsors *Capitol guaranteed heating*. An attractively illustrated brochure gives all the facts and figures. Write for it.

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For 37 years, builders of dependable heating equipment

Guaranteed Heating WITH

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SUPPLIED AND INSTALLED NATIONALLY BY ESTABLISHED HEATING CONTRACTORS

Old Pipe-Smoker Switches Back to Favorite Tobacco

Having tried other brands, he returns to his old favorite with new appreciation

Evidently, one way to appreciate a certain tobacco is to try another kind.

At least, that has been the experience of one veteran pipe-smoker. By switching temporarily to other tobacco he finally came back to his old-time favorite with a new appreciation and a vow never to change again.

It is significant that this pipe-smoker found that his former favorite tobacco still had the same flavor and quality that first won him to it. As a matter of fact, most pipe-lovers know that Edgeworth never changes.

Read Mr. Fishburn's "signed confession":

Peoria, Ill
Aug. 26, 1926

Messrs. Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Dear Sirs:

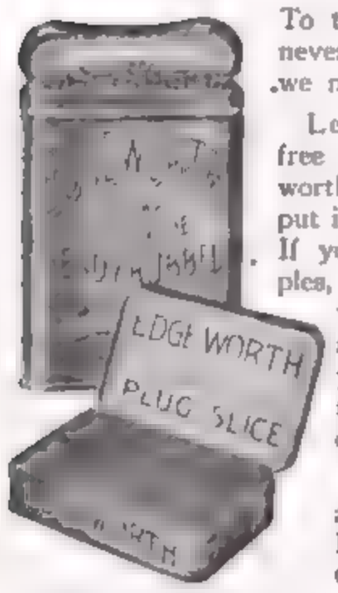
Just a confession and an appreciation.

A number of years ago I was a user of your Edgeworth smoking tobacco. But like some others, perhaps, I was led by alluring advertisements to change.

A few days ago I went into a drug store to get some tobacco, and on the case was the familiar can of Edgeworth. I bought it and since then I have enjoyed old-time comfort.

So my confession is that I made a mistake in changing to other brands, and my appreciation is such that Edgeworth will be my Smoke Pal while life lasts, which may not be long, for I have passed my "three score years and ten."

Very truly yours,
(signed) E. P. Fishburn



To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1-O S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.

THE LIP OF TRUTH

(Continued from Page 21)

Belter, who told the tale many times over at the store, used to set the scene with care. Rufe, he said, wore his new black coat and a white stiff-bosomed shirt and a white collar with a thin black tie.

"He always did look kind of white," he reminded them. "But it looked to me that morning he was whiter than usual. Only, I thought it was because he had that collar on."

The manner of Attorney Thorpe, even during the morning proceedings, made a pronounced impression on Will. "If I'd met him on the street," Will assured them, "I'd have called him Jay, the same as I always did. But he was 'Mr. Thorpe' that morning, and no mistake about it."

Lydy Gaddis was the first witness put upon the stand by Thorpe. Her testimony was given in a still, dry tone, so low that her words occasionally became inaudible. Her name, she said, was Lydia Gaddis; she lived in Fraternity; she had lived there all her life; she lived with her brother on the farm which had belonged to their father before them; and to a further question she replied, "I knew Mr. Hering ever since I was a girl."

Before bringing her to the actual witnessing of the will the attorney asked her whether she had been used to go to the Hering farmhouse.

"I went some," she said. "Rufe was over there pretty near every day helping around or talking to the old man. And sometimes he took over a batch of biscuits or a pie or something I had cooked. Huginn mostly did the cooking over there, and he wasn't any better cook than most men." She added, without prompting: "And I'd go over now and then and clean house for him too. It got to be a mess again soon as I had left, but it was clean every so often anyway."

The attorney brought her to the period of Hering's last illness, which had been protracted over some six weeks' time.

"Yes," she said, "I was over there every day while he was sick. He needed a woman to take care of him, and I suppose he could have hired somebody, but he wouldn't. And Rufe said I ought to go."

"Were you attached to Mr. Hering?" the attorney inquired, and she said indignantly, "A man's so kind of helpless. I wanted to make things as easy for him as I could."

"Was your brother also there?"

"He was there most of the time. I just went over in the morning and again in the afternoons. But Rufe stayed there a good deal, and he slept there toward the end, in the room next to Mr. Hering."

"I suppose Huginn helped in every way he could."

"He never was much of a hand to work. He's willing enough, but he don't know how," Lydy replied.

"What was his position at the farm?"

"He was the hired man," said Lydy.

"Did you ever hear that there was any relation other than that of employer and employe between him and Mr. Hering?"

"I heard Mr. Hering tell Rufe that Huginn was a kind of a cousin," she affirmed.

The attorney produced Hering's will, and the sheets of paper became for a moment the focus of all eyes in the court room. There appeared to be three of them, fastened together at the top with a pin. The attorney called Lydy's attention to the signatures at the end, and he asked, "Is that your signature?"

She said it was.

"Is that Mr. Hering's signature, immediately above yours?"

"Yes," she replied.

"And is that your brother's signature below?"

"Yes."

"Do you know whether the signatures of two witnesses are sufficient on a document of this nature?"

"I don't know," she told him.

"Do you know what this document is?"

"It's Mr. Hering's will."

"Will you tell the court the circumstances under which you signed your name?"

She nodded, changing her position slightly. "Rufe come over to get me," she replied. "It was after supper. He said Mr. Hering had made a will and wanted us to sign it, and I went over with him. We come into Mr. Hering's bedroom, and Rufe says, 'Here's Lydy.' And he took this will out of his pocket. And there was a pen and some ink on the table by the bed.

"Mr. Hering said, 'I want you to witness my will,' and he kind of leaned over on one elbow and wrote his name there on the paper. And he give me the pen, and I wrote my name below, and then Rufe wrote his."

"In whose handwriting is this will?" the attorney inquired.

"It's in Rufe's," said Lydy.

"Were you present when it was written?"

"No."

"Did you hear any conversation about the will before or after this evening on which it was signed?"

"No."

Thorpe hesitated, then turned toward where Lee Hering sat. "That's all," he said.

Lee rose and looked at Lydy and spoke gently. "I have no questions," he told her. "You may step down."

Rufe Gaddis took the stand to support his sister's testimony. He was able to tell at somewhat greater length the story of old Mat's later years, but there was in this narration nothing pertinent or important. He testified to the signing of the will, and after a moment's hesitation, Attorney Thorpe said to the dead man's son, "You may cross-examine."

Lee Hering rose, almost indifferently, and he addressed the judge. "If Your Honor please," he explained, "I have no desire to contest this will if it is genuine. My appearance here is simply to assist in establishing the fact, or to determine whether it is a fact, that this is my father's will." He paused, and the judge nodded without comment.

Lee turned to Rufe. "Mr. Gaddis," he said gravely, "you knew my father well?"

"Yes, sir," said Rufe.

"You knew that there had been a rupture between us?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever hear my father say in effect that in spite of his ill feeling toward me he intended to keep his estate in the family?"

"Yes, sir," said Rufe. "He always said that. But he said Huginn was his cousin."

Lee nodded gently. "I understand," he agreed. "Did you know Huginn was in fact his cousin?"

"I never knew anything about it," Rufe replied, "except what your pa told me."

"Are you a lawyer, Mr. Gaddis?"

Rufe grinned uncomfortably. "No, sir. I don't know anything about it."

"Did you make any suggestions as to the form or substance of this will?"

"No, sir."

"It's in your handwriting?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Your pa asked me to write it for him," Rufe replied. "He could see that he wan't going to live very long, and he said he'd decided to make a will and leave what he had to Huginn. But he couldn't write very easy, laying in bed, so he told me what to write and I put it down."

Lee asked: "Did he tell you the substance of what he wanted written, and did you then put it in your own words?"

"He told me the words," said Rufe. "I wrote down just what he said."

"You wrote, then, at his dictation the clause bequeathing to me five dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you think it strange that there was no explanatory clause which should discuss my differences with my father?"

"I was writing so fast I didn't have time to think."

"Do you think this is a valid will technically?"

"I don't know anything about it. I wrote what he said to write."

"After the will was signed, what did my father do with it?"

"He gave it to me," said Rufe.

"Did he give you any instructions?"

"He said to keep it till he died, and then bring it in to Mr. Thorpe."

"Mr. Thorpe was named as executor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you understand that Mr. Thorpe knew anything about this will?"

"I asked your pa if he did, and he said he didn't, and he said he didn't need to. He said for me to bring the will in and give it to Mr. Thorpe after he died."

Lee nodded and stood a moment considering and turned away. "That's all," he said.

Attorney Thorpe crossed to where Hering sat and consulted with him for a moment, and then he called the dumb and witless Huginn to the stand.

Huginn, it appeared, had made some preparations for the part he was to play. He was clean shaven, his hair was slicked into place and his garments incased him in a curious rigidity. As he stood he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Attorney Thorpe asked him, "Did you know when this will was signed?"

"No," said Huginn.

"Did you have any talk with Mr. Hering about it?"

"No."

"Did you ever have any talk with him about the disposition of his estate?" Huginn looked at the attorney with a bewildered stare, and Thorpe explained, "I mean, did you ever talk about where his money was going when he died?"

Huginn shook his head.

"Did you and he ever discuss the fact that you were related?"

"No."

"You worked for him for a good many years?"

"Yes, quite a spell."

"What did you talk about together?"

"About the chores mostly. I don't know as we talked much."

"Did you know you and Mr. Hering were kin?"

"Never knew it till Rufe told me."

"And when did Rufe tell you?"

"The day after the old man died."

"You know Mr. Hering left you his entire estate?"

"I 'low I do."

"Does that surprise you?"

"Guess he didn't want Lee to have it," Huginn suggested.

Thorpe turned to where Lee sat. "You may inquire," he said gravely, but Lee shook his head and smiled. Thorpe addressed the judge. "Your Honor," he said quietly, "I offer the will."

Judge Fess looked toward Lee. "Have you any witnesses?" he asked.

Lee hesitated, glanced at his watch. "Can we recess for luncheon?" he suggested. "I should like that much time."

And the judge nodded his assent and got up from his chair.

At this point in his narrative Will Belter was accustomed to pause. He knew something of the art of telling tales, and he contrived his effects with no inconsiderable skill. "That's all there was to it that morning," he said. "And never a word to make you see what was coming at all. Rufe stopped a minute to talk to Mr. Thorpe, and I went along towards the door, figuring I'd say something to him when he come out. There was quite a bunch of people

(Continued on Page 141)

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Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

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Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

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THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

2890

Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

(Continued from Page 138)

there, going out all the time, and Huginn, he come by me. I said something to him, but he just grunted the way he does and went on by.

"I never noticed where Lydy was, but just then Rufe looked around, and he see Huginn going out, and he come after him and caught up with him outside. And they went along outdoors together, so I took after them. We had dinner down at Sam Gallop's. Rufe was kind of worried because he didn't know where Lydy was. 'She ain't used to being in town,' he says, 'and I ought to be taking care of her. I don't know where she's got to.' I told him she probably didn't want anything to eat, but you could see he was worried, just the same. I thought it was just because he wanted to look out for her, the way he always used to do."

He paused, and added reflectively: "And that was funny, too, the way it come out that afternoon." And he slapped his knee. "Yes, sir," said Will Belter, "it was a clean surprise to me."

When court resumed, there were, save for those immediately concerned in the proceedings, only four or five people in the room. The spectators of the morning must have taken it for granted that the affair was over and the matter settled. So that which was to come passed almost unobserved; the drama was played out before an audience of empty chairs.

"But I noticed," said Will, "that Dodd was there. He's usually down in Post Office Square handling traffic; so it struck me funny when I see him, and I kind of looked for something to come along."

Lydy Gaddis was sitting in the court room when Rufe and Huginn and Will Belter came back from Gallop's restaurant, and Rufe crossed immediately to her side. "Where you been, Lydy?" he asked solicitously. "I looked all over for you."

"I stayed here," she said. "I went upstairs, and then I come back here."

"Didn't you have anything to eat?" he asked.

"I wan't hungry," she replied in a level voice.

"I was worried about you," he insisted. "You'd ought to have told me ——"

His voice faded and died away as Judge Fess came in, and silence was imposed upon them all.

Rufe sat down with Huginn, just behind Attorney Thorpe; but Lydy stayed where she was, toward the rear of the room, ignoring Rufe's gestures inviting her to come to his side. When he saw she would not come he gave over his urgencies and faced around. There was in this moment a faint complacency in Rufe's countenance. He had played his part in this drama, and he had a right to feel that he had played it well. But a moment after the proceedings were resumed the man's aspect began to change, and his self-satisfaction gave way to a vague and an increasing alarm as Lee Hering came crisply to his feet and said to the judge, "I should like to call Miss Gaddis to the stand."

Before Rufe could move, and as though she had expected the summons, Lydy rose to take her place in the witness box.

Lee stood for a moment looking at her gravely, and the few persons in the room stirred with interest. Then Lee asked gently, "Miss Gaddis, did you talk with anyone during the recess?"

"Yes," she said.

"With whom?"

"I talked to you," said Lydy Gaddis.

"Did I seek you out?"

"No, I went after you."

"Do you know why I have called you to the stand?"

"I told you to," said Lydy.

"Why did you wish to be recalled as a witness?"

Lydy's eyes flickered for a moment to where her brother sat; and she waited, as though to be sure that he should hear.

"I want to change what I said this morning," she said then; and Rufe, sitting there behind Jay Thorpe, made a convulsive movement, twisting in his chair as though under the uncontrollable impulse of a galvanic shock. He half rose and looked around.

"I was watching him," Will Belter used to say. "I looked at him the minute Lydy said that, and I seen him jerk in his chair and look around, and he see Dodd there behind him, and after that he never moved.

"But he kind of seemed to shrink after that, and there got to be wrinkles in that nice new coat of his."

A momentary pause had followed Lydy's words. Lee asked her then, "You wish to change your testimony?"

"Yes."

"What parts of it?"

"The whole of it," said Lydy vehemently.

"Why?" Lee inquired.

"It wan't true," Lydy Gaddis told them.

Lee hesitated and then crossed to speak to Attorney Thorpe. The two lawyers whispered for a moment together, and then Lee said to the judge:

"If Your Honor please, my colleague and myself are agreed to let this witness tell her story in her own way. When Miss Gaddis came to speak to me Mr. Thorpe was with me and heard what passed between us. It was at his suggestion that we asked Officer Dodd to be in court this afternoon."

Judge Fess nodded and swung his chair about so that he faced Lydy more directly. "Tell us what you have to say, Miss Gaddis," he bade her gravely.

Lydy nodded, and after a moment, as though she sought to collect her words, she spoke—spoke slowly and in a tone dry of all emotion. "That will there," she said, and pointed—"that will ain't the one Mr. Hering signed. There was two pages in the will he signed, only on the last page there wan't anything except saying it was his last will and testament, and all that. Rufe wrote that will for him, and then he wrote two new pages and put them in place of the first page of the will Mr. Hering signed."

She fell silent, as though in saying this much she had said all there was to say. And Lee spoke gently, prompting her: "You knew this this morning?" he inquired.

"Yes, I did," she replied.

"And why did you testify as you did this morning?"

"Rufe fixed it so I'd be the first to testify," she explained. "If I'd told the truth this morning he'd have got out of it somehow."

There was in her tone and in her eyes as she swung toward where her brother sat a curious and fixed vindictiveness. "I wanted to give him a chance to get in just as deep as he would," she explained. "I didn't want there to be any way for him to get out of it at all."

Rufe, where he sat, made one last desperate grasp at safety. He leaned forward to speak in the ear of Attorney Thorpe, and Lee looked that way and faintly smiled.

"Miss Gaddis," he said, "your brother has just whispered to Mr. Thorpe that what you say now is untrue. Have you any evidence to support your present testimony?"

She nodded. "I've got the sheet of the other will, the one Mr. Hering told Rufe how to write," she replied

"Where did you get it?"

"I stole it out of Rufe's bureau drawer the day Mr. Hering died."

"Did he notice it was gone?"

"I told him I thought it was time it was burned up, and I told him I had took it and burned it."

"Where is that missing sheet of the original will?"

"I give it to you and Mr. Thorpe this noontime."

Lee drew a folded sheet of paper from his pocket and handed it to her. "Is this the sheet to which you refer?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

Lee handed it to Judge Fess, and, for a little, silence rested in the court room while the judge ran through the closely written lines. Rufe, in his seat beneath the shadow of the bulky form of Dodd, the traffic policeman, sagged in his chair, hopeless and helpless, only his eyes darting to and fro. And the judge finished reading the sheet of paper and laid it aside.

"This would bequeath the entire estate to you, Mr. Hering," he remarked.

Lee nodded, and spoke to Lydy. "Is that correct?" he asked.

"Your pa told us the night we signed the will he'd made up his mind he'd been too hard on you," she explained. "He'd found out you'd done right well in Boston, and I guess he was proud of you at the end."

Lee stood for a moment with lowered eyes, as though these words fell pleasantly upon his ears; but he spoke again a little later. "Did your brother expect to profit by the fact that the estate would go to Huginn?" he asked.

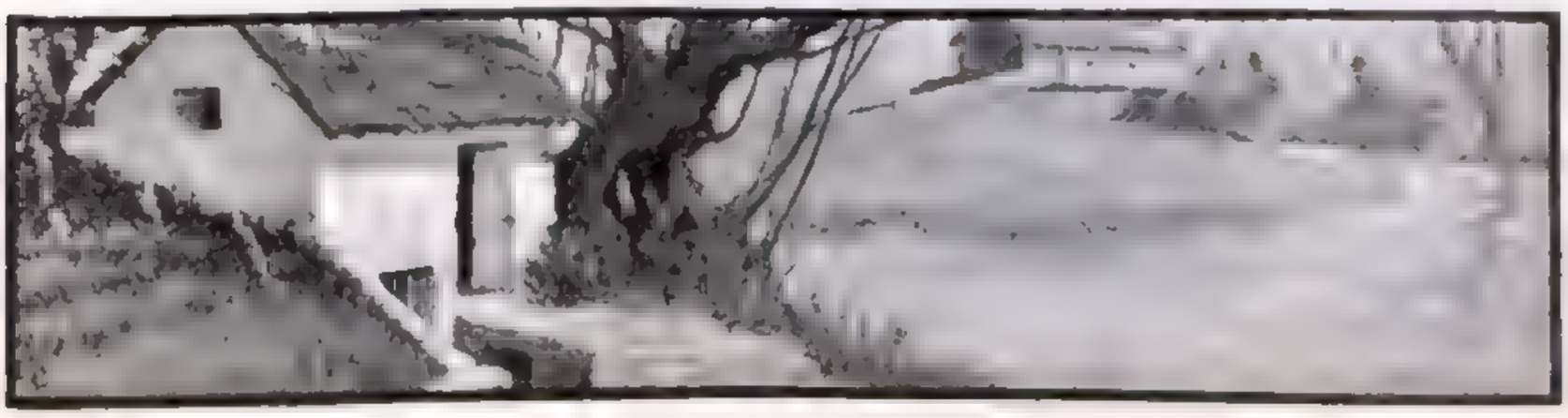
"He made Huginn sign a paper," said Lydy vehemently. "They was both in it. He's got the paper in his pocketbook this minute"

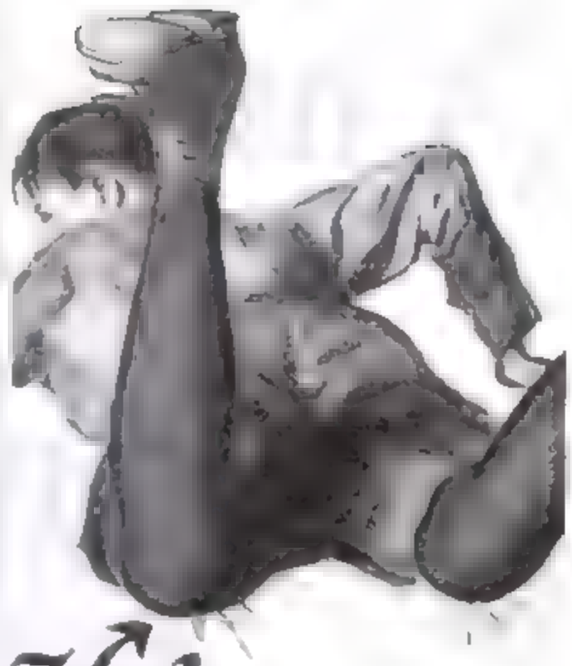
Her words focused all attention at last upon Rufe. The miserable man sat with downcast eyes, not moving. And after an instant Judge Fess said in a voice like ice: "Mr. Gaddis, will you hand your pocketbook to the clerk?"

But Rufe, overwhelmed in the collapse of all the structure of his plans, had no strength left to move, and Dodd, the traffic officer, reached over the man's shoulder to fumble in the pocket of the new black coat and draw out the wallet which he found there. A little later it seemed best that he should lead Rufe and the witless Huginn away.

"And the funniest part of it," Will Belter used to say, "come right after Rufe had gone. Lydy was still standing there, and the judge, he asked her what made her do it; what made her turn on Rufe that way. He asked her kind of quiet, not blaming her, just as if he wanted to know.

"And she stood there a minute, and you could see her mouth working, and her face got all red. Then she says, 'I got sick of Rufe long ago. I got sick of him always being so awful kind.'"





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A SCHOOL FOR ACTING

(Continued from Page 9)

In addition, he felt that Lettew, grown reflective, would put nothing in his sheet. He wouldn't dare. Lettew was wise enough for that. And, in the interest of his general well-being he went to Montmartre for dinner. William Sigmal recognized a great many well-known figures in moving pictures there—a producer, two celebrated directors, even a star, and a flood of character actors, writers and merely beautiful girls. He knew them all by name and performance, and if they didn't all know him now, they soon would. In six months, say, when he came into that restaurant there would be an instant interest and the contagion of his name. They would all smile at him, make the most of their slight contacts with him, urge him to stop at their tables. But, not alone, he would proceed to a conspicuous table held for him by the head waiter.

He would very much not be alone, and he wondered whom he would select for his companion—a celebrated name or a charming child, just beginning in pictures. Perhaps he'd like one of the radiant Swedes—the golden Swedes—they danced miraculously—or a dark Spanish beauty. He might ignore moving pictures entirely and attach to him a society woman proud and lovely; madly in love with him. But of course. Certainly. Why not? Of all those possibilities, he liked the society lady best. He'd have to humble her at first, bring her, in a way of speaking, to her knees. She'd give him rings with diamonds and rubies, and stick pins with diamonds, and watches with his initials in diamonds, and gold and diamond cigarette cases, and send him the cologne she used. Her own perfume——

He half rose and waved his hand effusively to George Matz, the young man who assisted the casting director at the Zenith studio. George Matz, who was dancing with a very personable young affair, surveyed him deliberately and then just barely nodded. Sigmal sank back annoyed; but then Matz hadn't recognized him. He hadn't known that it was William Sigmal speaking to him. This would be true, since Matz must have heard of his extraordinary success.

At the same time George Matz should not have been so short with him; it was George's business to recognize instantly such persons as William Sigmal. Matz, who, after all, occupied an inferior position, depended on the good will of those immeasurably above him. He, Sigmal, might drop a word to the casting director about his assistant. At lunch, with Carl Glenning, set over the whole Zenith western studio, he might make a short unfavorable comment on the management of the casting office. The wishes of an actor, an artist, were studied and fulfilled; the world was full of clerks, there were even plenty of directors, but the supreme artist was unique.

Dressed with the most particular care, with a green velour hat across the dark line of his eyes, William Sigmal approached the automobile and general entrance to the Zenith lot. The way was barred by a high iron grille, a large closed gate and a narrow door, and Sigmal opened the door with more than a degree of easy calm.

The gatekeeper spoke at once, with a rising inflection. "Yes?"

William Sigmal surveyed him with the slight confusion of a mind suddenly called back from vast and far preoccupations. "I'm William Sigmal," he said deliberately. The gatekeeper was a stout and prosperous-appearing man, his disposition was clearly placid, and yet Sigmal's announcement seemed to startle him.

"William Sigmal," he exclaimed; "and I didn't know it! I didn't recognize you. Now you'll never forgive me, but go to the president and have me taken off the gate. Just because I didn't know you. It was because you was walking. That's it. I'd have known you in your limousine, but walking ——"

"William Sigmal," Sigmal repeated coldly. "I am in the Martin James production of Tropical Hearts."

The gatekeeper had been more or less barring the way, but he withdrew his arm. "Stage Number 3," he said in a different and matter-of-fact voice. As William Sigmal moved forward, he still heard the voice behind him. "How did I know his was a tropical heart? All actors look alike to me and not so good at that."

Sigmal at once lost this in the excitement and difficulties of dressing his part. Tropical Hearts actually was, in part, laid in the tropics; and since Sigmal was to be a dark nobleman of unstated nationality, his clothes were highly interesting. In some of his ideas the assistant director joined—a pair of sporting shoes strapped in green lizard skin was very effective with a shirt identical in pattern. He engaged a white cloth suit with a coat elaborately pleated and with large pearl buttons. William Sigmal procured a monocle and a walking stick with an ivory handle shaped in the facsimile of a lady's leg; a cigarette case with one side entirely occupied by a coronet in brilliants, and which, when a spring was pressed, shot a cigarette into air; an opera cloak that swept his heels and tied at the throat with gilt tassels. The assistant director, however, objected to soft flowing ties:

"You're a count," he asserted, "and with that tie you'd be an artist. The monocle is what fixes you. When they see that they'll get you. They'll know all about you. Every woman in the audience will lean forward and wish she was the one. It's funny about women—no matter how raw you are, everyone will think she could have managed you. Where the hero is concerned you will be ace high over a jack. The women don't like heroes the way they did. Unless it's a dark hero raising hell up to the end. But artists are only good for a laugh, and in those ties you'd be an artist. There's another thing—don't put your handkerchief in your pocket, but keep it in your sleeve. . . . You might get a couple of bracelets. They go over big."

"Bracelets!" William Sigmal echoed him sharply. "A couple of bracelets. I thought Mr. James said I was a count. And now you have me playing the countess, or worse. Well, I won't do it! My dignity as an artist wouldn't allow me. What would the public—my public—think of me with bracelets? They would boo the picture off the screen. Mr. James would be through. I would be through. It would go serious with the Zenith Company."

"Bracelets," the assistant director repeated. "Two. Your public won't only stand for it, they'll eat it up. And while we're on eating, remember you do some eating in the picture, and it's got to be swell eating. No hash-house stuff. We haven't seen you eat yet and that's a fact. It can't be kidded. Remember, when you unfold your napkin, there's a biscuit there; don't rap the lead on the chin with it; and don't go to look for butter. There won't be any. Jokes about eating with your knife are out! And don't try to palm the girls beside you. It don't look good. You may know all this and you may not. This is the time to find out." During this largely practical recital William Sigmal grew more and more frozen in Olympian dignity.

"I can be noble in the little things as well as the great," he said at last.

"And not too noble neither," the assistant director persisted. "I'm running through all this now so's to save us footage later. Don't get so noble as to mistake yourself for the leading man. You ain't. Not just yet. Not in this picture. Don't develop a hunger for all the spots. Leave a little light, and a piece of the set, for the star. Be good, but not too good, see. For if you get too bright Elaine Storey will dim you. That baby's as hard as the shears in the cutting room. I'll tell you a valuable secret in addition—she never falls for the men she's working with. She's got a hate for actors. Real-estate men, when they own about a fifth of Los Angeles, and oil barons are her playmates. She likes the birds who can invest her money for her. So don't stand in a trance while she is working and don't try to help her over the light cables. Don't give yourself Klieg eyes gazing at her."

There was no point, William Sigmal saw, in being annoyed at Martin James' assistant. He was undoubtedly a very able, a very willing and talkative young man, but naturally he wasn't James, he wasn't an artist, a William Sigmal. His advice was puerile. Specially the words about Elaine Storey. Sigmal had studied her very carefully on the screen; he felt that he understood her completely. It seemed to him that he would be ideal in a picture with her. His color contrasted so nicely with her blond coloring; his height was the exact height for her.

It was probable that she would see this at once, just as it was certain she would keep her discovery hidden from the others—at first. What she'd do, he thought, would be to demand him for her next production. A super-picture. Then, little by little, she would let him see what she thought of him. She'd meet him after their labors and take him to his rooms in her perfumed and padded car, holding his hand and thanking him for what he had done for her, what his delicate characterizations had taught her. Perhaps, after all, Elaine Storey would be better than the society woman. They would have a thrilling, a nobly pure, love story. They would marry, and after a year Elaine would come to him and admit that she wanted to leave the screen; it was enough, she'd say, simply to live in and for him. His artistic triumphs were enough for her—her triumphs would be, henceforth, his children! The woman of society, after a heartbreaking scene, he would put out of his life. "Go back to your fate," he'd say to her; "it is not mine. Our lives, mine and yours, must flow forever apart. Your world is too cold, too formal, for me. I have found my life in the true heart of a little woman and a great actress." He would kiss her, but in noble relinquishment.

He was full of these thoughts when a boy from the office said that Mr. James wanted to see him. Yes, right away. Did he know where Mr. James' room was? William Sigmal didn't, but he wouldn't admit his ignorance.

"I'll be there quite soon," he said. The youth's expression conveyed the fact that, to him, it didn't sound soon enough. When he was out of the way, William Sigmal started, at a very dignified gait, in search of the director; but automatically he quickened his pace. He found Martin James in one of a houselike row of rooms with small outer offices. Mr. James' secretary was a very blond and consciously efficient coldness, but her manner was no more icy than the manner of William Sigmal. "Mr. James," he said.

"Busy," she replied, even more briefly. He told her, posed in a careful silhouette against the light of the open doorway, that he was Mr. Sigmal. "Mr. James wants to see me. I was to see him at once. He just sent a messenger for me."

It was a full minute before she telephoned Mr. James, in the inner office. Then she rearranged some papers on a wire tray.

"He says you are to go in," she finally informed him, without looking up.

Martin James, on the contrary, was nicely polite. "Sit down, Mr. Sigmal," he proceeded. "What I have to say to you will need a little explaining. I want you to know, first, how I happened to take you so quickly for rather an important part. The truth is, I'm rather tired of actors. They get on my nerves. Whenever it is possible

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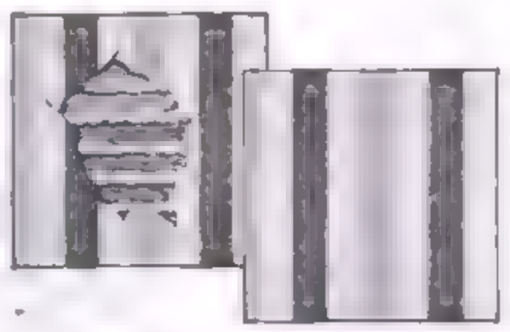

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(Continued from Page 143)

I engage new people, men and women who have practically never acted before. It gives me a great deal of trouble, of course; skillful actors go through their parts far more smoothly; but then I have had some very great successes with the others. I have made quite a number of reputations.

"Well, when I saw you I wanted you; you were what I needed; I was confident I could get a great deal out of you. It was plain that you knew absolutely nothing about acting or the screen. For that reason you'd have no set bad habits. You might, for a while anyhow, look like a man instead of an actor. If you see what I mean."

"I don't," William Sigmal told him resonantly. "I don't. But go on."

"I thought I would," the director admitted. "I'm still certain I was right about you; but something else, something very unfortunate, has turned up. I suppose the thing to do is to be frank. What about this?" He picked up from his desk and handed William Sigmal a copy of The Sun Arc laid open at a marked page. Sigmal held the paper in a hand which he could not entirely keep from shaking. "The screen," he read, "is the true Good Samaritan of the modern world. It, more than any other agency, has made practical Christianity possible. Take the case of William Sigmal, lately Howard Gimsal, now connected with Zenith productions hardly more than a month after he landed in Hollywood with the pallor of jail upon him. He had been convicted of manslaughter, and served his term. But, rather than regard him as a moral leper, an outcast, the world of moving pictures took him to its heart. It gave him a fresh start in life, a new promise. It lifted him up into the full light of its public approval ——"

William Sigmal let the paper drop. He sat gazing at his knees in their sharply creased trousers, at his empty hands. Martin James repeated. "We might as well meet this—is it true?"

After a little, Sigmal nodded. "But it wasn't murder," he added. "It was only manslaughter. In the second degree. I had provocation."

The director shook his head. "I'm sorry," he went on. "I'll have to let you go. I can't use you. If my picture is a success, if you are a hit, this information will be copied everywhere. It will get before all the women's clubs and they will boycott me. They will say I am encouraging crime and criminals. They will say that I have thrown on the screen, before families of little ones, the features and character of a murderer. The state censor boards will bar the film. The Hays organization will question my company. I don't say that this is justice, I don't blame you for feeling bitterly about it, but after all I am not responsible. Moving pictures must be surrounded by every care, every safeguard. They are the soul of the people. We are more responsible than others, for we are responsible to more than others. We have America's confidence, the confidence of the world. We must be true to our trust."

William Sigmal rose. "Bull!" he said coarsely, completely out of character as a nobleman. He collected his expensive green velour hat and went abruptly through the door without another word. The secretary raised her blond and waved head as he passed by, but he ignored her. Beneath his anger, his contempt, he was physically sick, the numb sickness of nausea. He wanted to get back to his room as quickly as possible, where no one could see him. He had lost his position; he was no longer a part of Tropical Hearts; he had been heaved out on the street; in the gutter. He started to tell himself that the Zenith Company couldn't repudiate a contract in no such a raw manner, but he remembered that he had no contract. He had refused to sign one yet. He had declined to limit his possibilities. He had preferred an oral arrangement with Martin James. And after some hesitation, James had agreed.

The sickness increased in him, a horrible sense of fatality grew, his wounded pride turned and turned in him like a pitiless knife. Ridiculously he thought of George Matz, who, now, needn't speak to him at all. And then his suffering grew cold like a stream suddenly turned solid by winter. He had thought of the short fat figure of Lettew. Lettew, who had betrayed him. Lettew, who had ruined his great chance. Lettew, who had spoiled his marvelous good luck. Lettew, who had sold him for a hundred dollars. Lettew, the rat! William Sigmal sat with his eyes narrowed, immobile except for the rise and fall of his chest. His hands were clenched on the arms of his chair. The shadow of fatality flowed back over his mind.

It began to seem that he had a short heavy piece of metal in his hand. He could feel it falling in a vicious arc through the air. Falling and stopping with a crushing impact. Out of his subconsciousness he spoke mechanically: "I'll kill him," he said. "I'll kill him and that's as certain as that my mother bore me." Lettew would spoil no more chances for men like him. "They can knock me off and be damned to them," he told himself afterward. He had always been superstitious about the past overtaking the present. He remembered Lettew's arrogance, his conceit, his worldly security. But he'd lose all that; it would fade from his face in a second of deathly fright. A sort of calm settled over William Sigmal—for him Lettew was already dead. He was as good as knocked off.

He was so calm about it, so secure and fixed, that he wasn't in a hurry. There was no need to find Lettew that afternoon. Tomorrow would do. Instead he was occupied by a bitter disappointment at not being a part of Tropical Hearts. Who, he wondered, would wear the white suit with mother-of-pearl buttons, the opera cloak? Who, in short, would be the dark and sinister nobleman?

The following morning he woke suddenly with a sense of impending engagement. For a moment he was confused, oppressed by general wretchedness, and then he remembered Lettew. He, William Sigmal, was about to kill him. That was both their fates. A pistol would be more convenient, but Sigmal had little confidence in them. He'd had no experience with a pistol. A short heavy piece of metal—that was different; completely dependable. He would go directly to the office of The Sun Arc, he decided, and ask for Lettew; and Lettew, thinking that his attitude had changed about the hundred dollars, would see him immediately and without suspicion.

However, he'd have to get the piece of metal first, and he went to the Zenith studio. There he found exactly what he wanted—a piece of inch galvanized-iron pipe. Sigmal discovered it back of a stage where a tremendous melodrama was in progress; under the grinding cameras there were incredible painted and lighted violence and sudden deaths. William Sigmal stopped, leaning against a set, critically watching the progress of the acting. It was, he decided, rotten! The star was no more than a series of disconnected attitudes. The director was plainly a sap. As he watched the similitudes of passion and murder he suddenly realized that in the midst of all the pretense only he, William Sigmal, was real. While the people on the stage were imitating murder, he was about to perform it quietly. In an hour or so Lettew would be dead. He felt, in consequence of this, immeasurably superior to the star, the lead and the director. They were all saps. The gestures and disturbance they were making were all empty. It didn't mean anything. They didn't know what it was all about. It was too bad, he went on, that they couldn't see into the heart of William Sigmal and learn what life, what death, were like. It was a shame they couldn't see what he was like.

He was so absorbed by the realization of his own reality in a world of sham, of cardboard and paint, that he went back to his room to consider it. Lettew could be killed just as successfully a little later; there was no shaking of his determination, his sheer need, to do it; but he wanted to explore further his own dramatic situation, his immense superiority. He was the master of the situation called life. He was enormously powerful, important. William Sigmal smiled at the thought of the futility of the men and women about him, of Hollywood. Its emotions, its powers, were no better than the celluloid on which they were recorded. It hadn't enough courage to kill a man.

Later in the afternoon he walked back to the Zenith lot to discover how the melodrama was progressing.

The gatekeeper knew him now and spoke civilly enough. "Not working yet?" he asked.

William Sigmal shook his head without further explaining himself. The melodrama was even worse than it had been in the morning. Sigmal could hardly restrain himself from speaking to the director, telling him where he was wrong. Perhaps on all the immense Zenith lot he, William Sigmal, was the sole man capable of directing such a picture, of keeping it from growing ham. His mind returned to Lettew, he felt the drag of the iron in his pocket; but he was, he discovered, hungry, and so he put off his contemplated act of violence until after supper. The supper, the subsequent cigar, were excellent and increased his purely contemplative mood. He would kill Lettew tomorrow. He needn't really be in a hurry: Lettew wouldn't go away; nothing could happen that would take him beyond his reach. William Sigmal's sense of dignity, of strength, increased. He was, he considered, a great deal like Sansom—or was it Samson?—who pulled the walls of the temple down on a people. It was Samson, and they resembled each other a lot. He would pull the walls of Hollywood down on Lettew, on any director or picture executive or writer or star he saw fit to destroy!

The following morning, after a very satisfactory breakfast, he put the section of iron pipe in a pocket. It was time to find Lettew. He stopped on his way out to get some cigarettes, and lighting one, he was suddenly oppressed by the realization that when he had killed the general manager of The Sun Arc his power and importance would be gone. He would be put in a cell and it would be all over with him. His feeling of reality, of being an unsuspected giant among shadows, would be ruined. William Sigmal decided that he had better, on his way to killing Lettew, stop at the Zenith studio and see how things were progressing. There he blundered onto the stage set for the first shots of Tropical Hearts, and there he saw the absurd, the raw actor who had been given his part. He was wearing the white suit elaborate with plaits and pearl buttons.

William Sigmal wasn't annoyed; rather he was, in his superiority, a little sad. A large melancholy flowed over him. A lesser man, with that section of iron pipe in his pocket, that courage in his heart, might have socked the actor who had supplanted him; another might have killed Martin James, the director. But he, Sigmal, wouldn't interrupt the production. He could stop it forever, but he wouldn't. A pleasing sensation of magnanimity took the place of the sadness. He was actually a very fine man driven to madness by the blind stupidity of the world. He would have preferred a different, a long and beautiful, history. Yet it would be, it must be, short and dark. Yet not entirely without beauty. Afterward he wouldn't run, he wouldn't struggle—standing still and pallid above the body of Lettew he would face with dignity the advance of the authorities.

William Sigmal went over this at lunch, and afterward, automatically, he found himself back on the Zenith lot. He wanted once more to see the mimes in their dull or merely violent acts and poses; to contrast his own solitary strength with their weakness; and as a result, he again put off Lettew's death. Returning to the Hollywood Hotel at dusk he actually saw Lettew. He was on the other side of Sunset Boulevard, trying to attract a taxicab. Sigmal

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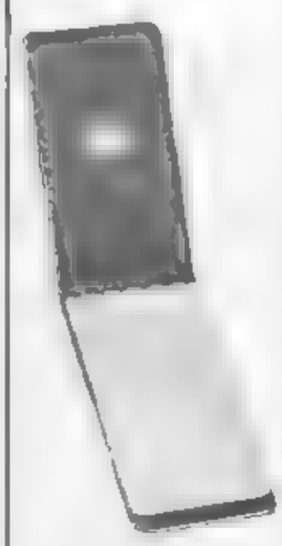

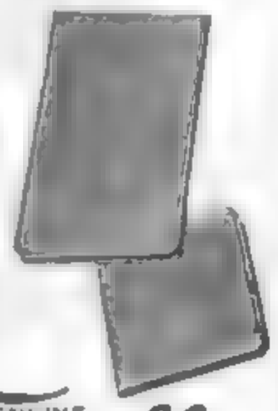

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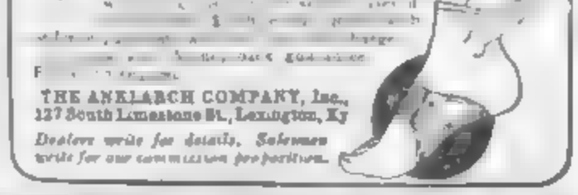

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would have had time to cross the wide street and make all taxis unnecessary for Lettew, but he didn't. The time, the setting, his feeling, were wrong. There was no dignity in the hour, besides the loud traffic. No, it would do tomorrow.

With that settled, William Sigmal felt more than a little sorry for himself—it would all be over so quickly. But there was another reason for promptness—his money was practically exhausted; he couldn't continue where he was for more than two days. If he didn't kill Lettew at once he'd have to go back to the dreary round of the casting offices. This time, he realized, there could be no repetition of his first luck. It would then, for all the reasons he could call to mind, have to be Lettew! But perhaps he might wait twenty-four hours more; his cash would support him splendidly for a day longer than that. Lettew himself was decreasingly important.

Walking into the casting office of the Pax Company, William Sigmal was conscious of the fact that the past two weeks had set their undesirable mark on him. A rare Hollywood rain had darkened and stained the green velour hat; his clothes had already begun to look decidedly ill-kept; and a condition closely resembling starvation had sharpened, altered, his face. He looked, it seemed to him, like a failure. His actual decline, William Sigmal recognized, had begun at the precise moment when he realized that he was not going to kill Lettew. He had put that necessary, that meritorious, act off from day to day, enjoying meanwhile the consciousness of his determination and importance, until it had become an impossibility. Sigmal had seen, suddenly, that he couldn't do it. From a reality it had grown to be an idea; and an idea, however cherished, was seldom sufficient for murder. In other words, the heat had gone, evaporated, from his resolve.

Lettew, the further truth was, had beaten him. The general manager of The Sun Arc, The Sun Arc itself, were stronger than he. That was the exact second when he had lost his edge; his life and thoughts had become blurred. He ceased to care how he looked, what and where he ate, what wretched room housed him. He made a dollar, a half dollar, where he could, inattentively. Sigmal had stopped believing in himself. He had lost interest in his present and future. Why not, since he was a total failure? A man at bottom without courage. He recalled the brief time when he was attached—in the capacity of a nobleman—to the production of Tropical Hearts almost with incredulity. It might all have been a dream, since this, now, was what he was—a bum.

He'd gone into the casting room on the Pax lot purely because he had found himself unexpectedly by the door. He might pick up something—they might need a bum—that would, anyhow, keep him going for a day.

He took a place on a long bench principally filled with young overpainted broads and elderly male actors. There were actors with gold-headed canes and carefully held gloves, and actors almost as hungry as himself; but there was one thing unmistakable about them, one thing which they had in common—they were all actors. He was filled with a sudden bitter humor at that quality. He had been one, but he had been cured. Gilded dreams and a comical self-infatuation. Comical. The airs of importance. How they loved themselves—the actors—standing and making faces at their reflections in mirrors. As if their faces mattered. Anyhow, he had been cured. If he could pick up five dollars, that was all right. He needed it. He knew what to do with five dollars, but the rest was bull. The screen was bull and the celebrated directors were bull and the public was mostly female saps. Look at the actors, he thought contemptuously; wrecks from the stage and blobs from department stores.

There was nothing for him and he disappeared; he sat through an afternoon in another casting office later in the week, because he happened to be tired. His clothes looked worse, his face was more haggard than before. He heard, without interest, the gossip of the studios—Tropical Hearts looked so bad that Zenith had let Martin James go; Elaine Storey had made three hundred thousand dollars in oil; the Hollywood authorities were considering turning back everyone at the trains who hadn't a legitimate reason for coming to the city. Then, at the studio of the Zenith Motion Picture Corporation, he got three days' work at ten dollars a day. He was congratulated on his make-up; the director wouldn't let him change a shoe lace before coming on the set. He was asked to continue but, with thirty dollars, he slept on dismal beds and benches along the boulevards for two weeks. When he returned to the Zenith studio his make-up was vastly improved—it had begun to develop tears, ragged edges.

Before he could escape he had worked fourteen days, the last seven—as a result of an inspiration on his part—for twenty-five dollars a day. When he was done and leaving the stage, the director stopped him.

"Sigmal," he said, "I want you to come up to a projection room with me and see some rushes of the picture. I'll be ready in half an hour."

William Sigmal waited, but he was inclined at any moment to leave. What did he want to see rushes for? To hell with the rushes. Before he realized it the director had him by an arm and they went up a flight of concrete steps to a small projection room empty of everyone except the director and his assistant, the continuity clerk and William Sigmal. The light was switched sharply off and the rushes, the film exposed through the last few days, begun.

"Well," the director addressed William Sigmal, "what do you think of it?"

"Pretty rough," William Sigmal said. "I didn't know I'd sunk to that extent."

The director went on: "To be honest with you it's so rough I've got to have more of it. I need it in my next picture. You're not the best there is, remember, but I can do with you; and I'm willing to be reasonable, if you are. There is something else—you may not know it, but your name is bad for the screen. It's ugly to look at and hard to say."

"You might call me Lazarus," Sigmal answered him quickly. "I look like a Lazarus. Benjamin Lazarus."

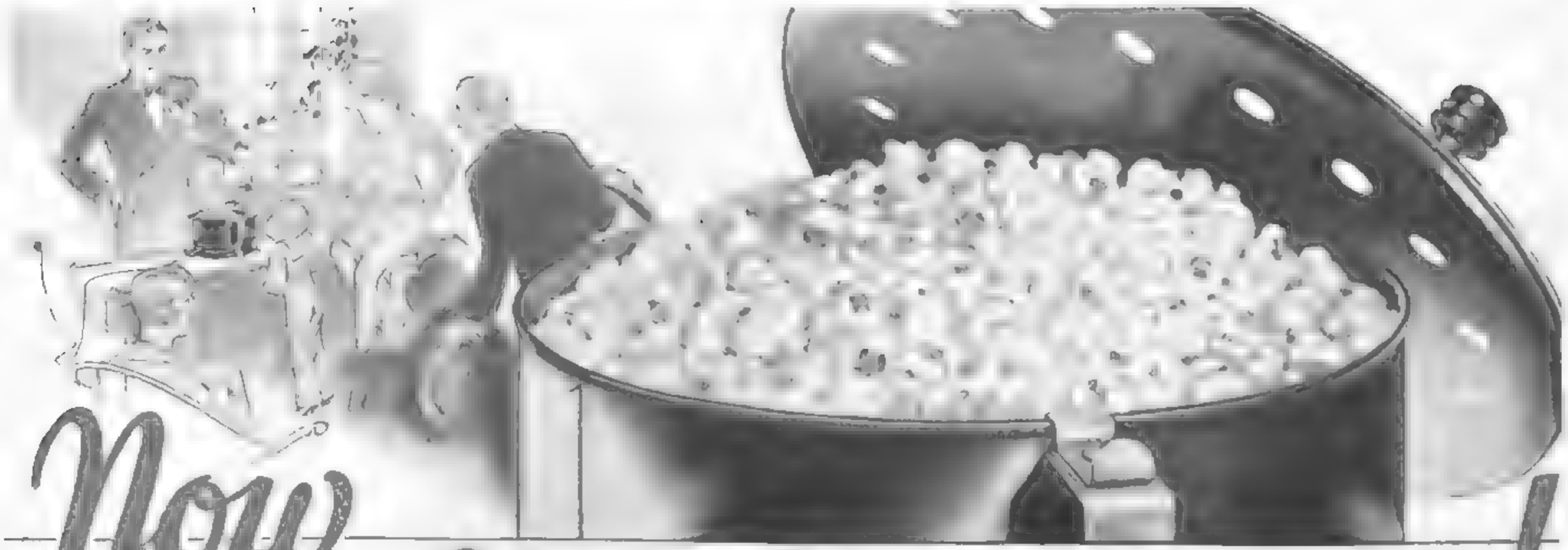
Now, it occurred to him, once more on the street, he'd have to buy more clothes, another hat. Go back to the Hollywood Hotel. He had been offered a contract. What was, in his own phrase, real money. And, since he had accepted it, he was doubtful. He had been practically cured of being an actor, and here it was all before him again. The thing to do was to dismiss it as work. To think of it as work. Hard, unpleasant, but with distinct possibilities. If it was in him to be comfortable, to live comfortably, he might as well do it. If he could keep the paint out of his head and on his face.

He was thinking of this in his room at the Hollywood Hotel when the telephone rang. Simultaneously there was a knock on the door. He called, "Come in," with the telephone receiver at his ear, but he put it quietly back. The briskly stout general manager of The Sun Arc was moving effusively toward him.

"I just followed my name up," he said. "Mr. Lazarus, I'm Lettew, of The Sun Arc. We need you and you need us, now that you promise to be such a success in pictures. We believe in you and want to express our belief to the public. We ——"

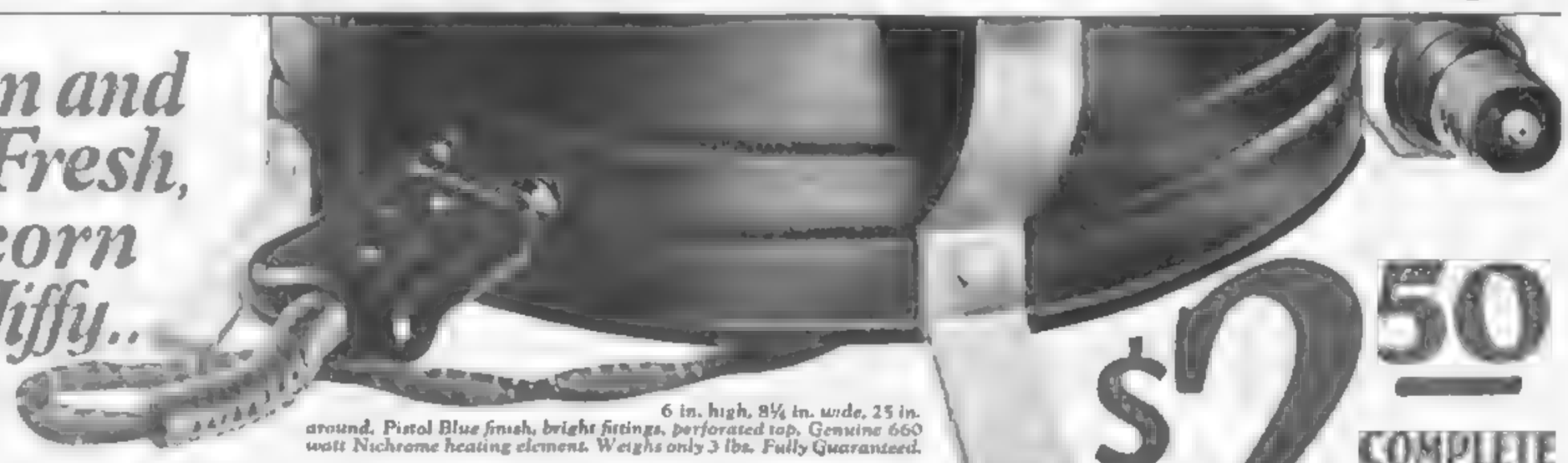
Suddenly he stopped, gazing at the man before him with a mingled amazement and cunning. "Say," he said, "let me shake your hand again. That will make the third time and fifteen hundred dollars. But as slow as you like, take a year to it. As I often said, we believe in you."

When Lettew had gone, their understanding complete, Benjamin Lazarus spoke with conviction. "Cheap at the price," he told himself. "Cheaper'n hell!"



Now AN Electric CORN POPPER!

All the Fun and Flavor of Fresh, Hot Popcorn Made in a Jiffy..



6 in. high, 8¼ in. wide, 25 in. around. Pistol Blue finish, bright fittings, perforated top. Genuine 660 watt Nichrome heating element. Weighs only 3 lbs. Fully Guaranteed.

AT last—an electrical invention that fills a long-felt want—a delightful convenience that brings back into favor an old-time sport—a new, better way to make a delicious confection! It's more than a corn popper—it's an Electric corn popper—originated by Excel!

If you've never tasted home-made pop corn, you'll like it now. If you're a true pop corn lover, you'll like it better. For this new modern way to pop corn makes it more tender, flaky, delicious. You can eat it while it's hot and fresh. And you can pop it with far less fuss and bother. It's real fun to pop corn now!

How it Works

Simply connect to any light socket. Pour the kernels into the popper and stir gently by turning the knob. In five minutes you have a half-gallon popped—in ten minutes a gallon and a half. Then pour on hot butter and sprinkle a little salt to give that delicious, mouth-watering taste. Presto! A dish fit for a king!

Any child can safely use this convenient electric corn popper. No need to stand over a hot stove. Nothing complicated about it and nothing to get out of order. It heats rapidly yet burns less current than your electric iron. Bacon and eggs, chops or even fried potatoes and other light cooking can be done to a turn in the popper.

First Aid to the Hostess

Pop corn is an ideal fill-in for light refreshments after the game, theatre or even for unexpected callers. You can make a dozen appetizing dishes that appeal to old and young alike.

The recipes shown here are only a few of the many tempting appetizers you can make with pop corn. It adds a distinctive dish to your menu—something out of the ordinary.

Everybody Likes Pop Corn

Serve it at pop corn parties, clubs, church socials, etc. Dad likes a plateful at his elbow with his evening paper. Children crave it for that after-school hunger.

Popping corn kindles a fireside spirit that keeps the old and young at home, shortens the long winter evenings and bedtime comes too soon.

A Strength-Building Food

Not only is pop corn a delicious confection but it is high in nutritive value also. Corn is rich in carbohydrates and proteins. Then, too, it massages the gums—a much needed exercise in these days of rich, soft foods. In every way pop corn is an ideal item for your daily menu.

An Unusual Gift

For Birthdays, Weddings, Anniversaries, Bridge Prizes, etc. Thousands of families now enjoy pop corn made this delicious new way. It's low price $2.50—brings it within reach of all. Since pop corn bought elsewhere costs ten cents a bag, the Excel will soon pay for itself. Being quality-made throughout it will last for years and years. Now is the time to get one.

See Your Dealer—or Order Direct

Your dealer will show you this wonderful electric corn popper. If he does not have it, you may order direct from us, under our guarantee of satisfaction and 5-day trial offer. Simply deposit $2.50 with coupon below—or pay your postman. Use it for five days. If you are not thoroughly satisfied and delighted with it, your deposit will be refunded without question. Act now and learn how good pop corn can taste when made this modern easy way. Use the coupon below.

$2.50 COMPLETE READY TO USE

Ready to EAT In 5 Minutes

4 TASTY POPCORN RECIPES

Pop Corn Balls—Mix 2 cups Granulated Sugar, ½ cup water, ½ teaspoonful Cream of Tartar. Boil until hard ball forms when dropped in water. Pour over 3 quarts Pop Corn in large pan. Work quickly with hands and roll in powdered sugar.

Maple Pop Corn Bars—Cook two cups of Maple Sugar and ½ cup cream until [illegible] in water. Beat until [illegible]. Add 3 cups Popped Corn. Mix well. Pour into buttered pan. When cold cut into bars with sharp knife.

Pop Corn Macaroons—Run 3 cups freshly Popped Corn and 1 cup Blanched Almonds through the food chopper. Put the Whites of three eggs until stiff. Add 1 cup powdered Sugar and beat 3 minutes. Then mix in the corn and almonds. Drop from spoon on oiled pan and bake [illegible].

Pop Corn Fudge—Mix 2 cups White Sugar, 1 cup Milk, 2 tablespoons Butter, pinch of Salt. Boil until soft ball forms when dropped in cold water. Add 1 teaspoon Vanilla. Pour over 3 cups Popped Corn. Mix well. Pour into buttered pan. When cold cut with sharp knife.

DEALERS

Here is a sensation in electric appliances. Over 1,000 dealers sold out 24 hours after appearance of December ads. 813 dealers wired repeat orders within three weeks. The novelty, low [illegible] and big demand for an electric corn popper are building record sales days for dealers everywhere. Write quick for special offer.

USE IT ON FIVE DAYS' TRIAL

The Excel ELECTRIC COMPANY

DEPT. B-12, MUNCIE, INDIANA

COMPLETE ELECTRIC COOKER—only $7.50

Over 100,000 women now save work, time and money with this efficient low priced electric cooker. The Excel Electric Cooker prepares a whole meal at one time—bakes, boils, roasts and stews. Has HIGH and LOW heat [illegible] to prevent shrinkage of food shrinkage, and will pay for itself in 90 days or less. Makes delicious pot roasts and cuts dish-washing labor in half. Beautifully finished in Duco [illegible] and lined with aluminum throughout. 2-gallon oven with removable [illegible]. Complete with recipe booklet, complete $7.50 ($8.50 west of Denver). SEE YOUR DEALER TODAY or order direct with coupon for 5 days' trial. Your money back if not satisfied. Complete instructions, sent with cooker, answer every question.

THE EXCEL ELECTRIC COMPANY
Dept. B-12, Muncie, Indiana

Yes, send me the item, checked below, under your five-day trial offer.
You are to refund my money without question if I am not satisfied.

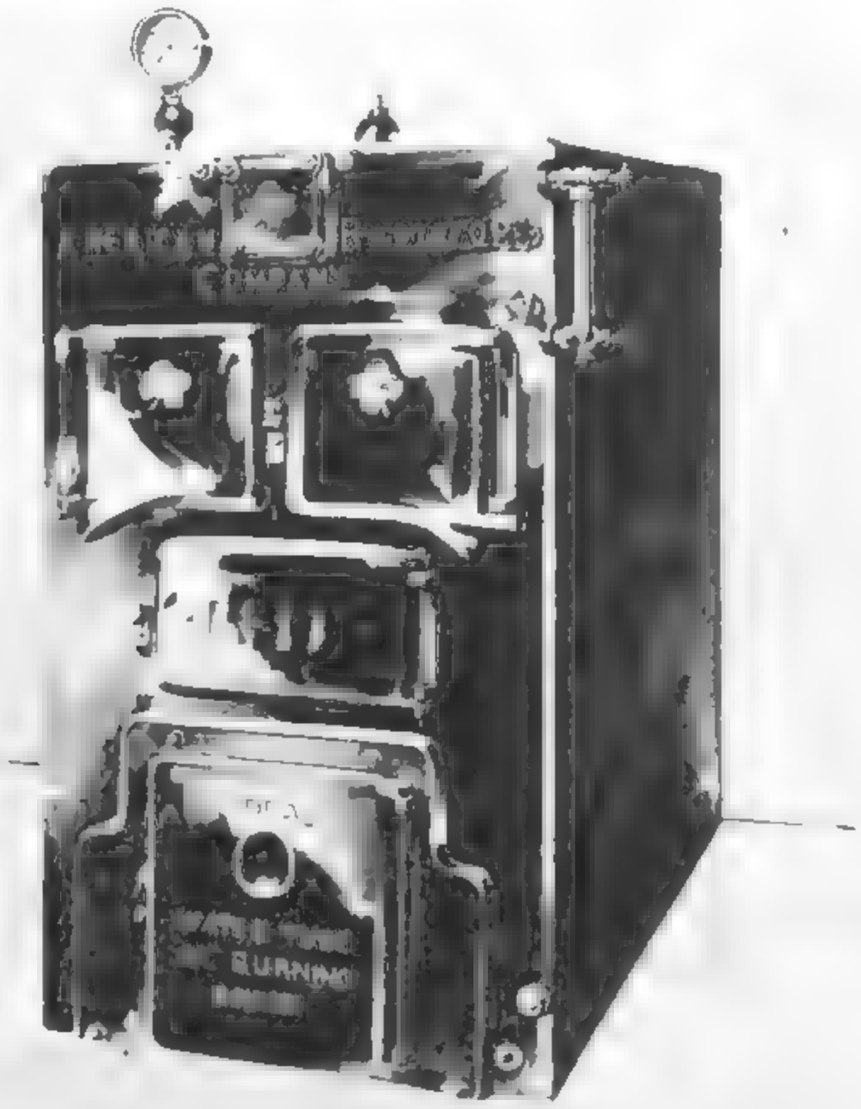
☐ Excel Electric Corn Popper at $2.50. (West of Denver $2.75.) Enclose money order—or pay postman

☐ Excel Electric Cooker at $7.50. (West of Denver $8.50.) Enclose money order—or pay postman

Name

Address

City *State*



IDEAL *Water Tube Oil Burning Boiler*

For homes, apartment buildings, skyscrapers,—the IDEAL Water Tube Oil Burning Boiler is of such range and capacity that it will fulfill the most exacting requirements and will function with full efficiency during the life of any building. It is especially designed for rapid heating.

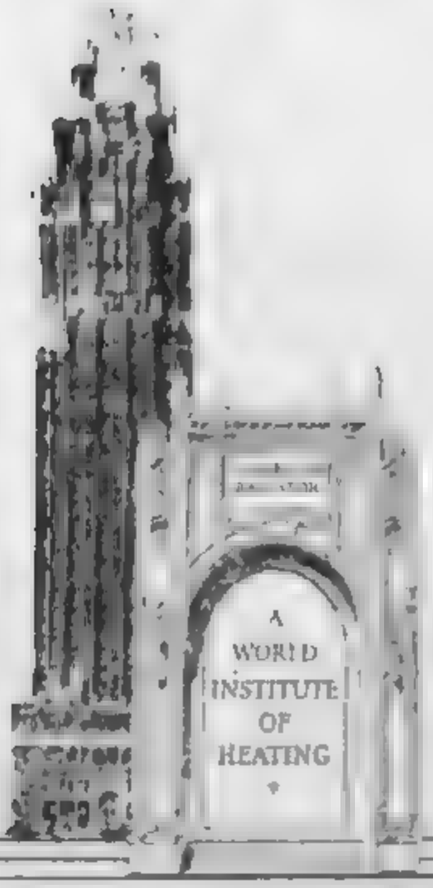
Best Oil Burner Results

In keeping with its larger ideals of public service and the obligations of leadership, American Radiator Company, from the first, has kept open the doors of its great laboratories for the aid of oil burner inventors and manufacturers.

This close and continuous co-operation has resulted in the practical scientific development of modern oil burners, and the perfection of IDEAL Boilers for oil burning.

Here again, with its wealth of heating experience and its vast equipment in heat-measuring, heat-recording, and heat-controlling facilities, American Radiator Company has demonstrated that it is truly a WORLD INSTITUTE OF HEATING.

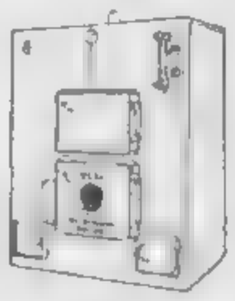
IDEAL Boilers, for oil burning, are offered in three types,—scientifically proportioned and equipped to guarantee the utmost in oil burner results. These IDEAL Boilers have had their complete development hand in hand with the oil burner industry and they afford, therefore, the best to be obtained in operating efficiency, economy, and dependability.



ARCO ROUND *Oil Burning Boiler*

The most widely used heater for homes,—the ARCO Round Oil Burning Boiler is designed and constructed for efficient oil burning. It delivers satisfactory results in daily service, during the life of the building

IDEAL *Type "A" Oil Burning Heat Machine*



Distinguished for its cleanliness and attractiveness, this boiler is the "aristocrat of home heating boilers." It is scientifically designed and constructed for efficient oil burning and is suitable, single or in batteries, for the finest residences and largest buildings.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Showrooms and sales offices: New York, Boston, Providence, New Haven, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore Washington, Richmond, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Chicago, Milwaukee, Omaha Indianapolis, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Denver, Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Toronto London, Paris, Milan, Brussels, Berlin

Makers of IDEAL Boilers for coal, coke, oil and gas. AMERICAN Radiators, ARCO Hot Water Supply Heaters, VENTO (Ventilating) Heaters, Heat-Controlling Accessories, and other products for drying, cooling and refrigeration.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 136)

can't earn seventy dollars loses business for the company and is not wanted.

When I took the job to fill in a summer vacation it was my plan to go to college in the fall; but family reverses made that impossible, so I decided to stick and go to work in earnest. I soon began to see opportunities for improving on the old methods, which might be called perfunctory competition.

One of these is the planting of free samples whenever a new family moved into the route. In most cities the driver who picks up such an account gets a bonus of two dollars a quart. It is classed as new business, but as people are constantly moving about it is really replacement, and every salesman must get his share in order to hold his trade.

I lost quite a few before I caught onto the fact that this phase of selling milk is not altogether a talking proposition. I wasted a lot of time drawing up and memorizing selling talks which somehow failed to get over, and then one afternoon a tenant just moving in called me as I was on my way back to the plant. It occurred to me that the way to sell milk to new accounts was to get there first. To do this I went to real-estate agents on my route and persuaded them to give me the names and old addresses of new tenants or buyers. At first I tried visiting the old address just before the family moved, to solicit the trade. But I soon found people didn't want to be bothered about the detail of milk service in the hustle of moving.

Therefore I arranged to arrive at the new house just after the moving van left, which was generally in the afternoon or late in the morning, after my competitors were on the way home.

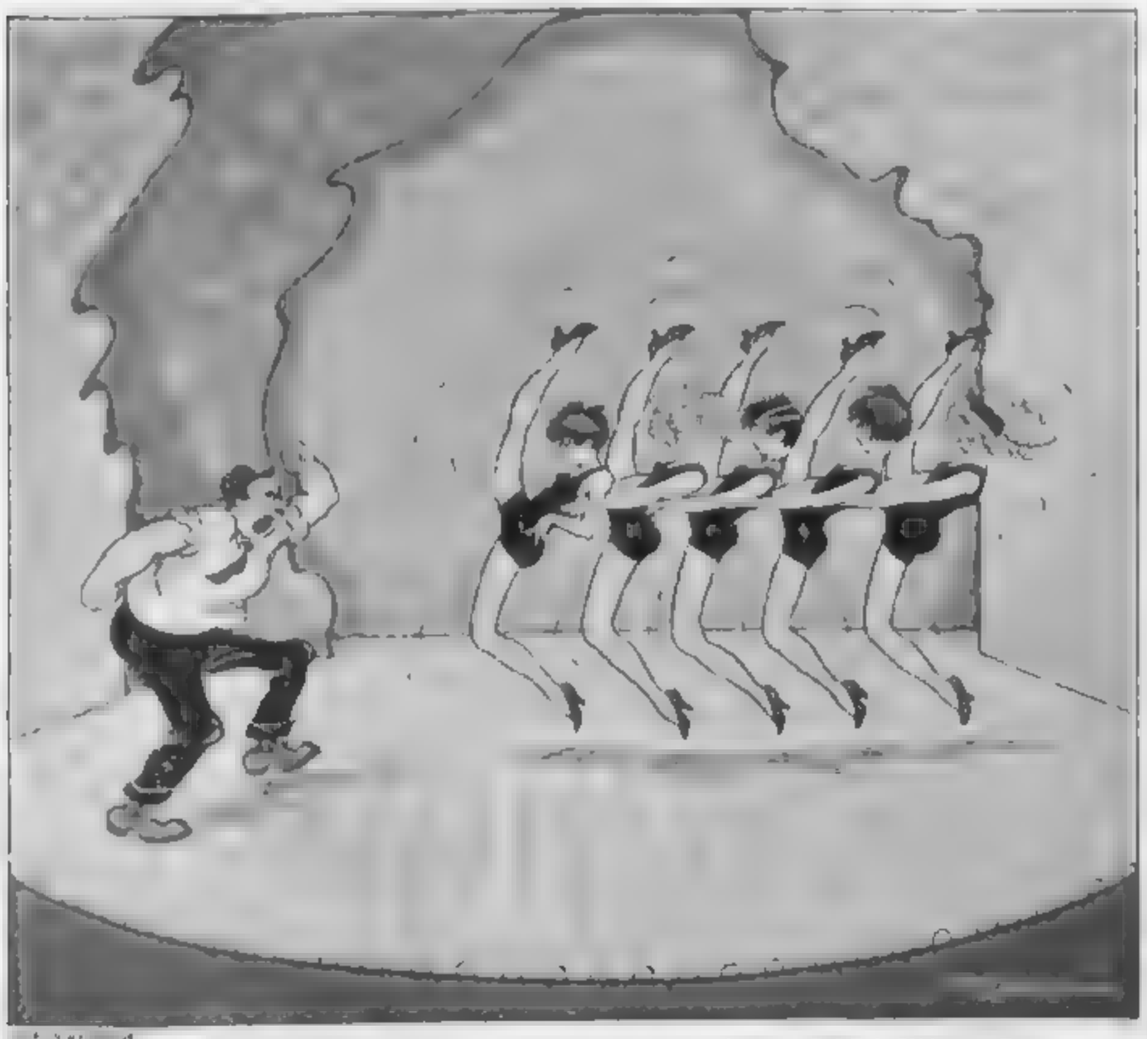
The customary method of locating a new tenant is to make a mental note of the vacant houses and keep a lookout for window shades. My plan got me in one day ahead. It also gave me the advantage of arriving, nine times out of ten, just when milk was needed. Most families move into a new house with everything in the way of service to attend to at the last minute. Electric lights and gas have not been turned on, and things are in so much turmoil there is no way to cook anything. My unexpected arrival with a supply of milk was generally quite welcome, and frequently I was able to furnish more service in the way of information as to near-by stores. Incidentally I stopped giving samples. The company made an allowance for this purpose, of course, and it was only a small item in my commissions. But when the idea was applied to the whole organization it ran into large sums and brought me a real bonus.

A plan that helped me more than anything else in holding customers is now a rule for all drivers in our company. In common with others, I had noted that most lost trade was due to disputes over the amounts due. Most companies tell their drivers that the customer is always right; but customers do forget the extra orders and it is only human for the driver to recall them. I formed the habit of checking off every delivery at every house, in the book furnished for that purpose. It took more time in the mornings, but it saved me a lot of effort in replacing lost customers. Also, it compelled me to make constant revision of my route. Every big company employs experts whose job it is to figure out the shortest and most efficient routing for each driver, but the man on the wagon who thinks about it can always keep a jump ahead of the expert. I went to the length of making a map of my route and formed the habit of looking over it every day for short cuts.

The national records show that intensive selling methods have increased the per capita consumption of milk 25 per cent in recent years, and I'm sure we are nowhere near the top. The return trip, now used by most big companies, has been a factor in sales increase. I don't know who thought of it first on a national scale, but I was the first to use it in my city. It developed out of the plan for locating new tenants. Instead of loafing when I had a couple of hours to wait, I put in the time circulating around again.

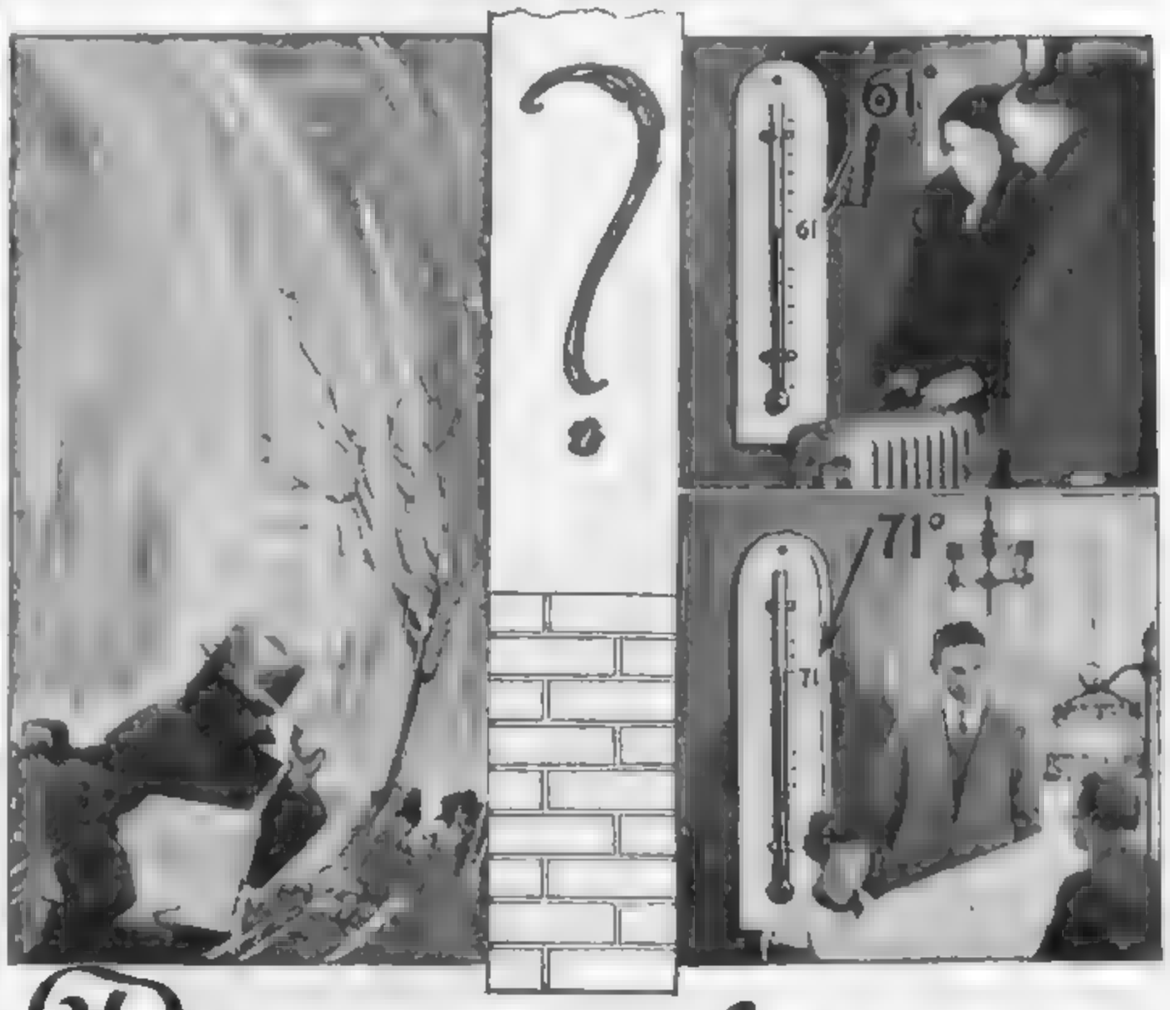
Another thing I learned is that side lines do not pay as much as may be earned by putting the extra effort into the main job. In the early years I tried to increase my income by using my acquaintance in various canvassing schemes. I dropped it when a chance remark of a customer made it evident that people like a man to stick to his own job, and to be interested in it. In the beginning I had the idea I was a little too good for the work, but I soon got over it. That, incidentally, is why most big companies won't hire college men. You can't hold a customer by high-hatting him.

—Wm. A. McGarry.



Stage Manager: "Pep! Pep! For the Luvva Mike, PEP! Where D'ya Think Y'are, at a Funeral?"

What's in the WALLS



Do you go home to 61° or 71°?

It's the biggest ten degrees on your thermometer—that gap between 61° and 71°!

It's the difference between shivers and comfort—between a warm welcome and a frigid repulse.

The best heating system cannot keep warmth inside walls that are heat-leaking shells. That's *another* reason for learning these facts about walls that are *Brick:*

Simple as "A, B, C"—these All-Brick Wall Facts

(A)—Every brick is a solid unit of indestructible *burned clay.*

(B)—Therefore All-Brick walls cannot possibly *decay* or *burn.*

(C)—All-Brick walls never need painting or repairs. Their *upkeep cost* is lowest. Their *Beauty* is permanent.

(D)—All-Brick walls are practically impervious to *heat, cold* and *vermin.* No insulation required.

(E)—A brick building holds its *Resale Value*—protecting your investment.

Only *All-Brick* walls have these advantages—so why not build of brick? Common Brick is available everywhere. It is the lowest cost building material. It builds the lowest cost solid masonry and hollow masonry walls. Walls of real beauty, too. The books below tell how.

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2153 Guarantee Title Building, Cleveland, Ohio

At Your Service—These District Association Offices and Brick Manufacturers Everywhere

Boston, Mass. . . 11 Beacon Street
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Los Angeles . . . 312 Douglas Bldg
New York City [illegible]
Norfolk, Va. [illegible]
Philadelphia [illegible]
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San Francisco [illegible]
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BRICK *Forever*

Send for these Brick Books NOW!

Common Brick Walls have been selected by the Home Owners Service Institute—for many of the Model Homes being built under the institute's direction in leading cities.

Common Brick Ass'n
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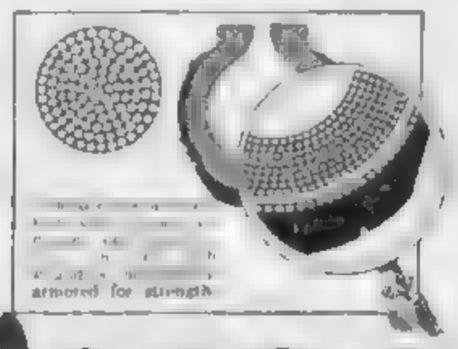
Send me the Books of Brick Beauty and Economy checked below for which I enclose the price indicated
[illegible] Your Next Home" —(New Edition) Photos and Plans of 5" homes (10c)
[illegible] —6" homes (10c)
"The Home You Can Afford" (25c)
[illegible] How to Build and Estimate" (25c)
[illegible] — (5c)
"Stippled Brickwork — (5c)
"Farm Homes of Brick — (5c)
"Brick Sense — (10c)
"Multiple Dwellings of Brick — (10c)
"Hollow Walls of Brick" — FREE
Name [illegible]
Address [illegible]

ARMORED
CORD CONSTRUCTION
reduces tire costs
and tire troubles

AT Niagara, the world famous observation car daily carries its cargoes of sight-seers over the whirling rapids, on cables that swing perilously across that great chasm. There again the engineering principle of armoring builds into those cables' the super-strength so paramount.

Cooper has adapted the same principle to the building of better, stronger Cooper tires. Cooper Armored Cord Construction armors each of the hundreds of tough, sinewy cords in Cooper Long Service Tires. Each individual cord is thoroughly impregnated and surrounded with a protecting cushion of live resilient gum rubber—totally shielded from the bruising and battering of the road. This new Cooper Construction wards off road shocks before they do damage—it reduces heat—eliminates that arch-enemy of tire life, internal friction—it fortifies the vulnerable point where tire havoc begins. Still this soft rubber cushion actually increases the flexibility and roadability of the tire itself. Investigate for yourself this new construction, exclusive in Cooper Long Service Tires. Have your nearest Cooper Dealer show you how it reduces tire costs and tire troubles.

[DEALERS The new Armored Cord Construction of Cooper Long Service Tires offers an unusual opportunity for live dealers everywhere. Write for complete information regarding the valuable Cooper franchise.]



Cooper
LONG SERVICE
TIRES

THE COOPER CORPORATION
Founded 1904
General Offices, Cincinnati Ohio. Factories, Findlay and Cincinnati, Ohio.

COLLECTORS VERSUS FAKERS

Continued from Page 19

or even most dealers knowingly sell fakes. Fine pieces will continue to be offered and to be snapped up by collectors at high prices. But in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, in almost every city of more than 100,000 inhabitants, as well as in many small towns and villages, you will find dealers who sell as originals, pieces which have been built up from parts of genuine pieces, or improved by period carving and reeding of legs, or altered in essential details and variously weathered and antiqued. Then there are places that look reputable and sell genuine antiques, but they handle also antiques manufactured or synthetized on the premises. Some of them do it openly. Others will confess that a piece has been repaired or has some restoration. A table was offered to me as partially restored, of which the only original parts consisted of two legs.

Almost everywhere one is confronted by the same unintelligent hostility from dealers toward salutary publicity—the kind that the New York Stock Exchange used to display toward investigating committees. Predictions of disaster are met by statements that men will continue to collect antiques no matter what warnings may be printed. When you speak of the fakers the reputable dealers shrug their shoulders and say that everybody knows who the fakers are, and therefore they can't do much harm. Moreover, how can anyone stop them? And then the inveterate junk buyer feels better when he pays well for his junk. Every reputable dealer also will tell you a thousand stories about customers who bought pieces at their shops a month or a year or a decade ago, which they can sell today at enormous advances. "I offered a man $10,000 for a piece I sold him for $400."

Let it be clearly understood that probably there are more honest people than crooks in the antique business. That is precisely why certain suggested reforms are feasible. Personally I have no unpleasant experiences to relate. On the contrary, I have met many dealers in all parts of the country who have become valued friends. Whenever I have suffered from deliberate deception on the part of a seller of antiques, it has been, without exception, at the hands of a private person or of an amateur dealer. It is for the benefit of the honest dealer and to help a business which should be on the highest plane, because of its invaluable educational and inspirational phases, that these articles were projected.

Gunning for Big Game

The distrust toward dealers in antiques has been growing apace. It has spread for reasons which shall appear in the following pages, until now it often affects the reputable as well as the fly-by-night. Everywhere you find a preference on the part of collectors to buy antiques in the rough. To some extent this is due to the fact that no two men like the same finish on their old pieces. But it might as well be admitted that, knowing how much fraud there has been in the selling of antiques, the buyer today insists on knowing exactly what he is paying for. How much original is there in a piece called an original by the dealer? Buyers now insist on knowing what the piece is, before the restorer or the repairer is turned loose on it.

Most of the information contained in these articles has been obtained at first hand from dealers and men thoroughly familiar with the trade. For the last time I repeat that I do not and could not accuse all dealers of unethical conduct or dishonest methods. But there can be no question that the antique trade needs, and needs badly, considerable scouring in spots.

Faking in all kinds of antiques has gone on for hundreds of years, because the demand always has exceeded the immediately available supply. There is a perennial bull market for real Stiegel or genuine Savery pieces. There are hundreds of people who would like to buy some. Well, try to find a dozen pieces that are for sale anywhere. You can't get them without weeks of searching, and perhaps not even then.

The cleverness of the fakers is beyond belief, and their tricks are much more than merely ingenious. Of course it does not pay a great artist in faking to devote his time and skill to ordinary furniture. He does not gun for the general public. He prefers experts, not from a highly developed sense of humor or congenital cynicism, but because when a world-renowned authority vouches for the authenticity of an item, the price soars. Scores of books have been printed in a dozen languages about the frauds perpetrated on learned antiquarians, curators of museums and other sharps. If these exceptionally well-posted men can at times be fooled, it is no disgrace for the layman to go wrong.

The Roughness of the Eye

To the mania for attributions must be blamed the greater part of the famous frauds. Rembrandt could no more have painted all the canvases attributed to his brush than Savery could possibly have turned out all the highboys that are saddled on him. The moment an average dealer finds a piece of glass that resembles one of the pictures in Hunter's book, it becomes Stiegel. In the same way a chair or a table showing the Duncan Phyfe influence becomes an undoubted Duncan Phyfe—after it is yours. The big money, of course, is in the high-class fakes. It requires considerable capital to embark in the business on a really profitable scale.

The dealers are well aware that nowhere is the mania for attributions carried to such extremes as among those beginners whose knowledge is derived from indiscriminate reading and whose optimism is magnificent. As a matter of fact, no possible combination of printed words, no matter from whose pen, can give to a layman an adequate notion of the feel and look of genuine Stiegel glass, and all the talk about the patina on old wood cannot convey to any human being exactly what the writer is trying to tell him. One learns such things by long study, by constant comparison—in short, by experience. The cumulative effect of a thousand observations, each trifling but collectively overwhelming, is what guides those who really know.

After enumerating the data he had on which to base his attributions, such as local tradition, the frequency with which certain types combined with certain features of structural character and with certain points of material quality, the authentic testimony of price lists, advertisements, local tradition and the cumulative character of the knowledge acquired in the course of years of investigation, checked up by many and illuminative cross references, and so on, Mr. Hunter says in his work on Stiegel glass:

> But when all these sources of information and springs of judgment have been enumerated, there still remains the most subtle yet at times the most convincing of them all. I refer to those delicate nuances of characteristic color and those intimate attributes of textural value and surface quality with which local habits of chemical process and manipulative procedure, often emphasized by the effect of time, inalienably imbue all articles of man's making, whether they be of pottery or of porcelain, of enamel or of glass.
>
> By the very necessity of its derivations, Stiegel glass is *sui generis;* and it is only, as Pater says, "the roughness of the eye" that prevents our recognizing the mere material of it at sight. But although such a recognition is often beyond the border of our limitations, it is also frequently well within the circle of our capacity. And it is in the training and refining of such capacities that the so-called "expert" equipment mostly consists—in the possession of a certain aptitude for fine perceptions; a trainable color sense and a developable responsiveness to textural and qualitative stimuli;

(Continued on Page 153)

NORTHEASTER

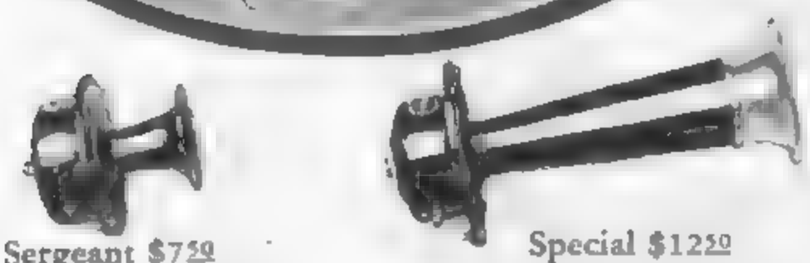
The Horn That Lasts

When You Must Make the 8:22

NOT one minute to spare—theatre audiences cramming the streets—B-E-E-E-P·· B-E-E-E-P—Ah! you stop worrying—your taxi has a *NORTHEASTER, the horn that clears a lane through any crowd.*

Now you know why you find so many fleets of cabs equipped with the *NORTHEASTER*. They've learned that this is the horn that gets them through first.

You've moved aside for the B-E-E-E-P·· B-E-E-E-P of the *NORTHEASTER* time and again. Now put one *on your car*. Make traffic move aside *for you*.



Sergeant $7.50
For Motor Cycles, Taxicabs and Trucks

Special $12.50
For Big Cars and Buses

There's the right NORTHEASTER at the right price for every car

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NORTHEASTER Horns are made by the

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Manufacturers of Automotive Equipment
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STARTING · LIGHTING · IGNITION · [illegible] · SPEEDOMETERS · FRACTIONAL H.P. MOTORS

...and you can always tell how much

NOTHING obscure or theoretical about the Spencer savings. Just the difference in cost between No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite and the egg, stove or nut sizes you need for ordinary heaters. This difference (usually about $7.00 a ton) multiplied by the number of tons you need, is your absolutely certain saving each season. That is all there is to it.

The owner of a "ten-ton" house saves $70 a year. A "twenty-ton" house saves $140 a year. At this definite rate of saving, it doesn't take many years to pay your entire heater cost.

If this sounds too simple, a bit hard to believe, it is only because you do not know that Spencer Heaters have been doing just this sort of thing for more than thirty years.

If you will simply write for "The Business of Buying a Heating System", a valuable book which will give you the facts in an interesting, informative way, you will find there is nothing about them you cannot understand, perfectly.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY
Factory and General Offices: WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—*Offices in Principal Cities*
Division of LYCOMING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

SPENCER
Single Grate Heater

SPENCER FEATURES!

THE following features of Spencer Heaters are fully described in a valuable book, "The Business of Buying a Heating System", a copy of which awaits your request

Saves an average of $7 in the price of every ton of coal used because it burns low priced No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite and burns no more tons

Requires attention only once in twelve to twenty-four hours, because coal feeds by gravity as needed.

No blowers or other mechanical contrivances

Even heat day and night, due to automatic feed

Smaller radiators can be used.

Equally successful for steam, hot water or vapor.

Type for every need from small home to large building.

No night fireman required in large buildings.

Easily installed.

Pays for itself by burning low-priced, small size coal

Proven by thirty years' success.

Built and guaranteed by a responsible organization

Spencer
steam, vapor or hot water
Heaters

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal ~ Averages $7 less per ton ~ Less attention required

(Continued from Page 150)

and in the schooling of these by the constant handling of many examples.

Mr. J. B. Kerfoot, in his book on American Pewter, writes:

Books may be a valuable aid to the student. Like maps to the traveler they are in many cases indispensable guides to the busy and uninstructed beginner. They offer him analyzed and ordered information through which he may orient himself in the country of [illegible]. But they are no more a practicable substitute for experience than are those same maps the equivalent of personal familiarity with the [illegible]. Connoisseurship consists in large measure in trained sensitiveness to particular values. It is only as Pater says, the "roughness of the eye" that ever makes two things look alike to us. That roughness is smoothed off by experience.

It is clear that very few buyers of antiques are qualified to buy intelligently. There is no more reason for being ashamed of not knowing how to tell a genuine piece than for not being able to perform a tonsillotomy on your son. The average man should be guided by a better posted friend or else take the dealer's word. Since every man isn't on speaking terms with an expert, most of them fall back on the dealer. The class of buyers who pay thousands of dollars for a single piece are apt to take pains to know what they are paying for, though, at that, they are fooled often enough. But the average man, with his purchases of a few hundred or even less, is inclined to figure that he is expected to overpay as he must when he buys asparagus in January. Or else, in his ignorance, he thinks he has acquired bargains. Of late an increasing unwillingness to pay absurd prices for junk would indicate the beginning of the turning of the antique-buying worm. The gouging alone or the faking alone would not have brought it about so soon; but the combination has been too much for even the extravagant American public.

Nearly every expert who has told me stories of how he came to detect a certain fake stresses the point that there was always something about a wrong piece that aroused his suspicion at first sight. "Something wasn't quite right," was all he could tell offhand. It was a suspicion-arousing hunch that the piece needed extra careful scrutiny. As a matter of fact, very few fakes are 100 per cent perfect. Usually a slight slip, some overlooked trifle, gives away the fraud. An official of a museum who knows a great deal about furniture told me that there were craftsmen in England today whose work was simply perfect, and that the only way to detect the modernity of their pieces was by means of the wood, for even when they use wood of the period—that is, old wood—there is something that cannot be explained away. Those details that the partly educated collector sets such store by, which he never forgets when he tests his pieces, are never neglected by the skilled faker who has all sorts of special tools for use in his furniture faking, even to an elaborate machine, of French origin, for making wormholes. There is no kind of wormhole that this machine will not make as plausibly as an honest-to-goodness union worm.

A Nonshrinking Pie Crust

A classic example is a famous pie-crust table. It was perfect. The style—that is, the lines, turnings and carving—the evidences of wear and the wood itself all were as they should have been. To this day it remains one of the best specimens of the art in existence. But something in the story the seller told aroused the buyer's suspicion. He called on the greatest experts for help. Having been told enough to make them suspicious, they would not guarantee the authenticity, but at the same time they could not find valid reasons for rejecting the piece. Finally it occurred to a Sherlock Holmes employed by the museum to measure the top with great care. It turned out as he suspected and hoped: The top was still a perfect circle. If it had been an original it would have been a perfect circle when it was made, but not after 100 years, for the wood would have shrunk across the grain a fraction of an inch more than along the grain. The faker had to make it out of carefully selected old wood to get the right color and closeness of grain. Unfortunately the old wood needed to deceive the expert had done all the shrinking it was going to do in any direction, and the detection followed.

Suppose you, an average lover of antique furniture, came upon a valuable piece out in the country. It was represented to you to be more than 125 years old, and it looked it. You wanted the piece, for which $500 was asked, and you knew that such a piece, if genuine, was worth at least $1000 or $1200. Would you dare take your own judgment of it? Are you sufficiently familiar with the work of the period, with the design and workmanship, with the wood and the effect of time on it in the matter of color and the general wear and tear? Could you tell whether it was of English or of American make? There is some difference in price between the work of our best Americans and the good English craftsmen.

The faker is more apt to go wrong on proportion than on those details which the lay man, with merely a book knowledge, is on the lookout for. The back of a Chippendale chair may be less than two inches thick, but to get the spring and the carving, a piece of mahogany five or six inches thick was used. Pieces of 100-year-old mahogany of that size are mighty hard to find, hence the skimpiness that usually betrays the fake.

Aged In the Wood

Another very difficult thing to imitate successfully is the inside and underside of the rails. In the originals these were left unfinished. You cannot treat a new surface so that it is really like the unplaned surface of the old wood. And the pegs that secure the tenon and mortise joints in old pieces protrude slightly, owing to the shrinking of the members through which they pass. Also the tips of the pegs show a smoothness and color, or patina, that it is next to impossible to imitate successfully on new pegs.

The old pieces were made from wood that came from certain sections of certain countries. That supply long ago ceased to be. Honduras mahogany differs from Santo Domingo, and that in turn from the Ecuador product. The same is true of our walnut. In the eighteenth century the beautiful red walnut from Virginia, which also was found in Pennsylvania, was much used. It is nothing like the walnut found in the North and West.

The other day a friend of mine bought a set of Sheraton chairs for his dining room for $2500. He knew furniture very well and was particularly well posted on that period. An expert was asked to come and admire them. He did—in silence.

"What do you think of them?" asked the owner

"Very fine work," said the expert

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"Did you want me to tell you that they were originals?"

"Aren't they?" parried the owner

The expert took up one of the chairs, turned it upside down and said, "This wood isn't more than thirty years old."

"How do you know that?"

"Forty years of cabinetmaking and forty thousand comparisons."

In old mahogany the grain closes up. In new wood it is open. That is why the faker applies so many coats of polish to his spurious antiques—to hide the telltale open grain of the new wood. In oak, to imitate the attrition of 300 years, the faker uses acid and a wire brush to wear out the soft fiber between the year rings.

A fake turned up not long ago in London, a late eighteenth-century shield-back chair. The dark color of the mahogany was most successfully imitated. Dirty wax had been rubbed into the cracks and crevices apparently the accumulation of years. The give-away was on the underside. Beech was

THINKING OF TURNING IN YOUR CAR?

Maybe you won't if you read this—

The days are past when each new model of automobile was radically different from its predecessor. It is true that each new model looks different, but outside of a few relatively unimportant mechanical refinements the chief difference is the color scheme. If you could give your old bus back her show room complexion your old car would be almost as good as a new one—and think of the money you'd save!

You can do exactly that with a couple of cans of Murphy Da-Cote Automobile Enamel, a brush and a Saturday afternoon. Thousands of thrifty people do it annually. You can do it if you will. Our free instruction book tells how. Write for it and a color card. They are free.

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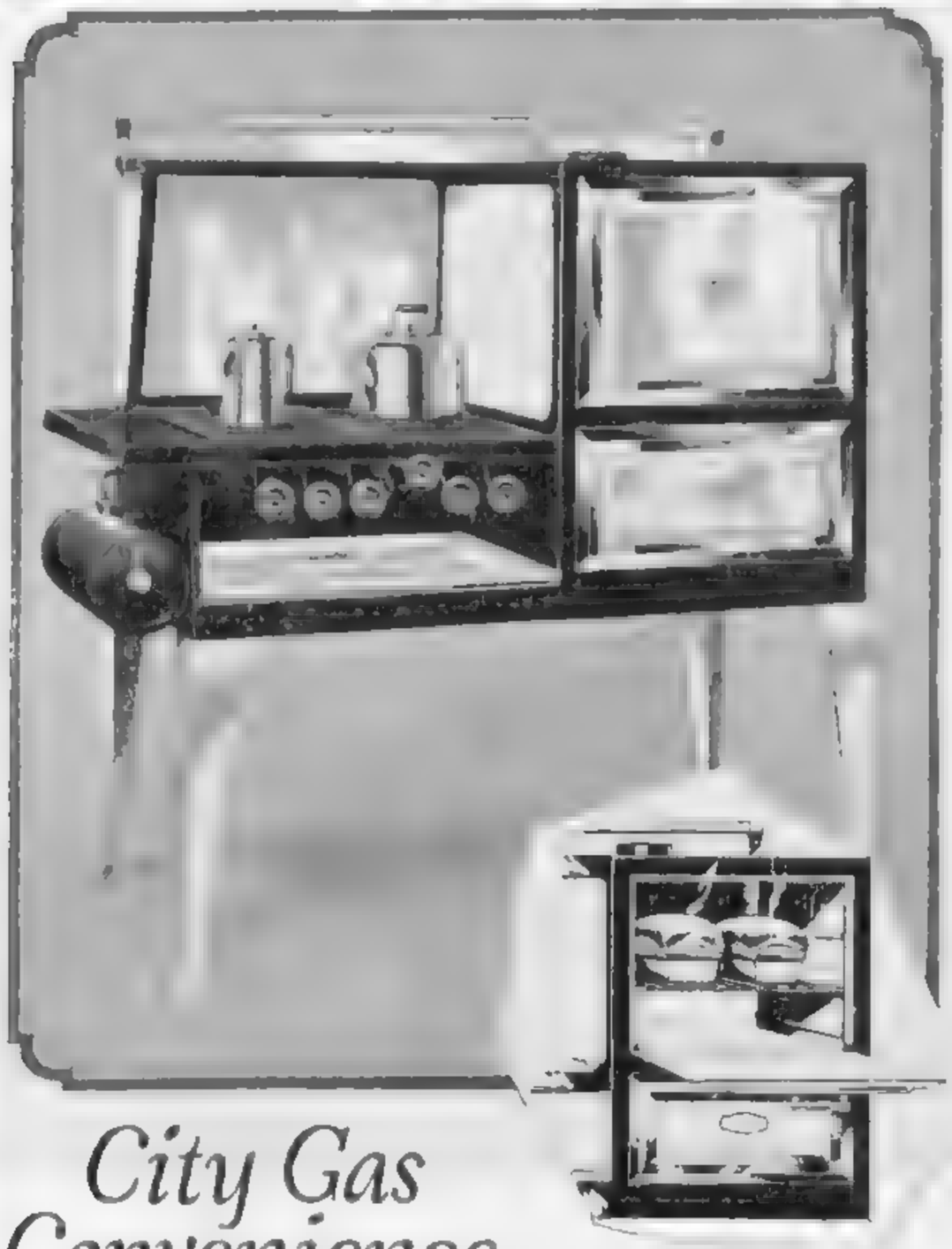
DA-COTE AUTOMOBILE Enamel

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY · NEWARK · CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO · MONTREAL

KITCHENKOOK
THE WORLDS FASTEST COOK STOVE



City Gas Convenience

In or out of the city, there's nothing that can beat *Kitchenkook* for downright cooking efficiency, cleanliness, economy and safety. Gas stove? Yes; it makes and burns its own gas from ordinary gasoline. Has all the convenience of city gas, with a greater heat and lower cost.

Kitchenkook lights with a match, and in one minute one or all burners are ready with a clean blue flame that leaves no soot, smoke, grease or odor to muss up your pots and pans. Can be regulated as wanted, and turns on or off like gas.

The stove shown above is the white porcelain-enameled range No. 866. Has a large porcelain-lined oven and broiler, and is recognized as the finest of all liquid fuel stoves. Women everywhere report baking results with *Kitchenkook* never before secured with any other type of stove. Made with right or left hand oven.

Write for name of nearest dealer, and folder describing this range and 15 other popular models.

American Gas Machine Company, Inc.
ALBERT LEA, MINNESOTA
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

American Gas Machine Company, Inc.,
Dept. K. 18, Albert Lea, Minn.

Send me full particulars about Albert Lea Kitchenkooks, and name of nearest dealer.

Name

Address

Town and State

used instead of ash which had been stained. In another rare piece—a hoop-backed chair with cabriole legs and claw-and-ball feet—the faker's chief mistake was to make the shoe piece, which held the bottom of the splat, out of one piece of wood in order to save time and work, instead of making it in two pieces, as in the genuine chairs. The undersides were of unpolished beech, which was archæologically right, but they had been stained to make them look old. The stain did not look enough like the clean matured surface of the old pieces to deceive anyone. The walnut had been bleached with acid, and showed whitish blooms.

A knowledge of the various woods and of the patina—the surface that time lays on old things—is indispensable. The faker, knowing that the layman will look for it, uses old wood. He carefully preserves the original surfaces on the visible parts and thereby gets the priceless patina. If the chair has square four-sided legs, the piece from which the legs are made may have been sawed from an old beam. It will thus have two fresh-cut surfaces. You cannot patinate these. You cannot stain them to look like the old surface. What does the faker do? He veneers the two betraying fresh-cut surfaces. He uses old veneer, of the right color and patina. There is only one thing wrong with this method. Such legs were never veneered in the original pieces.

An old table was recently offered to a friend of mine, who laughed good-naturedly and told the dealer to try someone else. The dealer was genuinely indignant and asserted that he had bought the table in good faith.

"Well," my friend told him, "you ought to have known that all old veneered tables of this type always show a crack across the top. I have seen dozens of them, but never one without the crack, excepting this one. That was the first thing I noticed, and it was enough. The wood and the veneer are old, all right; but I'll bet you that the carcase shows it isn't what you represent it to be."

Sure enough, when they turned the table upside down, the cleverly done staining of parts of the old frame that should not have been stained was an additional proof. It is very difficult to stain successfully enough to deceive the expert. In faked inlaid pieces the strongest proof of spuriousness is in the unevenness which results from staining it to imitate an old piece. The different woods have different densities or porosities, and some bits absorb more of the stain than others, and they show it. When old Father Time does the coloring he doesn't play favorites, but treats all alike.

Old Chairs With Loose Habits

A feature of old marquetry work is that, where the different veneers of the pattern join, there are slight protruding ridges of hardened polish. This is a distinctive feature of genuine marquetry in its original condition and is caused by the glue exuding from the joints of the pattern. Modern marquetry, in imitation of the old, usually leaves the joints between the veneers open.

I saw a chair the other day in which there were artistic wormholes. They recalled the chestnut about the man whose profession was that of holer—making wormholes in fake antiques. In this particular chair the give-away was in the white blooms—the patches made by the acid working out of the wood on which it had been used to age it. Next to it stood an old table in which the wormholes did the betraying. The holes were genuine, all right, because the faker had used old worm-eaten wood. However, in sawing the rails of the frame the wormholes were cut through longitudinally—which is something that doesn't occur in Nature. Watch your wormholes!

Old chairs acquire loose habits. The joints are not tight, by reason of shrinkage. Be on your guard against a very old chair which is stiff-jointed and solid. Of course in the common kitchen chairs it was the practice of the maker to use legs turned out of green wood. These were bound to shrink, but the rungs were made out of well-seasoned hickory which had shrunk as much as it was going to. When the legs dried and shrunk they got a death grip on the rungs. That is one reason why so many old kitchen chairs have survived two centuries of hard usage. Of course mahogany and walnut chairs are apt to be rickety after 100 years.

With bureau and stand drawers you sometimes find the dovetailing much finer than early American calls for, though only the cheap fakers neglect such obvious details.

There is no way known to give to satinwood the finish of age. To the trained eye the color of the new wood betrays the fake. Sometimes the faker overdoes it in his efforts to deceive the eye. There was a wonderful lacquer cabinet offered in New York. It deceived several experts. The toning down of the color was extremely well done. A certain collector, whose suspiciousness long ago rose to the dignity of an obsession, said he would buy it if old. The dealer agreed to guarantee the age in writing, but the buyer simply asked him to remove one of the corner mounts. Sure enough, the lacquer under it was of exactly the same hue as the rest, whereas in the corners where it had been under cover, the color should have kept its pristine brightness. The artistic English faker could not foresee that the piece would be offered for sale to a man of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry. On the other hand, the other day I saw a faked rare print that was dirtied so artistically that it showed the dark spots where a knot hole and a crack had been in the thin wooden backing of the frame which had held the print in place for 100 years.

Synthetic Primitives

A favorite device of furniture fakers is to evolve unique specimens—pieces whose counterparts do not exist in other collections and have never been seen in books. It is much easier to say that such a piece was the work of some local cabinetmaker who modified the standard pattern. The other day a friend who is much better informed than most collectors found at a house in the country a chair that he had been looking for everywhere for more than a year. It was covered, so that my friend could not examine it as closely as he wished. The rear legs were not what a stickler for form would have demanded, and that very fact brought out the statement that the deviation was precisely an evidence of authenticity! The piece was sent to the buyer's home, where he had an opportunity to go over it joint by joint. The covering was stripped. He found that the wood of the frame had been sawed with a band saw—a modern invention—instead of by hand, as the old fellows used to do; and also that instead of being mortised, labor-saving modern dowels had been used. The chair went back to the dealer, who had himself been duped by another dealer.

The deliberate nonadherence to what might be called standard models is an old trick of fakers in all lines of antiques. They call them "individual pieces," "unique," "rare variants," and other pet names. The picture fakers have their *pastiches* or *pasticcios*—canvases or panels on which the picture is built up by taking the face from one picture, the torso and costume from another, the background from a third, and so on, in order to keep the imitation from being obviously a copy. This has been worked with the Italian and the Flemish primitives. Five or six of Memling's pictures have been drawn upon to evolve one single fake.

Not so long ago a faker bought a set of six Chippendale chairs. He had a very clever workman in his shop who took the old chairs apart and made careful duplicates of each part. Great pains were taken to do the work right. One of the most difficult things to do was to find pieces of old mahogany thick enough to carve the back

(Continued on Page 157)

Shaped in Steel

Sheet Steel Serves in a Vast Variety of Ways

THERE is nothing new or novel about Sheet Steel. Its fine service in many forms is so familiar that it no longer excites comment. What is not so well known, however, is the great and constantly increasing variety of uses to which Sheet Steel is being put with definite economic advantages.

It has a long record of efficiency as a roofing material for all types of buildings and for siding warehouses, barns and similar structures. But more recently railway and industrial companies have recognized that car-houses, machine shops, factories, and buildings for similar uses, when constructed of Sheet Steel over structural steel frames, have many advantages in addition to low cost and durability.

For heating and ventilating equipment, furnaces, air pipes, ducts, and like applications, Sheet Steel is essential. And it is now widely used for the manufacture of laundry dryers, the labor saving laundry convenience which is so rapidly growing in popularity, as well as for countless other products.

Modern processes of finishing make Sheet Steel products as beautiful as they are useful. This is particularly well shown in the handsomely designed and finished Sheet Steel furniture which is being used in many luxuriously furnished hotels, residences and offices. And the beauty of such furniture is permanent—it endures.

MASTER TEC BRAND

This trade mark stencil is on galvanized Sheet Steel to give assurance to the buyer that every box so branded is of prime quality—full weight for the gauge stamped on the sheet—a coat of zinc in accordance with the galvanizing standard of the full weight and quality established by the Sheet Steel Trade Extension Committee specification

For a wider knowledge of the many ways in which Sheet Steel serves and saves, ask for a copy of booklet, "The Service of Sheet Steel to the Public." Address Sheet Steel Trade Extension Committee, Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SHEET STEEL

for Strength Safety Beauty *and* Economy

Justice wears a Scarlet Coat north of fifty-three

Out in that vast expanse of northwest Canada where less than the population of a big city is sprinkled over two million square miles, they laugh at the allegory that pictures Justice as a woman, blindfolded, robed in flowing white. Justice is a man. He has more eyes than Argus. He wears a trim-fitting, brilliant, scarlet tunic. He is a member of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. All the world knows him. He knows all the world. Whom he wants, he gets. A half century ago that thought was simply a pledge on the lips of a fledgling organization. Today it is a tradition, undenied, witnessed by the records of fifty years.

Epics of the Service are legion. A band of Indian bucks, quaffing too deeply of bootleg liquor, fled their reservation. Ill luck directed them across the border into Canada and embroiled them in a crime. The "Mounted" hit their trail. A lone private took them. They knew what his uniform represented. He was the majesty of the law. The redskin bowed to the redcoat.

The most efficient police force in the world may have a flawless record of crime detection, it may never fail as an agent of retributive justice,—but it can't prevent crime from a distance.

When your home and your loved ones are threatened, when the ugly figure of crime lurks outside your door in the dead of night, every fibre of your being cries out for prevention—not punishment. What can you do?

The Revolver Manufacturer

SMITH & WESSON

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U.S.A.

The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security

(Continued from Page 154)

pieces from. This difficulty is the reason why so few faked legs have the spring of the old ones. It requires too much old wood of a kind that is extremely scarce these days; but this particular dealer had found a lot of old Santo Domingo mahogany beams in an old house in Spain.

The dealer made six sets of Chippendale chairs—six to the set, of which one was genuine and five fakes. The customer and his expert were always shown the one genuine chair! In one instance the entire set was shown to a collector. He knew the dealer had paid $3000 for those chairs, for collectors hear all the news and gossip of the trade. The dealer confessed that he needed cash badly. After much haggling he was ready to sacrifice his $3000 set for $2500. The collector cheerfully accepted the sacrifice, took the chairs home and bored his friends for weeks talking about this bargain.

Presently somebody told the collector enough to make him suspicious. He had not one, but three, of the chairs taken apart, discovered that they were all reproductions save one, and went back to the dealer and accused him of deliberate fraud. The dealer said he could not understand it. He ran to his workshop, and presently came back with the explanation that he had had these reproductions made for himself and that some of the chairs of the wrong set had been delivered in place of the genuine.

The collector did not now want anything but his money back, and the dealer expressed his regret and agreed to do whatever the customer wished.

"I'll send for the chairs within an hour. I'll send a certified check," he said.

"See that you do," growled the customer. When the dealer's truck called for the chairs, the truckman asked for the signing of a receipt for the money, "For a set of Chippendale chairs." That receipt for $2500 was signed by the collector. This same receipt was shown a few days later by another dealer—a confederate—to a Western man who had asked where the chairs had come from. Dealer Number 2 said he had paid a 10 per cent profit to dealer Number 1, or $2750, for the chairs. All the profit he himself asked was another 10 per cent, or $3025, which the Western man paid.

Genuine Wear and Tear

A friend who hears all the trade gossip says that our fakers are not in the same class with the European.

"They've been at it for scores of years," he said. "You know, the craze for antiques is an old story in France and England and Germany. The prices American collectors pay are nothing to what the great English and Continental collectors will pay for pieces they want or need to complete a series. In a Paris shop where high-class reproductions are made, they hire boys with stuffed trouser legs whose job is to walk past chairs and sofas and brush the bulges on the wooden legs with their own in order to impart the normal wear to the high spots. In another shop I was told they employed choleric old gentlemen to sit in new old chairs and read the newspapers. That was the only proper way to impart the appearance of legitimate wear to valuable reproductions. The man who operated the fake factory always ascertained the politics of the sitters, and the newspaper he gave them to read was always of the opposition. It made the old fellows fidget and squirm more vigorously. That is what I call high art. We Americans are in too much of a hurry. I want to tell you that when we do learn the faking business properly we are going to excel the world; and then no more collecting for me."

He told me the experience of a lady who saw a set of chairs in a New York shop. She wanted them, and since she was the only wife of a rich man, the dealer did not know why she should not have them. So he said, "$3500." That was barely $1000 more than he had asked half an hour before of another inquirer whose husband was only a real-estate dealer.

"Are these chairs genuine?" asked the lady.

"They couldn't be anything else," answered the dealer, "coming from where they did."

"And where might that be?" She wanted all the information that went with the pieces.

"Madam, I myself took those chairs from Mrs. Blank's dining room. They haven't been in this shop thirty-six hours. We brought them over by truck day before yesterday. You know, Mrs. Blank is probably one of the best known collectors of American furniture in the United States."

"So I understand. And you say that these came from her dining room?"

"Yes, madam. She found some that she liked better and had these on her hands. I gave her my check for $3000. And there was some expense in bringing them over. When I sell them for $3500 I am not making much of a profit."

Nothing But the Truth

"If they were good enough for Mrs. Blank to have in her dining room they'll do for me. But don't send them until next Tuesday. I want to be home when they come, and I'm spending the week-end in Boston. You may send the bill to my husband's office. Do you know his address?"

"Yes, madam. Thank you."

The dealer did not know that Mrs. Blank was a friend of the buyer. The latter promptly got her on the long-distance.

After the usual speeches that wives deliver in order to increase the telephone company's revenue from long-distance lines, the buyer finally asked the question that prompted the call: "Oh, by the way, my dear, did —— the antique dealer really get some chairs from you day before yesterday?"

"Yes, he did. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I just wanted to know. He said he did. . . . Be sure you let me know when you come to town. My love to John. Good –"

"Wait a minute! I imagine —— didn't tell you the whole story. I bought those chairs from him last week. I know it sounds like bragging, but I wasn't quite easy about them. So I had an expert examine them, and he told me they were not old, so I telegraphed —— to come and take them away at once or I would have them thrown out in the street. That is the reason he came the very next day to square himself. But it didn't do him any good, because I had been suspicious of him for some time. As a matter of fact, he did take some of them from my dining room himself. He didn't tell a lie about that. At the same time, if you buy those chairs on the strength of what he told you, you could not hold him responsible for anything. He told you the truth, the old liar!"

A broker saw in an antique dealer's show window a fine old chest. It had every indication of being genuine, and the dealer, when approached, himself suggested that he call in an expert.

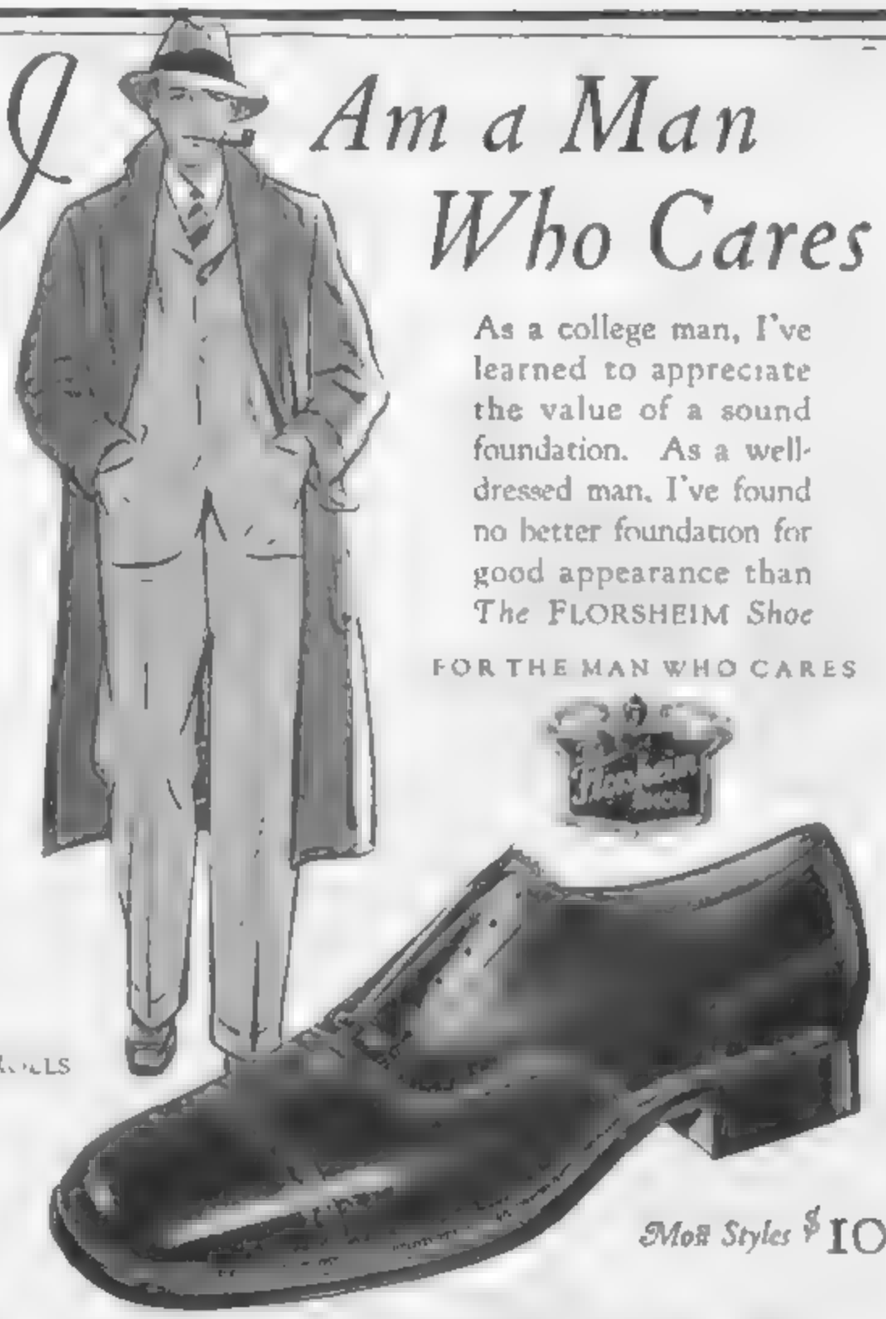
"I know it's real," said the dealer, "but I also know it's a lot of money to ask anybody to put into a piece unless he is entirely satisfied with it."

So the expert was called in. He declared there was not the slightest doubt about its being genuine, so the customer bought it. It was a wonderful chest, and everybody admired it. The expert had called it a masterpiece. Those friends who also were collectors agreed with the expert.

Eighteen months later in another antique-shop window the owner saw another chest almost like his own. He thought it would be nice to present it to his pet uncle, who had greatly admired the other. He asked the price. It was $250 more than his own had cost him. But he was game. Once more he called in the expert. The expert said it was genuine.

"Are you sure?" asked the buyer.

I Am a Man Who Cares



As a college man, I've learned to appreciate the value of a sound foundation. As a well-dressed man, I've found no better foundation for good appearance than *The* FLORSHEIM *Shoe*

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The ROMEO

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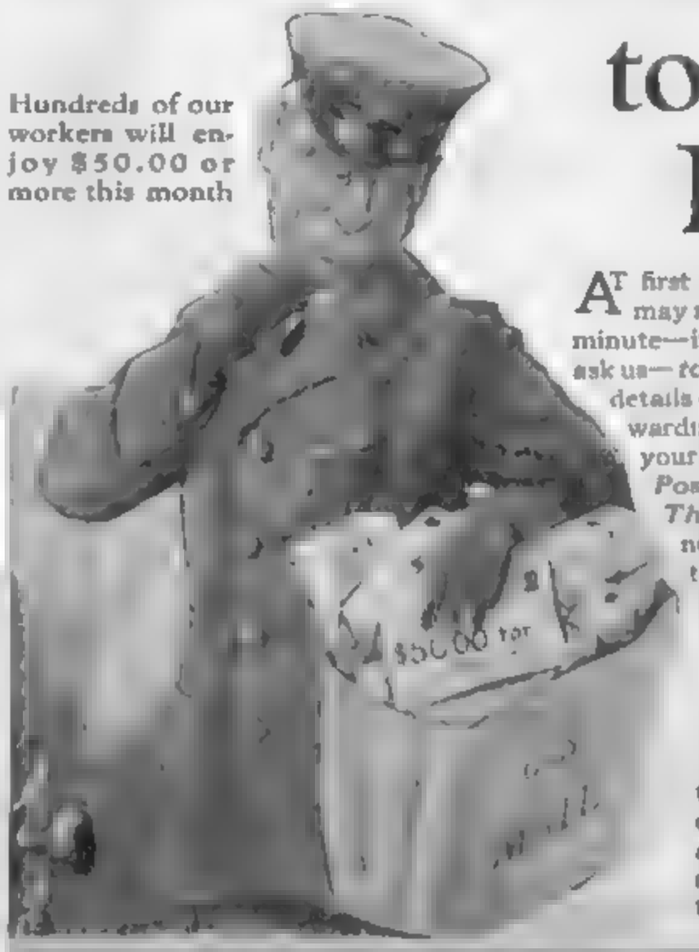

Hundreds of our workers will enjoy $50.00 or more this month

AT first reading of the question above you may murmur, "No such luck." But wait a minute—it may easily be true! If you will but ask us—*today*—we will promptly send you full details of three sure ways to profit: (1) Forwarding the renewals of present readers in your locality for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*; (2) securing new subscriptions, and (3) accepting the orders of folks who desire to send subscriptions as gifts.

No Experience Necessary

If we could get together and talk this over, we could doubtless quickly convince you how easily you may win an extra $50 00 or more. As we cannot, do the next best thing and mail the coupon.

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Large corporations as well as one-factory firms are moving their plants to Wilmington—to cut corners in operating costs and get close to a large market of customers.

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Staunch . . . comfortable . . . good-looking.
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"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"

The expert smiled and said, "I'm just as sure today as I was a year or two ago. It's the same chest."

The customer laughed. "Oh, no, I bought the other one. It's in my home."

The expert shook his head. "Look here," he said. "I remember this," and showed him a certain curious mark in the wood on the bottom. "I recall wondering what the reason for it was. It was done with intention, but I cannot tell the reason." The upshot was the discovery that one genuine chest had been used by three dealers, working together, to sell several very good copies.

A Chicago collector went into an Eastern shop and saw a chair that he liked. He picked it up, looked it all over and was convinced that it was genuine, as in truth it was.

"I got six of them," volunteered the dealer. "No arms."

"How much for the six?"

"Fifteen hundred."

"Where are they?"

"Upstairs."

"Just like this one?"

"Same set. I got them in Virginia."

The man nodded and walked away.

"Hold on, mister, what's the trouble?"

"You're too high."

"I could use some cash just now," admitted the dealer. "How much can you afford to pay for them?"

"I never beat a man's price down," said the Western collector. "I don't know how high he had to pay or how small his profit may be. You give me your lowest price, but don't lose money on me."

"You talk like a square man. I'll make $100 profit. Give me $1100."

"That's more like it. I'll take them. The others must all be exactly like this. I don't want any mistakes. There's a chair over there very much like this one."

"Oh, I got only two of those. But there's five more just like this one, upstairs. I bought a set of six. No arms with them. But I'll be on the lookout for a couple for you. They've been in storage a long time, so I'll have to oil and wax them before I deliver them."

"Well, I'll leave a deposit of $250. You get the balance the moment you deliver them. Give me a receipt for the $250."

Too Regular Irregularities

While the dealer was writing out the receipt the Chicago man cannily put some cabalistic signs with a pen knife on the inside of the frame. It took several days for the chairs to be oiled. When they were delivered the man turned up one of the chairs. The cabalistic signs were on it, but the color wasn't quite right. He turned up the others. All had his mark on the frame. Five fakes and one original, and much too much conscientiousness on the part of the faker.

Is pewter being faked? Yes. To be sure, the fakes for the most part have been too crude to deceive any but the most ignorant. English plates stamped with American marks, names of American makers stamped with modern letters on unstamped plates, are sold because there are enough half-learned pewter buyers who will assume that E. D. must necessarily stand for Edward Danforth, irrespective of the style or the touch. Of course every now and then some piece turns up concerning the authenticity of which the experts differ. I happen to know one which is American and extremely rare, in the opinion of the expert who owns it; but it is called English by two other experts who arrived too late to buy it from the dealer who picked it up.

Then there is the delusion that all unmarked pewter must be American prints. Mr. Kerfoot and Mr. Myers have done a great deal for collectors, but for all their writing, pewter buyers persist in believing that all unmarked pewter must be American. It would seem therefore that the best advice to give is that unless you know pewter, you should buy only from a dealer who knows and guarantees his goods. Pay more, but be safe. The small country dealer cannot expect to be so well posted as a specialist.

Glass is another dangerous hobby. The specialist in Stiegel and Wistarberg turns up his nose at the collector of Sandwich. But for one person who can afford to buy Stiegel, there are thousands who find pleasure in the earlier pieces made at the Sandwich works

I take it that by now everyone knows that many Sandwich designs in glass are made in Czecho-Slovakia by the shipload for export to this United States. The importers swear that there is no intent to deceive on their part; but antique shops all over the country are full of these reproductions, which are often offered for sale not at fair reproduction prices but much higher, although still low enough to tempt the bargain hunter who cannot tell the imitation from the original. So much has been written on the subject that everybody knows, for instance, that the candlesticks were made in two parts and put together while the glass was still plastic. A slight twist being necessary to make them stick, the line is broken in the middle. In the latest imitations this mistake of the faker has been corrected, making the detection more difficult by the average collector. Irregularities in genuine pieces, due to their being made by hand, are reproduced by machine, and it is the regularity of the artificial irregularities that reveals the fake. There are showrooms in New York City where you may see all kinds of Early American glass and Staffordshire dogs and copper luster. Sandwich pieces and dogs and luster creamers are bought there and planted in farmhouses, country dealers' shoppes, and even in old barns and sheds.

Passing the Buck

They are reproducing cup plates on a larger scale—that is, more designs are being faked every day. A collector also told me that he saw in a shop in Maine, eleven six-inch Sandwich plates that could not be told from the originals. His suspicions were aroused by their number as well as by their perfect condition. The dealer swore he bought them from a farmer near by, and when my friend accused him of being mistaken, the dealer went with him to the farmer's house. Sure enough, the farmer said his daughter in New York had sent him one dozen. He had broken one. The dealer had seen the other eleven in the pantry and offered him three dollars apiece for them, which the farmer grabbed. The daughter worked for a firm of glass importers.

Before the faked Sandwich was so widely distributed I myself was an eyewitness to three transactions within one hour. One dealer bought a pair of fake vaseline dolphin candlesticks in a private house. The parlor was not well lighted. Just as he discovered the fake a second dealer came in and fell for them. He gave the first dealer two dollars for his bargain. The second dealer found it was, indeed, a bargain, and just then a third dealer walked in. He saw the candlesticks still on the mantelshelf and asked the farmer if they were for sale. The farmer countered by asking what he would give. Seeing his two competitors in the room, he named a fairly high price, and Number 2 said, "They're yours." Number 3 became suspicious and then certain; but he was a sport. He forked over the money and smiled. A few weeks later I happened to meet Number 3. I asked him what he had done with the candlesticks.

"Oh, I sold them for fifty dollars to a nice lady who thought she was cheating me out of twenty-five dollars," he told me

In buying Stiegel glass you run up against the Bristol snag. Old Bristol glass is beautiful, but because the market price is far below Stiegel prices, it sometimes isn't sold as Bristol, but is palmed off as Stiegel—simply a matter of mislabeling. I know dealers who keep old Bristol salts handy merely to show the difference between them

(Continued on Page 161)

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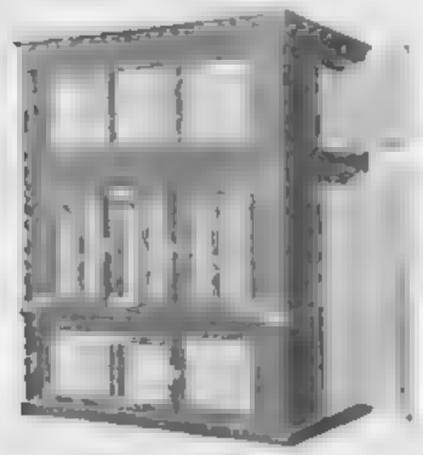

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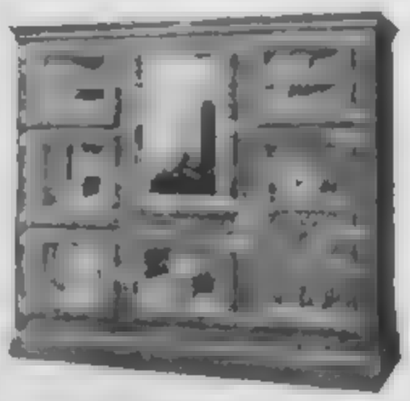

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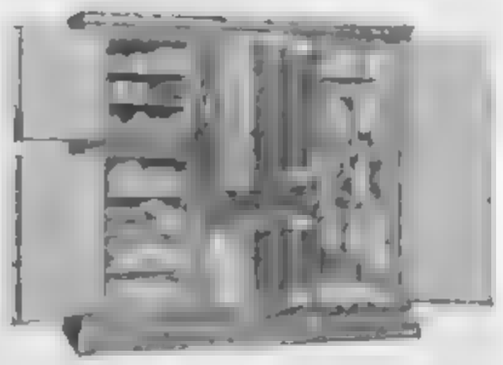

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF REFRIGERATORS FOR ALL PURPOSES

(Continued from Page 158)

and American glass. Both Stiegel and South Jersey glass have been faked. Dealers have for years handled pieces which were made by workmen in glass houses within 100 miles of the city—pieces patterned after old ones, with pontil marks and other evidences of antiquity. Pitchers, creamers, salts and other pieces of "genuine South Jersey" made within the past decade have found their way into famous collections, and they stay there no matter what you tell the owner.

A bright young man I know, who is a famous picker, was importuned to death by his dealer customers who asked for Stiegel. That is where the money was, they all told him, and at last he decided to supply his trade. He gave an order to a glass concern in his native state for a lot of blue and amethyst sugar bowls and salts. He furnished the model by borrowing a couple of diaper-pattern specimens from one of his friends. In the imitation, the size, lines and color were not good enough to fool anyone who knew the genuine article.

The first that dealers in New York and Boston heard of the young man's coup was when they began to get dozens of letters from their New England correspondents—small dealers in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut—as well as from friendly farmers and school-teachers. A flood of Stiegel glass had descended upon a grateful world. The correspondents all had the pieces. They had paid rather high prices for them, but it was not every day that anybody could pick up genuine Stiegel. The days of ignorance as to glass values were over. If the city dealer could get $300 for a creamer and $150 for a salt, the country mouse ought to get $200 and $75 respectively. The piece always was "in perfect condition and had been in one family over 100 years."

Dirty Blue Glass

The city dealers thought it was too good to be true. Still, strange things happen; they telephoned the writers to ship at once. When the specimens began to arrive the city optimists deflated. The pieces were the young picker's fakes.

One of the big New York glass specialists told me of his experience with a country dealer. He was a shrewd Yankee who read the papers and kept posted on city prices of antiques. He knew what Stiegel glass fetched, but he had never seen any pieces, excepting in books and magazines. One day a picker from Boston stopped at his place. The picker always did. These pickers, who are called runners in Philadelphia, buy from the country dealers and private individuals and sell to everybody. Each asked the other how the luck was running.

"Oh," grumbled the picker, "I did not get much this time. I found one good Windsor, the lower part of a highboy and a barrel of bottles and old glass. I got it in the old brick house before you come to the turn."

"Was there anything good in the barrel?" asked the dealer. "I was there last week and I didn't find anything in the cellar."

"Oh, there were some bottles, a butter dish and a few cups. I ain't really looked at 'em yet. I gave him twenty dollars for the lot, because one piece looked to me like one I bought near Athol, that —— paid me $150 for, only this is blue and that one was purple. It is not the same shape. But even if it ain't the same I ought to get a profit on the barrel."

"Let's have a look at it," said the canny Yankee. "Blue glass, eh?"

The picker obligingly began to take Plantation Bitters and pickle bottles out of the barrel. Wrapped in a newspaper was a greasy and dusty sugar bowl. He passed it over to the dealer. Without question, Stiegel! The dealer had seen enough pictures in the magazines to know that such a piece was worth a lot of money. He did not have the kind of trade that bought such pieces, but he knew some New York dealers who had always played fair with him and paid good prices. They did this so as to insure for themselves a steady source of supplies, and everybody was satisfied.

"Oh," said the Yankee dealer carelessly, "this would be worth a couple of dollars if you had the lid."

"Don't talk that way to me or we won't do business. You know this is worth fifty dollars and, besides, I got the lid." He fished the lid from the truck. "Do you think I'm a fool? I washed the lid before I give him twenty dollars for the barrel." It was a beautiful blue, the kind all the New York and Boston dealers were asking for.

"Oh, I might give you five dollars for it," said the dealer.

"Listen! I'll take that bureau, that stand, those three chairs and thirty dollars to boot," said the picker, "and you get the sugar bowl."

"Drive on!" said the Yankee.

"I'll give you twenty-five dollars cash for the furniture then," said the picker.

"You will give me $125 if you want it."

After thirty-five minutes of *pourparlers* the bargain was made. The picker swapped the sugar bowl and fifteen dollars to boot for the furniture. The Yankee dealer took the bowl into the house, washed it and became an authority on Stiegel glass.

The Cat Out of the Barrel

The same picker acquired on that trip thirty-five bureaus, twenty-nine chairs, a gross or two of Currier & Ives prints and about 100 pewter plates in exchange for a few of his Stiegel bowls and salts and less than fifty dollars cash. After these "genuine Stiegel" pieces reached the Boston and New York dealers the cat was out of the bag, and the young man and his friends could not plant any more Stiegel along the New England countryside. He thereupon went to Boston and New York and made the rounds of his fellow pickers, to whom he sold dozens of his Stiegels, having learned how much they did not know about Stiegel glass from his own ignorance. In each instance, the young man who engineered the coup told me, every man who bought the Stiegel from him was perfectly well aware that he was taking advantage of the young man's ignorance as to the value of the lovely blue or amethyst pieces. Some of these dealers did not lose, because, as a matter of fact, they themselves did the selfsame thing. They sold the Massachusetts Stiegel to collectors who were sure they were getting rare items at a tenth of their real value.

Lately, in a New York shop, I saw some infinitely better Stiegel salts on the upper shelf of a cabinet. Suspecting that something was wrong because the pieces were skied, I said to the dealer, "Don't you want to sell those?"

"I want to sell them, but you do not want to buy them," he told me with evident regret.

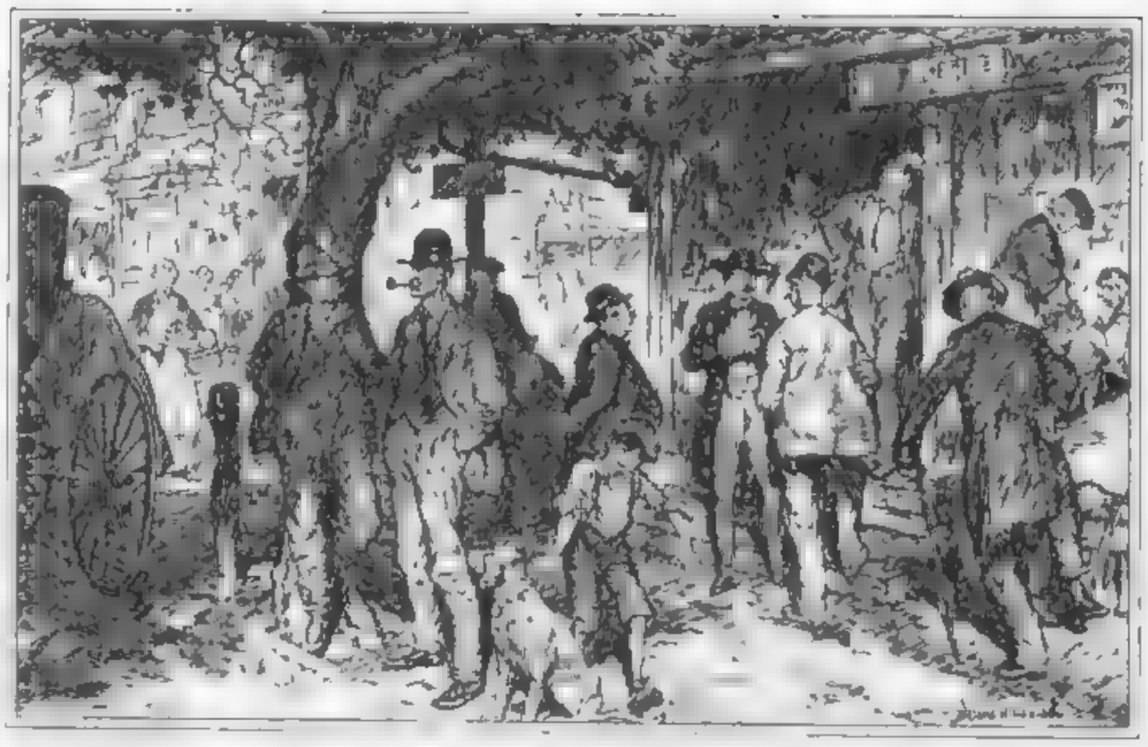
"Where were they made?" I asked, with a forgiving smile.

"I do not know. The color is all right, and the pattern, but just heft it."

I did. It was the heaviest glass I have ever held in my hands. He would not sell them because he wanted to keep them for purposes of comparison. I asked him where he got them. He said, "From a picker who later confessed that he had obtained them from a concern in New Jersey."

A dealer in Philadelphia has specimens of all the fake glass that he has been able to pick up. He keeps them for educational purposes. Dealers all over Pennsylvania carry either this fake Stiegel or broken genuine pieces with them on their trips. When they stop at a farmhouse they show the people the blue salt and ask if they have anything like that. They claim it saves a lot of breath in explaining exactly what they are after.

It is not alone colored Stiegel that antiquers have to guard against. Rummers, goblets in crude, clear or South Jersey green glass are on sale—all made in Germany or Holland. The colored enamel glass with



The Meeting Place

An Advertisement of
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With the growing use of the telephone, new difficulties arose and improvements had to be sought. Many of the improvements concerned the physical telephone plant. Many of them had to do with the means of using the apparatus to speed the connection and enable people to talk more easily.

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Left, Miss Eleanor A. Brown, of Montana
Lower left, Miss George Anderson, of New York
Below, Mrs. Naomi R. Ramsey, of New Jersey

Upper right, Lewis C. Cain of Maine
Above, C. H. Bradley of Maryland
Right, Guy M. Kittrick, of Pennsylvania

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Remember Me inscribed on it is also an American antique of the kind they are now making in Europe for us. Old German and Dutch glass is sold as Stiegel. But that is an old story.

Even experts can be fooled. A Pennsylvania dealer, who has handled as much genuine Stiegel as anyone in the business, was in Boston some time ago and went into the shop of the best known of all Boston pickers—one of the pioneers of the business who began years ago the now usual house-to-house search for old furniture. He always bought antiques as junk. If he bought cheap he also sold cheap and quickly. All the pieces are sold in the rough, just as he finds them and as the dealers want them.

The Pennsylvanian snooped around and picked out two or three pieces of furniture that he could make a profit on, and in one corner he saw a couple of large flips engraved. They were dusty and greasy and very large. A rare find! He admitted his heart stopped beating, but he owned a poker face. The two traders dickered, and the Pennsylvanian, who is really a very shrewd man, got the pair of flips for about one-third of what he could easily get from any one of half a dozen Philadelphia collectors. In his nervous eagerness to compare them for size, he allowed one to slip out of his hands. It was shattered into a thousand pieces—Stiegel glass is so brittle! The Pennsylvanian had not only lost his purchase price, but his profit as well.

The double loss raised his anguish to such a look on his face that the picker said to him soothingly, "Don't feel so badly; I have another. I will sell it to you for seven dollars, just what I paid for it." With that he walked to the back of the store and brought back with him the remaining piece. A few shreds of excelsior clung to it; otherwise it was as clean as a whistle. No trace of dust or usage. And the Pennsylvanian bought it!

Tea-Bath Aging

Of course the old English sporting prints have been faked for years. New prints from old plates are made to look like old by the use of stains, scorching, bleaching and artistically covering with dust. I saw a fake that anyone would be willing to believe had been handed down for three generations. The back of it looked as though it had been framed for 100 years. The edges showed where the frame had been. There were two places where knots had dropped out of the wooden backing. You could see the outline of the holes plainly. It was the most artistic work of dirtying I have ever seen. As a reproduction the print itself was worth three dollars. As an original the price ran into the hundreds.

A friend whose standing is so high that his statements gain instant and unqualified acceptance by print experts told me that one of his agents went to a shop in the East Side and asked to see American prints. When the agent complained about the high prices, the dealer asked him what he wanted them for.

"I want them to sell in my gift shop upstate," the agent told him.

"I can give you some prints for one dollar each in lots of 100. You will find some good ones among the lot."

"Let me see them," said the agent. The dealer took him to the rear of the store, and there, piled three or four feet high, were smooth-edged prints.

"They look too new," complained the agent.

"Wash them in tea," advised the dealer. "If you can use them I will let you have 200 for $175."

My friend told me that his agent said they had been reproduced by some cheap photographic process. Being crude in color they were easy to fake.

I was in the print room of one of our museums when a very beautiful fourteenth century drawing was brought in. I had just been looking at perhaps seventy-five drawings of the period and I would have sworn it was genuine. The curator asked me what I thought, and I told him. Then he said, "Well, I don't suppose you ought to be ashamed of yourself, but before I tell you anything about it I will have some of those black-and-white friends of ours give me their opinion." He tried four. All thought it was a genuine old drawing and a beautiful piece of work.

"Yes," said the curator slowly, "it is a beautiful fourteenth-century drawing. It is a fine piece of work. There is only one trouble with it. It was drawn with a steel pen, which was not invented until nearly 500 years later. You can see that very plainly from the pen strokes. Here are two drawings. Notice the difference between that stroke of the steel pen and this one here of the quill."

The difference was quite obvious after it was pointed out to you.

"But I'll tell you what is more dangerous," he said. "The buyers of such drawings as these are few in number, and should be able to take care of themselves; but there are thousands who buy etchings. Fakers reproduce them by a heliophotographic process and bite the plates with acids. They print skillfully, and the average man cannot tell the difference."

The Bootlegger in the Book Shop

Some very fine facsimiles of old prints and drawings have been made in France and Germany in a strictly legitimate way with the name of the reproducer plainly printed in one corner. Well, there are dealers who cover the firm's mark with glue and lay the end of a long strip of tough paper on it. When the glue dries they give the strip a sharp yank and off comes a thin layer of paper with the telltale mark on it. Then they smooth it or camouflage it somehow.

Forgeries of autographs and manuscripts are too numerous to mention. They began this kind of faking long before the Christian Era. Old maps are faked today because of the craze for them. Copies of genuine old maps are first drawn in outline by competent men and then artistically colored. They are quite as decorative as the originals. The crime is in the price asked.

Old books have gone up as much as any other antiques. A study of the prices obtained at famous auction sales during the past few years shows a steady advance.

A man walked into the shop of a well-known New York dealer of old books. He had in his hand a morning paper. He approached the dealer and said, "I understand you bought a lot of books at the auction sale last night. Have you got them here?"

"No," answered the dealer, "because we didn't buy them all for ourselves. Some were for clients who did not wish to be known as the purchasers. What we bought for ourselves are here." And he showed the man twenty-two books.

"Got the bill for them?" asked the man.

"Why do you ask that?" in turn asked the dealer.

"Oh, I wanted to see if this paper was lying." And the man showed the dealer the account in the Times.

"No," said the patient dealer; "that is about right."

"What will you take for your bargain?"

"What do you mean?"

"How much profit do you want on all the books you bought last night? Give me a lump sum."

"Do you want to buy them?" asked the dealer. It was plain that the man didn't know anything about old books.

"I'm thinking of it," answered the ignoramus, and he pulled out a roll of bills, all hundreds. "But I tell you right now you will have to play fair. You haven't owned the books more than fifteen hours."

"That's true," said the dealer. "But here is one item that I paid $185 for that I can sell for $500."

"Why didn't they get $500 for it last night?"

"Well, for one reason, the collectors who specialize on this line and were present at

(Continued on Page 166)

Raytheon

Removes B-batteries and Improves Radio Reception

LIGHT socket power is as logical for a radio receiver as it is for a vacuum cleaner or a toaster. It has the same advantages of convenience and economy. But the current from your socket must be changed to an entirely different form of electricity in order to supply power to radio tubes. That's where the Raytheon Rectifier comes in.

THINK of connecting your radio to the same dependable electric power that supplies your lights! Imagine the thrill of the deep, rich, natural tones made possible by ample reserve power. Invite your friends in for the biggest program of the week, secure in the knowledge that your reception is not dependent upon failing B-batteries.

Here is real radio enjoyment!

This marked advance in dependable radio power supply has been made possible largely by the Raytheon Rectifier, a simple tube which makes ordinary house current do the work of *fresh* B-batteries—and more.

Already more than twenty of the leading manufacturers of radio power units are equipping them with Raytheon. In the eighteen months since these units were first put on the market, a round half million have been purchased. This very night, on thousands of sets such as yours, they will furnish the silent and unseen power for pleasing radio entertainment.

"All the Comforts of Home—and a New Confidence in the Reliability of Radio"

Never before has such a revolutionary development in radio received such immediate acceptance. Raytheon-equipped power units are everywhere recognized as the leaders in the field. Why? Because they supply the extra power needed for highest quality reception. They maintain a uniformly high voltage so that your reception is *always* at its peak, night after night, and month after month.

No wonder the news is spreading like wildfire that *Raytheon-equipped power units strike a new note in radio performance.*

Yet the upkeep is almost negligible. Even the largest radio set will consume only a few cents worth of power per month. The Raytheon tube, guaranteed for at least a year, costs but six dollars. And the complete power unit, which costs no more than a few of the heavy batteries it replaces, will last for years.

You will be proud to own this up-to-date electrical appliance which brings reliability and improved quality to radio. Go to your dealer and ask him to modernize your radio set with a Raytheon-equipped power unit.

RAYTHEON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Cambridge, Massachusetts

THE prestige of the manufacturers listed here is ample assurance that their Raytheon-equipped power units are carefully manufactured and backed by liberal guarantees. Their units have been designed in full co-operation with the Raytheon laboratory. Only those whose units meet certain essential requirements are authorized to use this symbol in connection with the complete power unit

DESIGNED FOR USE WITH Raytheon LONG LIFE RECTIFYING TUBE

The Better Radio Power Units are Raytheon-approved and Raytheon-equipped

ACME B-POWER SUPPLY
Acme Apparatus Co.

ALL-AMERICAN CONSTANT-B
All-American Radio Corp.

BOSCH NOBATTERY
American Bosch Magneto Corp.

BURNS B-BATTERY ELIMINATOR
American Electric Co. Inc.

"BT" B POWER UNIT
Bremer-Tully Mfg. Co

CORNELL VOLTAGE SUPPLY
Cornell Electric Mfg. Co.

CROSLEY A, B & C POWER
Crosley Radio Corp

ERLA HUM-FREE B ELIMINATOR
Electrical Research Labs Inc.

GENERAL RADIO PLATE SUPPLY
General Radio Company

MAJESTIC "B" CURRENT SUPPLY
Grigsby-Grunow-Hinds Co

ELECTRON CURRENT B SUPPLY
King Electric Company

KINGSTON B-BATTERY ELIMINATOR
Kokomo Electric Company

MAYOLIAN "B" SUPPLY
Mayolian Radio Corp

MODERN "B" POWER
The Modern Electric Mfg. Co.

NATIONAL POWER SUPPLY
National Company, Inc

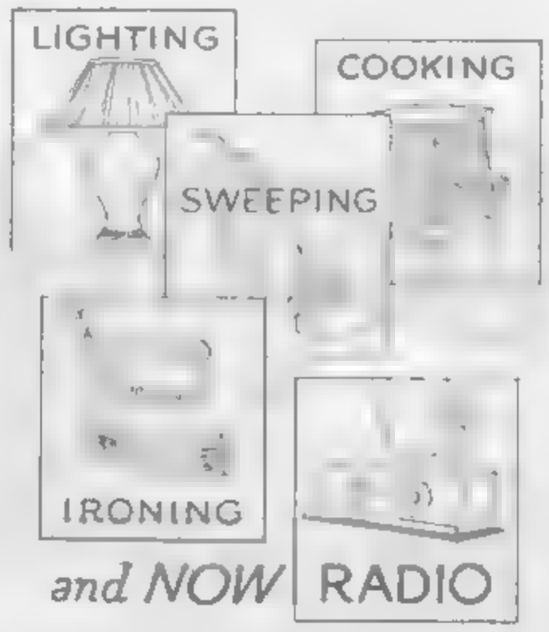
SPARTON RADIO B POWER
Sparks-Withington Co.

STERLING "B" POWER
The Sterling Mfg. Co.

VALLEY B-POWER UNIT
Valley Electric Co.

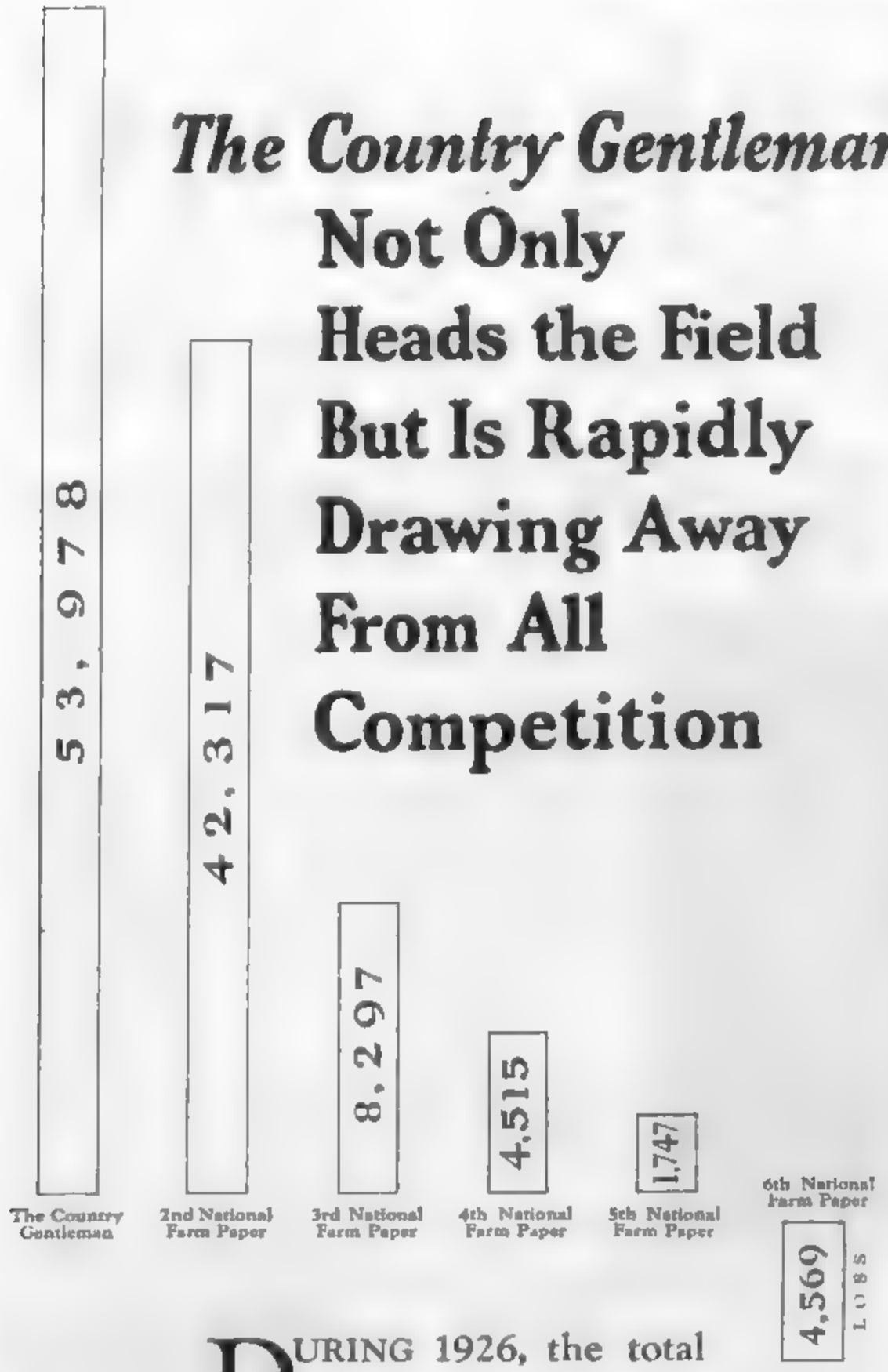
WEBSTER B-POWER UNITS
The Webster Co.

ZENITH A, B & C POWER
Zenith Radio Corp.



RAYTHEON IS THE HEART OF RELIABLE RADIO POWER

The Country Gentleman Not Only Heads the Field But Is Rapidly Drawing Away From All Competition



DURING 1926, the total gain in advertising lineage of all six national farm papers was 106,285 lines. Of this more than one-half—53,978 lines—was gained by *The Country Gentleman.*

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Magazine for Leadership Farm Families

More than 1,350,000 a month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago
Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

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GUARANTEED

PAT APRIL 25, 1916-JUNE 20, 1916-SEPT 16, 1919-NOV. 4, 1919-OTHER PATENTS PENDING

GUARANTEE

Champion Spark Plugs are guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction to the user, or full repair or replacement will be made.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO.
Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

Your dealer will tell you that the Champion guarantee is the strongest behind any article of automotive equipment. It is your complete assurance that Champion *must* be the better spark plug. That is why Champion outsells throughout the world two to one.

Champions are standard equipment on the entire range of motor cars from Ford to Rolls-Royce, and there is a correctly designed Champion for every type and kind of engine.

Car manufacturers recommend, and hundreds of thousands of motorists are changing spark plugs every year to insure better and more economical car operation. All spark plugs, even Champions, ultimately lose some of their efficiency under the continued stress of 600 to 1500 explosions per minute. • Pitting of electrodes eventually checks the free flow of current. Carbon burned into the insulators will, in time, cause current leakage. A weakened spark is the result. • Under these conditions the instantaneous ignition necessary to cause complete combustion does not take place. Gas is wasted. Power is lost. • *That is why it is real economy to install new spark plugs every 10,000 miles.* • *Champion X*—exclusively for Ford cars, trucks and Fordson tractors—60 cents. Set of four—$2.40 • *Champion*—for all other cars—75 cents. Set of four—$3.00. Set of six—$4.50.

Champion Spark Plugs have been standard equipment on Ford cars and trucks for 16 years and the Fordson Tractor since it was introduced

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs

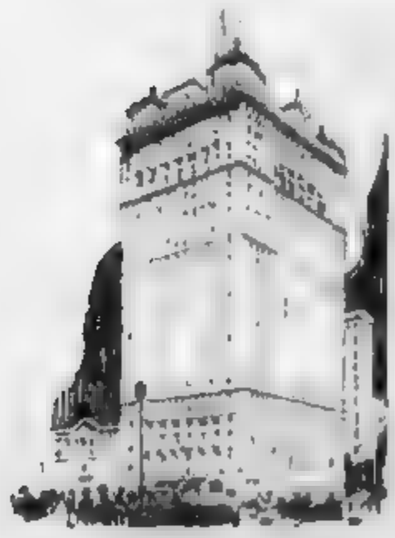
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Book-Cadillac

DETROIT'S FINEST HOTEL

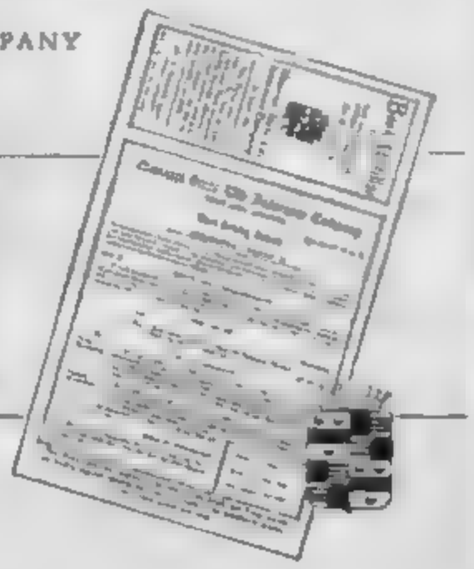
"... from an evening to a morning"

Men come and they smile. In their rooms they whistle odd little tunes, tuneless tunes sometimes, but tunes nevertheless like those that men hum when all is well. They seek a welcome and they find it; they rub elbows with others as aggressive; they find age that is strong; and they work and whistle tuneless tunes and they smile from a morning to an evening ... Then there's the night. They pile into a bed high above the ebb and flow of streets, bountiful and pillowy beyond compare, and *from an evening to a morning* they rest in sleep that is sweet and sound ... There are twenty-nine stories. There are twelve hundred rooms. All have bath. All are above the seventh floor, light and pleasant; all are outside. Five hundred and sixty of them are priced at four and five dollars a day. Five dining rooms fit your need and your whim and purse. As you register, we'll do our utmost to care for you quickly; and pleasingly all during your stay. Here, men say, is one of America's great hotels.



THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY
DETROIT
Roy Carruthers, *President*

To protect you on your journey home, you'll find attached to your receipted bill *an accident insurance policy.* Should you suffer accident, you will receive $25.00 weekly over a long term for wholly disabling injuries; $2500.00 for loss of limb; and your heirs would receive $5000.00 in case of accidental death. It guards you and yours for 24 hours, until you are safely home again.



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the sale all happen to have it. They don't buy duplicates except when they wish to exchange an inferior for a better copy."

The dealer named the man a price, and the man bought the books. Then he said, "Look it here, sport; I'm going to buy a whole lot of these old books from you. But I am not the fool that I look. I want you to tell me what books to buy and I'll do as you advise. But you bet I'll find out if you're dealing straight with me. You'd be a chump to sting me. Last night I was talking with an old bird at the auction sale, and he told how prices had gone up on books and how they were going higher. I don't know anything about them; but I know people, and that old guy was no boob."

"I think the right kind of books are about as good an investment as there is," the dealer assured him.

"All right. You do the advising, and I'll do the buying. Do you or don't you want to do business?"

"Sure I do," said the dealer.

"Then give me some more. You pick 'em."

The man bought $12,000 worth that day. From time to time he would drop in and buy all the way from $1200 to $10,000 worth at a clip. He listened to the dealer and began to study books. He learned enough so that presently he not only knew what he was buying but got a great deal of pleasure out of his purchases.

One day the dealer, who by that time had become quite a friend of his star customer, asked him point-blank how he had come to take up book buying for investment.

"Well, it has panned out all right, hasn't it? And I could clean up a fair profit even now, couldn't I?"

"Yes," answered the dealer, "you certainly have bought right, if I do say it myself. But what I want to know is why you went into it at all. What started you?"

The customer laughed and said, "Well, I'll tell you. I supply liquid refreshments to my thirsty fellow citizens. I have been bootlegging for three years, wholesale. I have been very lucky so far, but I notice that everybody gets pinched in the end; and when they get you, it isn't the fine of $10,000 or going to jail for a year or eighteen months that is tough. It is the fact that they take everything they can lay their hands on. They attach your cash in bank and your stocks and bonds and real estate, if you haven't got a wife to give them to. So I just made up my mind I'd buy something that would be worth a great deal more when I came out of jail than when I went in—something that could not be traced to me and therefore could not be taken away from me. The reason I went into that auction room that night was because I overheard a couple of guys in the Subway talking about it. From the way they spoke I gathered I had a good deal to learn about a pretty big business. I thought I'd look into it. The rest you know. I have $135,000 invested in old books."

"Yes, and I'll take them off your hands at $150,000," said the dealer.

"I don't need it. Thank you just the same." And the collector went out with a batch of books to put away in a safe-deposit vault in a Brooklyn warehouse.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Warm *when it's 4° below*

Cool *when it's 90° above*

This cheery nursery in the home of Mr. Grant Montgomery, Minneapolis, is protected by Celotex from the severe winters of northern Minnesota. "Celotex holds the heat in our house over night," says Mrs. Montgomery, "so the children never have to play in a cold room. Our home is also nice and cool in summer."

Your home built with Celotex can also be about ⅓ less expensive to heat

AN amazing heat-stopping lumber now makes possible wholly new comforts and economies in *every* home.

Both the discomforts of piercing winter cold and beating summer heat are shut out . . . fuel costs can be cut about one-third. Homes built this modern way are a *revelation* to those who have never lived in an insulated house.

For the usual building materials (wood, masonry, hollow-tile, building paper, wallboard, plaster, etc.), *when used alone*, offered too little resistance to the passage of heat and cold. Without a special heat-stopping, or insulating, material furnace heat leaked *out* and sun heat beat *in* . . . *through solid walls and roofs!*

NOW, LUMBER *that insulates*. Six years ago, an amazing lumber was produced to meet the need for scientific house insulation. This lumber is Celotex, not cut from trees but manufactured from the toughest fibres known . . . It offers you properties never available in a building material before . . . properties that add to the value of any home.

For Celotex *combines* effective insulation with great structural strength. Tests prove it stronger in house walls than wood, and *three* times more effective in stopping heat and cold. Celotex also shuts out wind and dampness. It is scientifically sterilized and waterproofed.

Celotex *replaces* wood sheathing, lath, building paper and wallboard (see the illustration below) insulating as it builds. Thus, unlike other insulating materials it adds but little to building costs.

ACTUALLY *saves money*. Celotex has made house insulation a downright economy. Its first cost is very little more than that of the materials it replaces. A smaller, less expensive heating plant is required with Celotex in the walls, ceilings and roof of a house. And year after year, Celotex can save you from 25% to 35% *needless waste* of your fuel money.

There is no question about the effect Celotex is having on American building practice. Already more than 119,000 homes have been erected this modern way. With this same lumber thousands more have been remodeled.

GET ALL *the facts*. So important are the advantages Celotex offers that it would be unwise to build or buy without full knowledge of this amazing lumber. Today's building standards demand insulation . . . and Celotex gives it most economically.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it.

And mail the coupon below for the Celotex Building Book. Its pages are filled with interesting pictures and facts that will mean more comfort in your home and more money in your pocket.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Mills: New Orleans, Louisiana
Branch Sales Offices in many principal cities (See telephone books for addresses)
Canadian Representatives: Alexander Murray & Co., Limited
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver

How Celotex Is Used

Celotex should always be built into both walls and roofs (1) Celotex, as sheathing, replaces wood lumber and building paper. Adds greater strength . . . costs no more (2) Under plaster, replacing lath, Celotex builds stronger walls and ceilings . . . less apt to crack . . . free from lath marks (3) and (4) Celotex is used as interior finish and attic lining either in its natural color or decorated (5) As roof sheathing, replacing wood lumber, Celotex provides insulation where it is most needed (6) As garage lining it helps protect the car against freezing.

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

© 1927, The Celotex Co.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, Dept. M-282A
645 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Please send the Celotex Building Book

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

S. E. P.—2-19-27

ALUMINUM PAINT

The "Coat of Metal" Protection

LOOK at a bit of pure Aluminum Bronze Powder through a microscope and you will see that it consists of tiny flat flakes—not granules.

When Aluminum Paint is brushed or sprayed on iron, steel, wood, brick or concrete, these tiny flat flakes of pure Aluminum pigment flatten out against the surface. Each flake overlaps its neighbor. They "leaf" together, forming an enduring coat of metal—pure Aluminum.

This film is entirely opaque. One coat of Aluminum Paint hides any color, even black. One coat suffices for interior painting.

Aluminum Paint with its elastic and waterproof metal film is a wonderful primer and waterproofer for wood.

On steel it is extraordinarily resistant to rust and corrosion.

It reflects and wards off the sun's heat.

Its bright, clean surface does not easily discolor or grow dingy, even when subjected to fumes or smoke, and it may be washed without affecting its soft lustre.

In thousands of factories, roofs, tanks, towers and frame work are now protected by Aluminum Paint.

In work rooms the soft silver-gray sheen brightens walls and ceilings and diffuses a fine, glare-free working light.

Residence and farming districts are finding that it beautifies and protects metal fences, garden trellises, farm tanks and silos.

And you'll never know how full of soft light a cellar can be until you paint walls and ceiling with Aluminum Paint.

Aluminum Paint is economical. It flows easily. Sets uniformly. A gallon will cover from 500 to 700 square feet. Further details of the wonderful properties of Aluminum Paint will be gladly furnished by

Manufacturers and jobbers of the best grade of Aluminum Paint use ALBRON *Pigment as the base of their product.* ALBRON *Pigment is always made of pure* ALCOA *Aluminum.*

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

2400 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Offices in Eighteen Principal American Cities

A L U M I N U M I N E V E R Y C O M M E R C I A L F O R M

P59

Bon Ami

—makes mirrors, windows and glassware clear as crystal

MIRRORS that sparkle like shining silver! Glassware clear as crystal! Windows so clean you touch them to make sure they're there! That's the magic of Bon Ami.

Just dampen your cloth, rub it over the handy cake and cover the surface with a thin Bon Ami lather. In a moment it dries—then whisk it off with a soft, clean cloth.

Not a streak, not a smudge, not a fingermark remains—just glistening cleanliness! Small wonder that housewives smile as they "work and play" with Bon Ami!

And what a joy to the hands! Use it as much as you will, Bon Ami never reddens or roughens the skin—never makes the finger nails brittle!

All through the house go these "Partners in Cleanliness"—Bon Ami *Cake* and Bon Ami *Powder!* Thorough, yet scratchless, they clean and polish dozens and dozens of things. For some tasks you'll find the compact cake more convenient—for others you'll favor the generous sized can with its freely flowing powder.

THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . . NEW YORK
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"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

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A Fairy Tale for the Children

THE story of the Princess Bon Ami, her gallant Bunny Knights and their journey to the foot of the rainbow! Written in amusing rhyme and delightfully illustrated, this book will bring fun to the youngsters. Send 4 cents in stamps for your copy. Use this coupon or write us. Address The Bon Ami Company, 17 Battery Place, New York.

NAME

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You may sight the Ciné-Kodak either at eye level or waist height—an exclusive feature.

You may sight the Ciné-Kodak either from waist height or eye level—an exclusive feature.

Ciné-Kodak Makes Movies

LOOK at the Ciné-Kodak in the illustration above. Here's the camera with which anyone can make movies that everyone will enjoy. And yet see how simple it is. No complicating features of any kind—quite the contrary. Sight the subject. Press the release. The spring motor starts and the movie's in the making. No focusing. No tripod.

That's the Eastman idea applied to movie-making and when you switch on your Kodascope projector the results on the screen show what a really remarkable achievement it all is.

Fun making movies—lots of it. And every second exhilarating.

Pleasure showing them—just imagine the shouts of glee when Edith takes her first skiing lesson all over again, before a carefully selected audience, on your own screen in your own home in movies you made yourself.

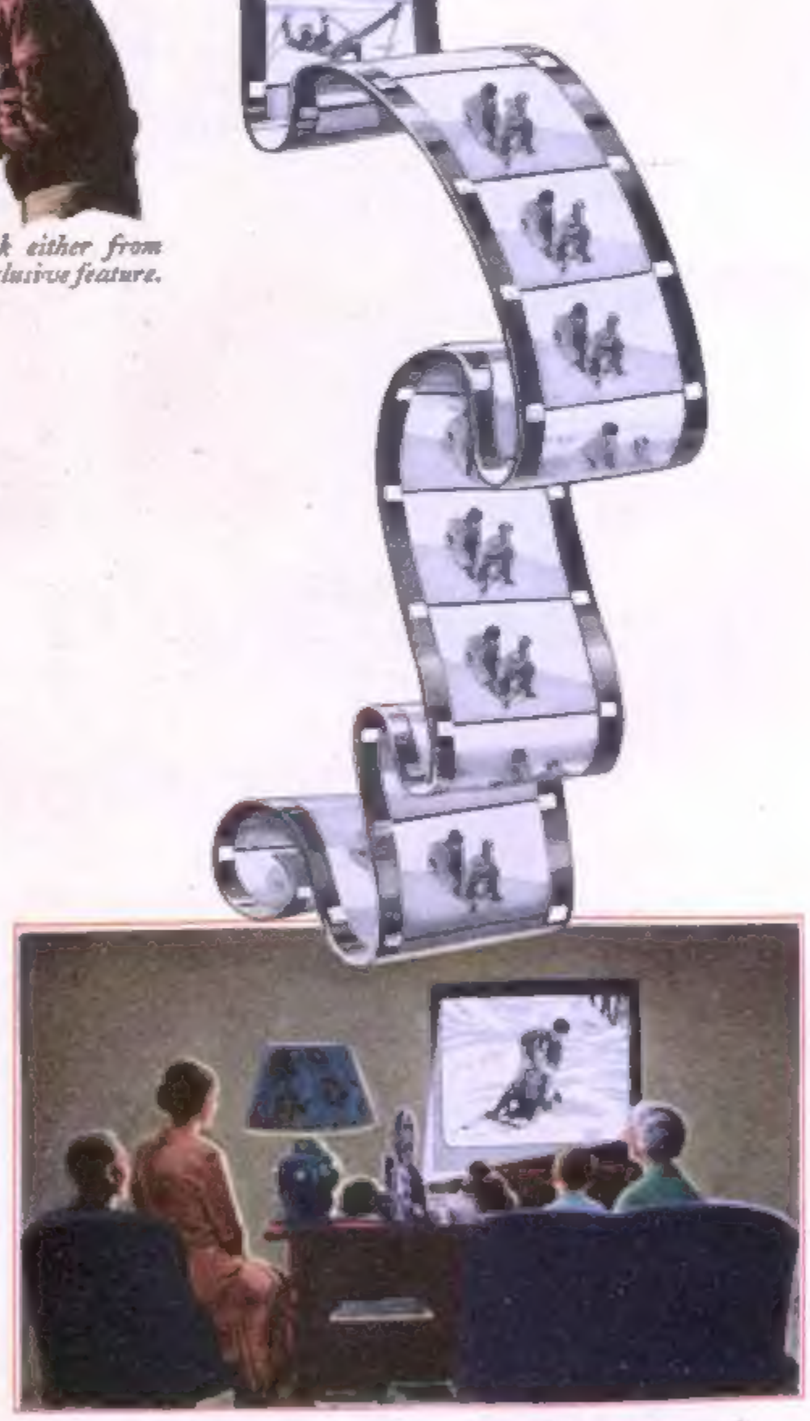
And don't mark "Finis" to the fun yet. From a nearby Kodascope Library may be rented professional photoplays—animated cartoons for the youngsters—thrilling dramas featuring famous stars for you and your friends—there's a list of over 450 screen successes from which to choose.

The Ciné-Kodak Model B, with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.5 lens, is priced at $70; with Kodak Anastigmat *f*.3.5, at an even hundred. The Kodascope C projector is $60.

A complete outfit now—Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope and screen—as low as

$140

The thousands of Kodak dealers are now prepared to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak. If your dealer is not yet ready, write us for Ciné-Kodak booklets.



Plug in on the house circuit, turn on the switch and the movie you make or the movie you rent is right before you on your screen.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*